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HYMNS

FOR

DIVINE WORSHIP.

COMPILED FOR THE USE OF

THE METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

FOUNDED A.D. 1797.

Sing praises to God, sing praises:
Sing praises unto our King, sing praises.
For God is the King of all the earth:
Sing ye praises with understanding.

PSALM xlvii. 6, 7.

LONDON:

WILLIAM COOKE,
METHODIST NEW CONNEXION BOOK-ROOM,
21, WARWICK-LANE, PATERNOSTER-ROW, E.C.

1863.

100. 0. 107.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.



PREFACE.

THIS Hymn Book has been compiled under the direction of the Annual Conference of the Methodist New Connexion, for the use of its various churches and members in public and private devotion. It takes the place of another similar Book, which, though for many years the companion and guide of multitudes "in the service of song in the house of the Lord," has long been felt to be defective, not only as containing too small a number of hymns for the purpose intended, with occasional alterations of these from the original compositions which time has shown to be not always for the better, but also as including in this number some which might well be dispensed with for others of higher character and greater utility.

The present collection is larger than was first contemplated, and larger also than can soon be exhausted in any series of services connected with one congregation. But then, in the first place, it was quickly found that the stores at command were so rich as to offer great temptations to exceed the limits originally prescribed. Again, it was remembered that the collection was not designed for a single congregation or society, but for many such united in one Denomination; nor therefore for a single minister, whose ordinary selection of hymns might be limited to his own individual taste or type of ministry, but for a considerable number discharging the same religious functions each Lord's-day, in whom varieties of taste and modes of handling the Word of God might reasonably be supposed to exist great enough to turn to profitable account even a larger collection than is here brought together. Moreover, the wish was to cover with "the service of song" as much of the whole field of Christian experience as possible,—to furnish a book of devotion for the closet, as well as a selection of "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" for the sanctuary; and to do both with as much fulness and completeness as would minister to almost every variety of religious sentiment, either by first suggesting and exciting it, or, when excited, by supplying the language in which it should find most fitting expression.

For this purpose the works of nearly all our hymn-writers have been examined, and the best of them laid under heavy tribute. By far the largest contribution has been levied on the compositions of the two Wesleys, whose service in this department of Christian literature would probably be found, could we estimate its whole effect in the actual experience of now living and of glorified piety, the richest part of that entire legacy which their genius and sanctity have bequeathed to successive generations of believers from their own time to the end of all things. But to their compositions others have been added of men worthy to stand by their side, together with the choicest productions of many more only just inferior to these,

not only because of their often equal and sometimes greater excellence, nor only because of their acknowledged suitableness for the purposes of religious worship, but also to render the book itself as much as may be, consistently with a purely evangelical faith, representative of the poetry and piety of the Christian world in general. Indeed, the hymns in this compilation have been taken from many sources, while a few of them have never before been incorporated in any English collection whatever.

Some of the hymns will be deemed long, but it has not been thought expedient to shorten them, since what is not required for public worship may be serviceable for private use, and since the verses selected at one time, or by one minister, may be omitted at another and by a second. As a rule it is not desirable, because fatiguing, to protract the singing in any one instance, but rather to sing frequently than to sing long.

Great pains have been taken to secure an authentic and accurate text. The hymns have been collated line by line with the original compositions, when accessible ; when not, with the best editions that could be procured. In some cases emendations by later hands have been adopted in preference to the author's own words, but in no instance, it is believed, save where the emendation is a manifest improvement, or has been decisively accepted as such by the most competent judges, or by the voice of a common Christian sentiment.

In most cases the date of the first publication of the hymn has been appended, together with the author's name. When the name or date is unknown, but the date is known, some uncertainty is denoted

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HYMNS.

First Division.

THE WORSHIP, THE ATTRIBUTES, AND THE WORKS
OF GOD.

HYMNS CONCERNING THE WORSHIP OF GOD.

1

(97)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise !
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace !

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy Name.

3 Jesus ! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks,—and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear Him, ye deaf ; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

- 7 Look unto Him, ye nations ; own
Your God, ye fallen race ;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.
- 8 See all your sins on Jesus laid :
The Lamb of God was slain,
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.
- 9 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light,
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Æthiop white.
- 10 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven ;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

2

(206)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,

- Thee they sing, with glory crowned ;
 We extol the slaughter'd Lamb ;
 Lower if our voices sound,
 Our subject is the same.
- 4 Father, God, Thy love we praise,
 Which gave Thy Son to die ;
 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 Alike we glorify ;
 Spirit, Comforter divine,
 Praise by all to Thee be given,
 Till we in full chorus join,
 And earth is turned to heaven.

3

(337)

L.M. 6 lines.

J. WESLEY. 1780.

Gen. xviii. 16, 17. From the German of G. TIECKE.

- L**O ! God is here ! let us adore,
 And own, how dreadful is this place !
 Let all within us feel His power,
 And silent bow before His face ;
 Who know His power, His grace who prove,
 Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.
- 2 Lo ! God is here ! Him day and night
 The' united choirs of angels sing :
 To Him, enthroned above all height,
 Heaven's host their noblest praises bring :
 Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
 Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.
- 3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
 Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone :
 To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give ;
 O take, O seal them for Thine own :
 Thou art the God ; Thou art the Lord ;
 Be Thou by all Thy works adored !
- 4 Being of beings, may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ;
 Still may we stand before Thy face,
 Still hear and do Thy sovereign will :
 To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
 Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice !

- 5 In Thee we move :—all things of Thee
Are full, Thou Source and Life of all ;
Thou vast, unfathomable Sea !
(Fall prostrate, lost in wonder, fall,
Ye sons of men ; for God is man !)
All may we lose, so Thee we gain !
- 6 As flowers their opening leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch Thy every ray,
So may Thy influence us inspire ;
Thou Beam of the eternal Beam,
Thou purging Fire ; Thou quickening Flame !
- 4 998,664,88. *G. Tersteegen. 1860.*
- LORD our God, in reverence lowly,
The hosts of heaven call Thee "Holy."
From cherubim and seraphim,
From angel phalanx, far extending,
In fuller tones is still ascending
The "Holy, holy," of their hymn.

And of the wisdom, power, and might,
The truth and faithfulness abiding,
And over all Thy works presiding.

But they can scarcely praise aright ;

For all is never sung,

Even by seraph's tongue,

Never ! never !

We too are Thine, and with them sing,
'Thou, Lord, and only Thou art King.'

5

(16)

L.M.

WATTS. 1705.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds :

2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings ;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too !
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth from afar hath heard Thy fame ;
And worms have learn'd to lisp Thy name ;
But, O ! the glories of Thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind !

5 God is in heaven, and men below :
Be short our tunes, our words be few ;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

6

L.M. 6 lines, triplets.

C. WESLEY. 1854.

SING unto God, His praise proclaim,
Extol the great Jehovah's name,
Who rides upon the stormy sky ;
For He in power and love is great,
Enthroned in everlasting state,
The Lord most merciful, most high !

- 2 A father of the fatherless ;
The widow, in her sad distress,
Is sure to find a friend in Him ;
He every helpless soul befriends ;
To all His servants condescends,
In goodness as in power supreme.
- 3 Thou, Jesus, art gone up on high,
Hast captive led captivity
The powers that held our souls in chains :
Thy blood hath sign'd our souls' release ;
Pardon, and liberty, and peace,
Thy precious blood for all obtains.
- 4 Thou hast received the promised grace
For all of Adam's helpless race,—
The glorious gift unspeakable ;
That all Thine image might retrieve,
That man again in God might live,
That God again in man might dwell.
- 5 Bless'd be the God of pardoning love,
Who showers His blessings from above,

- 3 Jesus let all mankind adore ;
 Give Him the glory of His power,—
 His power displayed in pardoning love ;
 His excellence of saving grace
 Is only known to Israel's race ;
 A mystery to the hosts above.
- 4 Thee, by the highest heavens adored,
 Tremendous, everlasting Lord,
 The God of Israel we proclaim ;
 The glory of Thy grace receive :
 All blessing, might, and thanks we give,
 All praise and love to Jesu's name.

8

(233)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1767

- A** THOUSAND oracles divine
 Their common beams unite,
 That sinners may with angels join
 To worship God aright :
- 2 To praise a Trinity adored
 By all the hosts above ;
 And one thrice-holy God and Lord
 Through endless ages love.
- 3 Triumphant host ! they never cease
 To laud and magnify
 The Tri-une God of holiness,
 Whose glory fills the sky :
- 4 Whose glory to this earth extends,
 When God himself imparts,
 And the whole Trinity descends
 Into our faithful hearts.
- 5 By faith the upper choir we meet ;
 And challenge them to sing
 Jehovah, on His shining seat,
 Our Maker, and our King.
- 6 But God made flesh is wholly ours,
 And asks our nobler strain ;
 The Father of celestial powers,
 The Friend of earth-born man.

- 7 Ye seraphs, nearest to the throne,
With rapturous amaze
On us, poor ransomed worms, look down,
For heaven's superior praise ;
- 8 The King, whose glorious face ye see,
For us His crown resigned ;
That fulness of the Deity,
He died for all mankind !
- 9
78. C. WESLEY. 1741.
- CLAP your hands, ye people all,
Praise the God on whom ye call ;
Lift your voice, and shout His praise,
Triumph in His sovereign grace !
- 2 Glorious is the Lord Most High,
Terrible in Majesty ;
He His sovereign sway maintains,
King o'er all the earth He reigns.
- 3 He shall bless His ransomed ones,
Number us with Israel's sons ;
God our heritage shall prove

- 8 Wonderful in saving power,
Him let all our hearts adore ;
Earth and heaven repeat the cry,—
“Glory be to God Most High !”

10

(234)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

- F**ATHER of me, and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise Thy love :
- 2 To know Thy nature, and Thy name,
One God in Persons Three ;
And glorify the great I AM,
Through all eternity.
- 3 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man :
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign.
- 4 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin,
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in :
- 5 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove ;
The perfect power of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.

11

(190)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1742.

- F**ATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Call'd forth this universal frame !
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same ;
- 2 Thou by Thy word upholdest all ;
Thy bounteous love to all is show'd ;
Thou hear'st Thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

- 3 In heaven Thou reignest, enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse beneath Thee spread ;
Earth, air, and sea, before Thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid !
- 4 Wisdom, and might, and love are Thine ;
Prostrate before Thy face we fall,
Confess Thine attributes divine,
And hail Thee sovereign Lord of all.
- 5 Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess,
That moves in earth, or air, or sky ;
Revere Thy power, Thy goodness bless,
Tremble before Thy piercing eye :
- 6 All ye, who owe to Him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ :
Jehovah reigns ! be glad, O earth ;
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy.

12

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1742.

PART II.

SON of Thy Sire's eternal love,
Take to Thyself Thy mighty power,

- 6 On Thee we cast our care ; we live
 Through Thee, who knowest our every need ;
 O feed us with Thy grace, and give
 Our souls this day the living bread !

13

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1742.

PART III.

- E**TERNAL, spotless Lamb of God,
 Before the world's foundation slain,
 Sprinkle us ever with Thy blood ;
 O cleanse, and keep us ever clean !
- 2 To every soul (all praise to Thee !)
 Our bowels of compassion move ;
 And all mankind by this may see
 God is in us ; for God is love.
- 3 Giver and Lord of life, whose power
 And guardian care for all are free,
 To Thee in fierce temptation's hour,
 From sin and Satan let us flee.
- 4 Thine, Lord, we are, and ours Thou art,
 In us be all Thy goodness showed ;
 Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart
 With peace, and joy, and heaven, and God.
- 5 Blessing and honour, praise and love,
 Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
 In earth below, and heaven above,
 By all Thy works, be paid to Thee !
- 6 Thrice Holy ! Thine the kingdom is,
 The power omnipotent is Thine ;
 And when created nature dies,
 Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

14

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

- F**ATHER of earth and sky,
 Thy name we magnify :
 O that earth and heaven might join,
 Thy perfections to proclaim ;
Praise the attributes divine,
Fear and love Thy awful name !

- 2 When shall Thy Spirit reign
 In every heart of man ?
 Father, bring the kingdom near,
 Honour Thy triumphant Son ;
 God of heaven, on earth appear,
 Fix with us Thy glorious throne.
- 3 Thy good and holy will,
 Let all on earth fulfil ;
 Men with minds angelic vie,
 Saints below with saints above,
 Thee to praise and glorify,
 Thee to serve with perfect love.
- 4 This day with this day's bread
 Thy hungry children feed ;
 Fountain of all blessings, grant
 Now the manna from above ;
 Now supply our bodies' want,
 Now sustain our souls with love.
- 5 Our trespasses forgive :

15 (654)

L.M.

WATTS. 1719.

Psalm c.

- B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command ;
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

16

L.M.

HOPKINS. 1562.

- A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell ;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 Know ye, the Lord is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are His flock, He doth us feed ;
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter, then, His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.
- 5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel host,
Be praise and glory evermore.

17

(414)

S.M.

WATTS. 1719.

- COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah !
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at His throne :

- 3 'Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,'—
 Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son !
 Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
 All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
 All honour and blessing, with angels above,
 And thanks never-ceasing, and infinite love.
- 5 O Jesus, lead on Thy militant care,
 And give us the crown of righteousness there,—
 Where dazzled with glory the seraphim gaze,
 Or prostrate adore Thee in silence of praise.

19

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1768.

- Y**OUNG men and maidens, raise
 Your tuneful voices high ;
 Old men and children, praise
 The Lord of earth and sky ;
 Him Three in One, and One in Three,
 Extol to all eternity.
- 2 The universal King
 Let all the world proclaim ;
 Let every creature sing
 His attributes and name !
 Him Three in One, and One in Three,
 Extol to all eternity.
- 3 In His great name alone
 All excellencies meet,
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And shall for ever sit :
 Him Three in One, and One in Three,
 Extol to all eternity.
- 4 Glory to God belongs ;
 Glory to God be given,
 Above the noblest songs
 Of all in earth or heaven !
 Him Three in One, and One in Three,
 Extol to all eternity.

20

11-10. 11-10. a

PRAISE ye Jehovah! Praise the Lord most
holy, [the weak ;

Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength
Praise Him who will with glory crown the lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.

2 Praise ye the Lord, for all His lovingkindness,

And all the tender mercies He hath shown :

Praise Him who pardons all our sin and blindness

And calls us sons, and takes us for His own.

3 Praise ye Jehovah ! Source of all our blessing,—

Before His gifts earth's richest boons are dim :

Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing,

All things are ours, for we have all in Him.

4 Praise ye the Father ! God the Lord, who gave us,

With full and perfect love, His only Son ;

Praise ye the Son, who died Himself to save us ;

Praise ye the Spirit ! Praise the Three in One !

21

- 5 For He's our God, our Shepherd He,
The flock of His rich pasture we ;
To-day, then, like His flock draw near,
To-day—if you His voice will hear.

22

(26)

C.M.

STEELE. 1760.

- Y**E humble souls, approach your God,
With songs of sacred praise,
For He is good, immensely good,
And kind are all His ways.
- 2 All nature owns His guardian care,
In Him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of His love.
- 3 He gave His Son, His only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here He makes His goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come ;
'Tis here our hope relies ;—
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in Thee ;
Their humble hope Thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God ! to Thy almighty love
What honours shall we raise ?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

23

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1854.

- Y**E sons of men, lift up your voice,
Ye nations of the earth, rejoice,
In God rejoice, with one accord !
Bow all your hearts before His face,
Adore Him for creating grace,
And shout and sing to Christ the Lord.

- 2 Know, that the Lord is God alone ;
He made and claims us for His own,
His creatures for Himself designed ;
We are the sheep of Israel's fold,
The flock He hath redeemed of old ;
His people now is all mankind.
- 3 O enter then His courts with praise,
Press to the channels of His grace,
With joyful thanks your God proclaim :
Give Him the glory of His love,
And praise Him, like the hosts above,
And bless His all-redeeming name.
- 4 Praise Him, the faithful Lord and good !
His mercy hath for ages stood ;
His mercy stands for ever sure :
His steadfast truth shall never fail,
His word and oath unchangeable
Through all eternity endure.

24

11-10. 11-10.b

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish.

25

(313)

L.M.

WATTS. 1719.

Psalm lxxxiv.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, Thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.

- 2 My flesh would rest in Thine abode ;
My panting heart cries out for God :
My God ! My King ! why should I be
So far from all my joys, and Thee ?
- 3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around Thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 4 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace ;
Here they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.
- 5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.
- 6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

26

(314)

S.M.

S. STENNETT. 1787.

HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of His face,
And sheds His love abroad !

- 2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds His court.

- 3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 4 To Him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents :
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them His sovereign will
He graciously imparts ;
And, in return, accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode ;
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

27

(311)

C.M.

WATTS. 1719.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,

- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

28

(320)

L.M.

WATTS. 1709.

FAR from our thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let our religious hours alone ;
Let us by faith the Saviour see :
We wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.

- 2 Oh, warm our hearts with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire :
Come, gracious Saviour, from above,
And feed our souls with heavenly love.
- 3 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare !
How sweet Thy entertainments are !
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace, and dying love.
- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !
In Thee Thy Father's glories shine :
Let saints and angels join to praise
The riches of redeeming grace.

29

(317)

S.M.

WATTS. 1719.

Psalm xlviii.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great ;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

- 2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand !
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress ;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces !

- 4 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair ;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.
- 5 Far as Thy name is known
The world declares Thy praise ;
Thy saints, O Lord, before Thy throne,
Their songs of honour raise.
- 6 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

30

4-6s & 2-8s.

WATTS. 1719.

LORD of the worlds above !
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are !
To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

- 5 The Lord His people loves ;
 His hand no good withholds
 From those His heart approves,
 From holy, humble souls ;
 Thrice happy he, O Lord of Hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee !

31

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1798.

- H**OW lovely are Thy tents, O Lord !
 Where'er Thou choosest to record
 Thy Name, or place Thy house of prayer !
 My soul outflies the angel-choir,
 And faints, o'erpowered with strong desire,
 To meet Thy special presence there.
- 2 Happy the men, to whom 'tis given,
 To dwell within that gate of heaven,
 And in Thy house record Thy praise ;
 Whose strength and confidence Thou art,
 Who feel Thee, Saviour, in their heart,
 The Way, the Truth, the Life of grace :
- 3 Who, passing through the mournful vale,
 Drink comfort from the living well,
 That flows replenished from above ;
 From strength to strength advancing here,
 Till all before their God appear,
 And each receives the crown of love !
- 4 Better a day Thy courts within,
 Than thousands in the tents of sin ;
 How base the noblest pleasures there !
 How great the weakest child of Thine !
 His meanest task is all divine,
 And kings and priests Thy servants are.
- 5 The Lord protects and cheers his own,—
 Their light and strength, their shield and sun ;
 He shall both grace and glory give :
 Unlimited His bounteous grant ;
 No real good they e'er shall want ;
 All, all is *theirs*, who upright live.

- 6 O Lord of Hosts, how blest is he
Who steadfastly believes in Thee !
He all Thy promises shall gain :
The soul, that on Thy love is cast,
Thy perfect love on earth shall taste,
And soon with Thee in glory reign.

32

L.M.

COWPER. 1779.

- JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

- In whom Thy smiling face we see,
In whom Thou art well pleased with me.
- 2 With solemn faith we offer up,
And spread before Thy glorious eyes,
That only ground of all our hope,
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice,
Which brings Thy grace on sinners down,
And perfects all our souls in one.
- 3 Acceptance through His only name,
Forgiveness in His blood, we have ;
But more abundant life we claim
Through Him, who died our souls to save,
To sanctify us by His blood,
And fill with all the life of God.
- 4 Father, behold Thy dying Son,
And hear the blood that speaks above !
On us let all Thy grace be shown :
Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love,—
Thy kingdom,—come to every heart,
And all Thou hast, and all Thou art.

34

L.M.

LYTE. 1894.

- P**RAISE, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits ;
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple-gates ;
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.
- 2 Our spirits faint ; our sins prevail ;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail ;
O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend !
- 3 How blest Thy saints ! how safely led,
How surely kept, how richly fed !
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee !
- 4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills ;
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

- 5 The year is with Thy goodness crowned ;
The clouds drop wealth the world around ;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And Nature smiles, and owns her King.
- 6 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour ;
The moral waste within restore ;
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

35

(316)

L.M.

WATTS. 1719.

- G**REAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from Thy presence springs ;
To spend one day with Thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.
- 3 God is our Sun, He makes our day ;

- 2 Blessed be for evermore
That dread Name which we adore !
Round the world His praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.
- 3 O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heavens His throne ;
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty ?
- 4 Yet to view the heavens He bends :
Yea, to earth He condescends ;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.
- 5 He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land ;
Wealth upon the needy shower ;
Set the meanest high in power.
- 6 He the broken spirit cheers ;
Turns to joy the mourner's tears ;
Such the wonders of His ways ;
Praise His name,—for ever praise.

37

7s & 6s.

C. WISLEY. 1797.

- G**REAT is our redeeming Lord,
In power, and truth, and grace ;
Him, by highest heaven adored,
His church on earth should praise :
In the city of our God,
In His holy mount below,
Publish, spread His name abroad,
And all His greatness show.
- 2 For Thy lovingkindness, Lord,
We in Thy temple stay ;
Here Thy faithful love record,
Thy saving power display :
With Thy name Thy praise is known,
Glorious Thy perfections shine ;
*Earth's remotest bounds shall own
Thy works are all divine.*

- 3 See the gospel church secure,
And founded on a Rock !
All her promises are sure ;
Her bulwarks who can shock ?
Count her every precious shrine ;
Tell, to after-ages, tell,
Fortified by power Divine,
The church can never fail.
- 4 Zion's God is all our own,
Who on His love rely ;
We His pardoning love have known,
And live to Christ, and die :
To the New Jerusalem
He our faithful Guide shall be ;
Him we claim, and rest in Him,
Through all eternity.

38

(631)

S.M.

WATTS. 1709.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,

- 6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad :
Let all the nations now behold
Their Saviour and their God !

39

8.7.4.

LYTTE. 1884.

Psalm ciii.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;
To his feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee, His praise should sing ?
Hallelujah !

Praise the everlasting King !

- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour,
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless ;
Hallelujah !
Glorious in His faithfulness !

- 3 Father-like, He tends and spares us ;
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes :
Hallelujah !
Widely yet His mercy flows !

- 4 Angels, help us to adore Him ;
Ye behold Him face to face :
All His works bow down before Him,
Through the boundless realms of space.
Hallelujah !
Praise with us the God of grace !

40

L.M.,

WATTS. 1719.

Psalm lxxiii.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest :
The glories *that compose* Thy name,
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

- 2 Thou great and good, Thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father, and my God ;
And I am Thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son, Thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For Thee I long, to Thee I look ;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 With early feet, I love to appear
Among Thy saints, and seek Thy face :
Oft have I seen Thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.
- 5 Should I from Thee, my God, remove,
Life could no lasting joy afford :
My peace, the sense of pardoning love ;
My guard, the presence of my Lord.
- 6 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise ;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

5 Refresh us with a ceaseless shower
 Of graces from above,
 Till all receive the perfect power
 Of everlasting love.

42

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

O THOU, whom all Thy saints adore,
 We now with all Thy saints agree,
 And bow our inmost souls before
 Thy glorious, awful Majesty.

- 2 Thee, King of nations, we proclaim,
 Who would not our great Sovereign fear ?
 We long to' experience all Thy name,
 And now we come to meet Thee here.
- 3 We come, great God, to seek Thy face,
 And for Thy lovingkindness wait ;
 And O, how dreadful is this place !
 'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.
- 4 Tremble our hearts to find Thee nigh,
 To Thee our trembling hearts aspire ;
 And lo ! we see descend from high
 The pillar and the flame of fire !
- 5 Still let it on the assembly stay,
 And all the house with glory fill ;
 To Canaan's bounds point out our way,
 And lead us to Thy holy hill.
- 6 There let us all with Jesus stand,
 And join the general church above,
 And take our seats at Thy right hand,
 And sing Thine everlasting love.

43

(222)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Numb. vi. 24—26.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God in Persons Three,
 Bring back *the heavenly blessing*, lost
By all mankind and me.

- 2 Thy favour, and Thy nature too,
 To me, to all restore ;
 Forgive, and after God renew,
 And keep us evermore.
- 3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
 Display Thy beams divine,
 And cause the glories of Thy face
 Upon my heart to shine.
- 4 Light in Thy light O may I see,
 Thy grace and mercy prove,
 Revived and cheer'd, and bless'd by Thee,
 The God of pardoning love.
- 5 Lift up Thy countenance serene,
 And let Thy happy child
 Behold, without a cloud between,
 The Godhead reconciled !
- 6 That all-comprising peace bestow
 On me, through grace forgiven ;
 The joys of holiness below,
 And then the joys of heaven !

- 5 Lead me in all Thy righteous ways,
Nor suffer me to slide,
Point out the path before my face ;
My God, be Thou my Guide !
- 6 All those who put their trust in Thee
Thy mercy shall proclaim ;
And sing, with cheerful melody,
Their dear Redeemer's name.
- 7 Protected by Thy guardian grace,
They shall extol Thy power,
Rejoice, give thanks, and shout Thy praise,
And triumph evermore.

45

(260)

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- L**IGHT of Life, seraphic fire,
Love Divine, Thyself impart !
Every fainting soul inspire,
Shine in every drooping heart !
Every mournful sinner cheer ;
Scatter all our guilty gloom ;
Son of God, appear, appear !
To Thy human temples come.
- 2 Come, in this accepted hour ;
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in !
Fill us with the glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin :
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less ;
Be Thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace !

46

(386)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- S**EE, Jesus, Thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give !
Met in Thy name, we look to Thee,
Expecting to receive.

n

- 2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in Thy name are joined ;
We wait, according to Thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.
- 3 With us Thou art assembled here ;
But, O, Thyself reveal !
Son of the living God, appear !
Let us Thy presence feel.
- 4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live ;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive !"
- 5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet !
Jesus, the Crucified ;
Show us Thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.
- 6 Cause us Thy record to receive :
Speak, and the tokens show :
'O be not faithless, but believe
In Me, who died for you !'

- 5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

48

C.M.

J. WESLEY. 1748.

O SUN of Righteousness, arise ;
With healing in Thy wing !
To my diseased, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.

- 2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By Thy all-piercing beam ;
Lighten my eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.
- 3 My mind, by Thy all-quickenning power,
From low desires set free ;
Unite my scattered thoughts, and fix
My love entire on Thee.
- 4 Father, Thy long-lost son receive ,
Saviour, Thy purchase own ;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.
- 5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One and Three,
On Thee, all faith, all hope be placed ,
All love be paid to Thee !

49

(502)

L.M.

WATTS. 1709.

COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.

- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the *height, and breadth, and length*
Of Thine immeasurable grace.

- 3 Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the Church, through Christ His Son.

50

C.M.

MOIR. (1852.)

- O**H ! who is like the Mighty One,
Whose throne is in the sky,
Who compasseth the universe
With His all-searching eye ;
At whose creative word appeared
The dry land and the sea !
My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for Thee !
- 2 Around Him suns and systems swim
In harmony and light ;
Beside Him harps angelic hymn
His praises day and night ;
Yet to the contrite, day and night,
In mercy turneth He :
My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,

- 2 Thy Spirit hath the difference made
Betwixt the living and the dead ;
Thou now dost into some inspire
The pure, benevolent desire :
O that, even now, Thy powerful call
May quicken and convert us all !
- 3 The sinners suddenly convince,
O'erwhelmed beneath their load of sins :
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
Awake, and stir them up to pray,
Their dire captivity to own,
And from the iron furnace groan.
- 4 Then, then acknowledge, and set free
The people bought, O Lord, by Thee,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd bled,
For whom we in Thy Spirit plead :
Let all in Thee redemption find,
And not a soul be left behind.

52

(328)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye
The thousands of our Israel see :
To Thee, in their behalf, we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in Thee.

- 2 See, where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near ;
For no man cares their souls to save.
- 3 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought ;
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh ;
They perish, whom Thyself hast bought ;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.
- 4 The pit its mouth hath open'd wide,
To swallow up its careless prey ;
Why should *they* die, when *Thou* hast died,—
Hast died to bear their sins away ?

- 5 Why should the foe Thy purchase seize ?
 Remember, Lord, Thy dying groans :
 The meed of all Thy sufferings these ;
 O claim them for Thy ransomed ones !
- 6 Extend to these Thy pardoning grace :
 To these be Thy salvation show'd :
 O add them to Thy chosen race !
 O sprinkle all their hearts with blood !
- 7 Still let the publicans draw near :
 Open the door of faith and heaven ;
 And grant their hearts Thy word to hear,
 And witness all their sins forgiven.

53

(326)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

JESUS, Thou all-redeeming Lord,
 Thy blessing we implore ;
 Open the door to preach Thy word,
 The great, effectual door.

- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
 From sin and Satan's power ;
 And let them now acceptance have

- 7 Thy side an open fountain is,
 Where all may freely go,
 And drink the living streams of bliss,
 And wash them white as snow.
- 8 Ready Thou art the blood to apply,
 And prove the record true ;
 And all Thy wounds to sinners cry—
 “ I suffered this for you ! ”

54

(322)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1787.

- T**HOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
 Our inmost thoughts perceive,
 Accept the evening sacrifice,
 Which now to Thee we give.
- 2 We bow before Thy gracious throne,
 And think ourselves sincere ;
 But show us, Lord, is every one
 Thy real worshipper ?
- 3 Is here a soul that knows Thee not,
 Nor feels his want of Thee ?
 A stranger to the blood which bought
 His pardon on the tree ?
- 4 Convince him now of unbelief,
 His desperate state explain ;
 And fill his heart with sacred grief,
 And penitential pain.
- 5 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
 And bid the sleeper rise !
 And bid his guilty conscience dread
 The death that never dies.
- 6 Extort the cry, “ What must be done
 To save a wretch like me ?
 How shall a trembling sinner shun
 That endless misery ?
- 7 “ I must this instant now begin
 Out of my sleep to awake ;
 And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake :

- 8 "I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with Thee :
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity."

55 (114)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

- S**PIRIT of Faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God ;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood :
'Tis Thine the blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.
- 2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word :
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in His blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,

56

(330)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

COME, O Thou all-victorious Lord,
 Thy power to us make known ;
 Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
 And break these hearts of stone !

- 2 O that we all might now begin
 Our foolishness to mourn ;
 And turn at once from every sin,
 And to our Saviour turn !
- 3 Give us ourselves and Thee to know,
 In this our gracious day ;
 Repentance unto life bestow,
 And take our sins away.
- 4 Conclude us first in unbelief,
 And freely then release ;
 Fill every soul with sacred grief,
 And then with sacred peace.
- 5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
 And then enrich the poor ;
 The knowledge of our sickness give ;
 The knowledge of our cure.
- 6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
 And make us feel our load ;
 Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
 In Thine atoning blood.
- 7 Our desperate state through sin declare,
 And speak our sins forgiven ;
 By perfect holiness prepare,
 And take us up to heaven.

57

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

SINNERS, your hearts lift up,
 Partakers of your hope !
 This, the day of Pentecost ;
 Ask, and ye shall all receive ;
 Surely now the Holy Ghost
God to all that ask shall give.

- 2 Ye all may freely take
 The grace for Jesu's sake :
 He for every man hath died :
 He for all hath risen again :
 Jesus now is glorified :
 Gifts He hath received for men.
- 3 He sends them from the skies
 On all His enemies :
 By His cross He now hath led
 Captive our captivity :
 We shall all be free indeed,
 Christ, the Son, shall make us free.
- 4 Blessings on all He pours,
 In never-ceasing showers ;
 All He waters from above ;
 Offers all His joy and peace,
 Settled comfort, perfect love,
 Everlasting righteousness.
- 5 All may from Him receive

58

4-6s. & 2-8s.

COME, O Thou Mighty Lord !
 Come, O Thou Prince of Peace !
 Send forth the Gospel word,
 And crown it with success :
 Now to Thy ransomed ones appear,
 And plant Thy heavenly kingdom here.

- 2 Claim for Thy lawful right
 The souls before Thee bowed ;
 From darkness turn to light,
 From Satan's power to God,
 That they may all Thy love receive,
 And, saved from sin, for ever live.
- 3 In this accepted hour
 A gracious token show ;
 And make us own Thy power,
 And groan ourselves to know,
 Weep for our sins, and deeply mourn,
 And to a pardoning God return.
- 4 Gather the outcasts in,
 Who feel their guilty load ;
 Redeem the slaves of sin,
 And point them to Thy blood :
 Thy blood be to our hearts applied,
 And speak us freely justified.

59

(340)

L.M.

H. MORE.

Altered by JOHN WESLEY. 1739.

FATHER, if justly still we claim
 To us and ours the promise made,
 To us be graciously the same,
 And crown with living fire our head.

- 2 Our claim admit, and from above
 Of holiness the Spirit shower,
 Of wise discernment, *humble love ;*
And zeal, and unity, and power.

- 3 The Spirit of convincing speech,
Of power demonstrative, impart ;
Such as may every conscience reach,
And sound the unbelieving heart :
- 4 The Spirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmost of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul desire,
And kindle life more pure and kind :
- 5 The Spirit of faith, in this Thy day,
To break the power of cancell'd sin,
Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,
And still the conquest more than win.
- 6 The Spirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts Thy laws may write ;
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife ;
'Tis nature all, and all delight.

(241)

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

- L**AMB of God, who bear'st away
 All the sins of all mankind,
 Bow a nation to Thy sway ;—
 While we may acceptance find,
 Let us thankfully embrace
 The last offers of Thy grace.
- 2 Thou Thy messengers hast sent,
 Joyful tidings to proclaim,
 Willing we should all repent,
 Know salvation in Thy Name,
 Feel our sins by grace forgiven,
 Find in Thee the Way to heaven.
- 3 Jesus, roll away the stone ;
 Good Physician, show Thine art :
 Make Thy healing virtue known ;
 Break the unbelieving heart :
 Soften the obdurate crowd ;
 Melt the rebels with Thy blood !
- 4 Let Thy dying love constrain
 Those who disregard Thy frown ;
 Sink the mountain to a plain ;
 Bring the pride of sinners down ;
 By Thy bloody cross subdue ;
 Tell them, " I have died for you !"

62

7s & 6s.

Luther. (1852.)

SAVIOUR, none like Thee can teach,
 Nor yet unfold Thy word ;
 None, like Thee, the heart can reach,
 And heavenly light afford.
 Rich in wisdom, rich in love,
 Upon us Thy grace bestow ;
 Raise our thoughts to things above ;
Teach us Thyself to know.

- 2 Speak to us from lips of love,
And give the listening ear ;
Thus our waiting souls shall prove,
That Thou art present here.
Ever to Thy righteous word,
(Man's rebellious heart to smite,)
Do Thou lend Thy blessing, Lord,
A blessing infinite.
- 3 In Thy Person we descry
Redemption's glorious Lord ;
For Thy work and ministry,
The joys Thy words afford,—
For the gift of righteousness,
Through Thy sin-atoning blood,—
Thee we honour, Thee we bless,
Thou Son and sent of God.

63

(633)

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1880.

CAVIOUR, we know Thou art

Before Reading the Scriptures.

64 ⁽³³⁸⁾ C.M. C. WESLEY. 1740.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us Thine influence prove ;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of Light and Love.

- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, (for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke,)
Unlock the Truth, Thyself the Key,
Unseal the sacred Book.
- 3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night :
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.
- 4 God, through Himself, we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine ;
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

65 ⁽³³⁹⁾ C.M. C. WESLEY. 1740.

FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer Thy sons beneath.

- 2 While in Thy word we search for Thee,
(We search with trembling awe !)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of Thy law.
- 3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The Light that shines so clear ;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.
- 4 Before us make Thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know ;
Let us in Jesus see Thy face,
And die to all below.

66

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

COME, O Thou Prophet of the Lord,
 Thou great Interpreter Divine,
 Explain Thine own transmitted word ;
 To teach and to inspire is Thine :
 Thou only canst Thyself reveal,
 Open the book, and loose the seal.

2 Now, Jesus, now the veil remove,
 The folly of our darkened heart ;
 Unfold the wonders of Thy love,
 The knowledge of Thyself impart ;
 Our ear, our inmost soul, we bow :
 Speak, Lord, Thy servants hearken now.

Benedictions.

67

(349)

8.7.4.

LORD, dismiss [enrich] us with Thy blessing,

68

8s & 7s.

(E. SMYTH. 1798.)

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing !
 Bid us now depart in peace,
 Still on heavenly manna feeding,
 Let our faith and love increase :
 Fill each breast with consolation ;
 Up to Thee our hearts we raise :
 When we reach yon blissful station,
 Then we'll give Thee nobler praise !
 Hallelujah !

69

(223)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

Numb. vi. 24—26.

JEHOVAH, God the Father, bless,
 And Thy own work defend !
 With mercy's outstretch'd arms embrace,
 And keep us to the end !

- 2 Preserve the creatures of Thy love :
 By providential care
 Conducted to the realms above,
 To sing Thy goodness there.
- 3 Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
 The brightness of Thy face ;
 And all Thy pardon'd people fill
 With plenitude of grace !
- 4 Shine forth with all the Deity,
 Which dwells in Thee alone ;
 And lift us up, Thy face to see
 On Thy eternal Throne.
- 5 Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
 Father and Son to show !
 With bliss ineffable, divine,
 Our ravish'd hearts o'erflow.
- 6 Sure earnest of that happiness,
 Which human hope transcends,
 Be Thou *our everlasting peace,*
When grace in glory ends !

70

8s & 7s.

NEWTON. 1779.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above !
Thus may we abide in union
With each other, and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

HYMNS CONCERNING THE LORD'S DAY.

71

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

THE Lord is risen indeed,
And bids His members rise !
Ye saints, by Jesus freed,
Pursue Him to the skies :
This is the day the Lord hath made ;
Rejoice and be for ever glad.

72

6-7s.

J. A. ELLIOTT. 1888.

HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
 Risen with gladness in thy beams !
 Light, which not of earth is born,
 From thy dawn in glory streams :
 Sad and weary were our way,
 But for thee, thou blessed day.

- 2 Great Creator ! who this day
 From Thy perfect work didst rest ;
 By the souls that own Thy sway
 Hallowed be its hours and blest ;
 Cares of earth aside be thrown,
 This day given to Heaven alone !
- 3 Saviour ! who this day didst break
 The dark prison of the tomb ;
 Bid my slumbering soul awake,
 Shine through all its sin and gloom :
 Let me, from my bonds set free,
 Rise from sin, and live to Thee !
- 4 Blessed Spirit ! Comforter !
 Sent this day from Christ on high ;
 Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
 Cleanse, illumine, sanctify !
 All Thine influence shed abroad,
 Lead me to the truth of God.

73

L.M

WATTS. 1719.

Psalm xcii.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
 To show Thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all Thy truth at night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal cares disturb my breast ;
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound !

- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word :
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep Thy counsels, how divine !
- 4 Then I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wish'd below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

74

(658)

C.M.

S. WESLEY, JUN. 1786.

- L**ORD of the Sabbath, Thee we praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee,
We blest and pious grow ;

5

(299)

S.M.

WATTS. 1709.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !

2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day ;
Here we may sit and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sweetly sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

76

(301)

4-7s.

MONTGOMERY. 1812.

TO Thy temple I repair,
Lord, I love to worship there,
When, within the veil I meet
Christ before the Mercy-seat.

2 Thou, through Him, art reconciled,
I, through Him, become Thy child ;
Abba ! Father ! give me grace,
In Thy courts, to seek Thy face.

3 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my Righteousness.

4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of Love ! to mine attend !
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

- 5 While I hearken to Thy Law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.
- 6 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky !
- 7 From Thy house, when I return,
May my heart within me burn ;
And at evening let me say,—
I have walk'd with God to-day.

77

L.M.

C. ELLIOTT. 1886.

THOU glorious Sun of Righteousness,
Risen on high to set no more,
Shine on us now, to heal and bless
With brighter beams than e'er before.

- 2 Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there ;

Destroy each bitter root of sin.

78

C.M.

WATTS. 1719.

Psalm v.

LORD ! in the morning Thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high ;
 To Thee will I direct my prayer,
 To Thee lift up mine eye :—

- 2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone,
 To plead for all His saints,
 Presenting at His Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand ;
 Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
 Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
- 4 But to Thy house will I resort,
 To taste Thy mercies there ;
 I will frequent Thy holy court,
 And worship in Thy fear.
- 5 Oh ! may Thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness ;
 Make every path of duty straight
 And plain before my face.
- 6 The men that love and fear Thy Name
 Shall see their hopes fulfilled ;
 The mighty God shall compass them
 With favour as a shield.

79

(304)

L.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

LORD of the Sabbath ! hear our vows,
 On this Thy day, in this Thy house ;
 And own, as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs which from our hearts arise.

- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
 But there's a nobler rest above ;
 To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress ;
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin !
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin !
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God !
-

THE GLORY, PERFECTIONS, AND WORKS OF GOD.

HYMNS OF ADORATION AND THANKSGIVING.

80

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

INFINITE God to Thee we raise



4 Head of the martyrs' noble host,
Of Thee they justly make their boast ;
The church to earth's remotest bounds,
Her heavenly Founder's praise resounds ;
And strives, with those around Thy throne,
To hymn the mystic Three in One.

5 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love they render Thee ;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power ;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' Eternal Comforter.

81

7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

LORD and God of heavenly powers !
Theirs,—yet, O ! benignly ours ;
Glorious King ! let earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chant Thy Name.

2 Thee to laud in songs divine,
Angels and archangels join :
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing Thine eternal praise.

3 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live by heaven and earth adored !
Full of Thee, they ever cry,
“ Glory be to God Most High ! ”

82

10s & 11s.

GRANT. 1839.

Psalm civ.

O WORSHIP the King, all glorious above !
O gratefully sing His power and His love !
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space !
His chariots of wrath, deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

- 3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty ! Thy power hath founded of old ;
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite !
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light :
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !
- 6 O measureless Might ! ineffable Love !
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

83

L.M.

Ambrose. (1826.)

WE praise, we worship Thee, O God ;
Thy sovereign power we sound abroad ;
All nations bow before Thy throne.

4

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1854.

Psalm xciii.

- J**EHOVAH reigns on high
 In peerless majesty ;
 Boundless power His royal robe,
 Purest light His garment is ;
 Rules His word the spacious globe,
 'Stablish'd it in floating seas.
- 2 Ancient of days ! Thy Name
 And Essence is I AM ;
 Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
 Gavest whatever is to be ;
 Stood Thine everlasting throne,
 Stands to all eternity.
- 3 The floods, with angry noise,
 Have lifted up their voice,—
 Him the mighty waves obey,
 Sinking at His awful will ;
 Ocean owns His sovereign sway,
 Hell at His command is still.
- 4 Thy statutes, Lord, are sure,
 And as Thyself endure ;
 Thine eternal house above
 Holy souls alone can see,
 Fitted here by perfect love,
 There to reign enthroned with Thee.
- 5 The Lord unrivalled reigns,
 His royal power maintains :
 Earth, Thine awful Monarch bless,
 Own with joy His happy sway,
 Him let all Thine isles confess,
 All exult their God to' obey.

5

L.M.

WATTS. 1719.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
 Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
 Thy truth *shall break through every cloud*
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

- 2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is Thy charge ;
But saints are Thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God ! how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs !
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.
- 5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord ;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

4 For who, except the Lord, is God ?
 Who is a rock but God alone ?
 My soul He hath with strength endued,
 To perfect love He leads me on ;
 My feet, through Him, the hinds outfly,
 And spurn the earth and scale the sky.

5 The Lord for me doth ever live ;
 Blessing ascribe to God Most High !
 Glory and thanks to Jesus give,
 The Rock on which I still rely !
 Extol His power, His mercies raise,
 The God of my salvation praise !

87

(191)

66,84. D.

OLIVERS. 1772.

THE God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthroned above,
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love !
 Jehovah ! Great I AM !
 By earth and heaven confest ;
 I bow and bless the sacred Name,
 For ever blest !

2 The God of Abraham praise !
 At whose supreme command,
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys
 At His right hand :
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
 And Him my only portion make,
 My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise !
 Whose all-sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days,
 In all my ways :
 He calls a worm His friend !
 He calls Himself my God !
 And He *shall save me to the end,*
Through Jesu's blood.

- 4 He by Himself hath sworn,
 I on His oath depend ;
 I shall, on eagles' wings up-borne,
 To Heaven ascend :
 I shall behold His face,
 I shall His power adore,
 And sing the wonders of His grace
 For evermore !

88

66,84. D.

PART II.

THOUGH nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand,
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
 At His command.

The watery deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view ;
 And through the howling wilderness
 My way pursue.

- 2 The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest ;
 A land of saved liberty

With streams of sacred bliss,
 With groves of living joys,
 With all the fruits of Paradise,
 He still supplies.

89

66,84. D

PART III.

- B**EFORE the great Three-One
 They all exulting stand,
 And tell the wonders He hath done,
 Through all their land :
 The listening spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame ;
 And sing, in songs which never end,
 The wondrous Name !
- 2 The God, who reigns on high,
 The great archangels sing,
 And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
 "Almighty King !
 Who WAS, and IS, the same,
 And evermore shall be ;
 Jehovah ! Father ! Great I AM !
 We worship Thee !"
- 3 Before the Saviour's face
 The ransomed nations bow ,
 O'erwhelmed at His Almighty grace,
 For ever new :
 He shows His prints of love,—
 They kindle to a flame !
 And sound, through all the worlds above,
 The slaughtered Lamb !
- 4 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high ;
 "Hail ! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !"
 They ever cry :
 Hail ! Abraham's God,—and *mine* !
 (I join the heavenly lays,)
 All *might and majesty* are Thine,
 And *endless praise* !

90

S.M.

(1819.)

Psalm ciii.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
His grace to thee proclaim :
And all that is within me join
To bless His holy name.
O bless the Lord, my soul !
His mercies bear in mind ;
Forget not all His benefits,—
The Lord to thee is kind.

2 He will not always chide,
He will with patience wait ;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.
He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath ;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

3 He clothes thee with His love,

- 3 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace ;
His wakened wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.
- 4 As high as heaven its arch extends,
Above this little spot of clay,
So much His boundless love transcends,
The small regards that we can pay.
- 5 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far hath He our sins removed ;
Who, with a Father's tender breast,
Has such as fear Him always loved.
- 6 The Lord, the universal King,
In heaven hath fixed His lofty throne ;
To Him, ye angels, praises sing,
In whose great strength His praise is shown.
- 7 Let every creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord !—and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

92

(189)

L.M. 6 lines, triplets.

WATTS. 1719.

Psalm cxlvi.

- I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves the' opprest, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

- 3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind ;
 The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
 He sends the labouring conscience peace ;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow, and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath ;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

93

(209)

L.M.

WATTS. 1719.

- P**RAISE ye the Lord ! 'tis good to raise
 Your hearts and voices in His praise ;
 His nature and His works invite
 To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames ;
 He counts their numbers, calls their names ;
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,

94

4-6s & 2-8s.

Watts. 1709.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 His throne is built on high ;
 The garments He assumes
 Are light and majesty ;
 His glories shine with beams so bright,
 No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of His hand
 Keep the wide world in awe :
 His wrath and justice stand
 To guard His holy law ;
 And where His love resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all His mighty works
 Amazing wisdom shines ;
 Confounds the powers of hell,
 And breaks their dark designs ;
 Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil
 His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And will this sovereign King
 Of glory condescend ?
 And will He write His name,
 My Father and my Friend ?
 I love His name, I love His word :
 Join all my powers to praise the Lord !

95

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1854.

Psalm xxxiii.

RIGHTEOUS souls, rejoice in God ;
 Meet it is for you to praise
 Him who hath the gift bestowed,
 Made you vessels of His grace,
 Praise the Lord, ye saints, and sing,
 All your sacred skill exert,
 All the powers of music bring :
 Praise Him with a thankful heart.

- 2 By His mighty fiat made,
Heaven confess'd the sovereign Lord ;
All His hosts His voice obeyed,
Sprang from nothing at His word.
He commands the sea to stand,
Drawn into a hanging heap ;
In the hollow of His hand
Treasures up the boundless deep.
- 3 HIM let all the nations fear,
Him let all the world obey,
Earth's inhabitants revere,
Humbly own His awful sway.
Spake the Lord, and it was done,
He the earth's foundations laid,
By His providence alone
God sustains the world He made.
- 4 Lo ! the Lord's all-seeing eye
Watches over them for good,
Humbly who on Him rely,
Trust Him both for life and food :

- 4 Riches, as seemeth good to Thee,
 Thou dost, and honour, give ;
 And kings their power and dignity
 Out of Thy hand receive.
- 5 Thou hast on us the grace bestowed
 Thy greatness to proclaim ;
 And therefore now we thank our God,
 And praise Thy glorious name.
- 6 Thy glorious name and nature's powers
 Thou dost to us make known ;
 And all the Deity is ours,
 Through Thy incarnate Son.

97

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- M**Y heart is fix'd, O God, my heart
 Is fix'd to triumph in Thy grace :
 (Awake, my lute, and bear a part :)
 My glory is to sing Thy praise,
 Till all Thy nature I partake,
 And bright in all Thine image wake.
- 2 Thee will I praise among Thine own ;
 Thee will I to the world extol,
 And make Thy truth and goodness known ;
 Thy goodness, Lord, is over all ;
 Thy truth and grace the heavens transcend ;
 Thy faithful mercies never end.
- 3 Be Thou exalted, Lord, above
 The highest names in earth or heaven ;
 Let angels sing Thy glorious love,
 And bless the Name to sinners given ;
 All earth and heaven their King proclaim ;
 Bow every knee to Jesu's name !
- 4 Thee, Jesus, King of kings, and Lord
 Of lords, I glory to proclaim ;
 From age to age Thy praise record,
 That all the world may learn Thy Name ;
 And all shall soon Thy grace adore,
 When time and sin shall be no more.

98

(4)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1789.

From the German of E. LANGER.

- O GOD, Thou bottomless abyss,
Thee to perfection who can know ?
O height immense ! What words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show ?
- 2 Unfathomable depths Thou art !
O plunge me in Thy mercy's sea ;
Void of true wisdom is my heart,—
With love embrace and cover me !
- 3 (While Thee, all-infinite, I set
By faith before my ravish'd eye,
My weakness bends beneath the weight ;
O'erpower'd I sink, I faint, I die.)
- 4 Eternity Thy fountain was,
Which, like Thee, no beginning knew ;
Thou wast ere time began his race,
Ere glow'd with stars the ethereal blue.
- 5 Greatness unspeakable is Thine,
Greatness, whose undiminish'd ray.

- Thy wisdom, equal to Thy might,
Only to Thee, O God, is known !
- 10 Heaven's glory is Thy awful throne,
Yet earth partakes Thy gracious sway :
Vain man ! thy wisdom folly own,
Lost is thy reason's feeble ray.
- 11 What our dim eye could never see,
Is plain and naked to Thy sight
What thickest darkness veils, to Thee
Shines clearly as the morning light.
- 12 In light Thou dwell'st ; light that no shade,
No variation, ever knew ;
Heaven, earth, and hell, stand all display'd,
And open to Thy piercing view.

99

(5)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

PART II.

FROM THE GERMAN OF E. LANGER.

- T**HOU, true and only God, lead'st forth
The' immortal armies of the sky ;
Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth,
Thou thunderest, and amazed they fly !
- 2 With downcast eye the' angelic choir
Appear before Thy awful face ;
Trembling they strike the golden lyre,
And through heaven's vault resound Thy praise.
- 3 In earth, in heaven, in all Thou art ;
The conscious creature feels Thy nod,
Whose forming hand on every part
Impress'd the image of its God.
- 4 Thine, Lord, is wisdom, Thine alone :
Justice and truth before Thee stand :
Yet, nearer to Thy sacred throne,
Mercy withholds Thy lifted hand.
- 5 Each evening shows Thy tender love,
Each rising morn Thy plenteous grace ;
Thy waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace !

- 6 To Thy benign, indulgent care,
 Father, this light, this breath we owe :
And all we have, and all we are,
 From Thee, great Source of Being, flow.
- 7 Parent of Good, Thy bounteous hand
 Incessant blessings down distils,
And all in air, or sea, or land,
 With plenteous food and gladness fills.
- 8 All things in Thee live, move, and are ;
 Thy power infused doth all sustain ;
Even those Thy daily favours share,
 Who thankless spurn Thy easy reign.
- 9 Thy sun, Thou bidst his genial ray
 Alike on all impartial pour ;
To all, who hate or bless Thy sway,
 Thou bidst descend the fruitful shower.
- 10 Yet while, at length, who scorn'd Thy might
 Shall feel Thee a consuming fire,
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,
 Of those who to Thy love aspire !
- 11 All creatures praise the eternal Name !

- 3 From Thee, through an eternal now,
The Son, Thine offspring, flow'd ;
An everlasting Father Thou,
An everlasting God.
- 4 Nor quite display'd to worlds above,
Nor quite on earth conceal'd ;
By wondrous, unexhausted love,
To mortal man revealed !
- 5 Supreme and all-sufficient God,
When nature shall expire ;
And worlds, created by Thy nod,
Shall perish by Thy fire :
- 6 Thy Name, Jehovah ! be adored,
By creatures without end ;
Whom none but Thy essential Word
And Spirit comprehend.

101

(1)

L.M.

WATTS. 1705.

- T**HEE, mighty God, my soul adores,
Thou great mysterious Three in One ;
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess Thee,—Infinite, Unknown.
- 2 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine :
But nothing like Thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of Thine.
- 3 Still restless nature dies and grows,
From change to change the creatures run ;
Thy Being no succession knows,
And all Thy vast designs are one.
- 4 A glance of Thine runs through the globe,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame ;
Of light Thou form'st Thy dazzling robe,
Thy ministers are living flame.
- 5 How shall polluted mortals dare
To sing Thy glory or Thy grace ?
Beneath Thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of Thy face.

- 6 Who can behold the blazing light ?
Who can approach consuming flame ?
None but Thy Wisdom knows Thy might,
None but Thy Word can speak Thy Name.

102

C.M.

WATTS. 1703.

- G**REAT God, how infinite art Thou !
How frail and helpless we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made ;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To Thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view :

- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord !
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored.
- 3 Thou glorious God, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be ;—
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity !
- 4 O ! how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest tenderest fears !
And worship Thee with humble hope,
And penitential tears.
- 5 Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art ;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 6 O, then, this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee, for Thyself
And for Thy glory's sake.

)4

7s. & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1763.

- GLORIOUS God, accept a heart
That pants to sing Thy praise :
Thou without beginning art,
And without end of days ;
Thou, a Spirit invisible,
Dost to none Thy fulness show ;
None Thy Majesty can tell,
Or all Thy Godhead know.
- 2 All Thine attributes we own,
Thy wisdom, power, and might :
Happy in Thyself alone,
In goodness infinite,
Thou Thy goodness hast displayed,
On Thine every work imprest,
Lov'st whate'er Thy hands have made ;
But man Thou lov'st the best.

- 3 Willing Thou that all should know
Thy saving truth, and live,
Dost to each, or bliss or woe,
With strictest justice give :
Thou with perfect righteousness
Renderest every man his due ;
Faithful in Thy promises,
And in Thy threatenings too.
- 4 Thou art merciful to all
Who truly turn to Thee !
Hear me, then, for pardon call,
And show Thy grace to me ;
Me, through mercy reconciled,
Me, for Jesu's sake forgiven,
Me receive, Thy favoured child,
To sing Thy praise in heaven.

105

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1763.

THOU, the great, eternal God,
Art high above our thought !
Worthy to be feared, adored.

Who can sound the mystery,
Thy judgments' deep abyss explain ?
Thou, whose eyes in darkness see,
And search the heart of man !

106 (15)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

Psalm cxliv.

WHEN Israel out of Egypt came,
And left the proud oppressor's land,
Supported by the great I AM,
Safe in the hollow of His hand,
The Lord in Israel reigned alone,
And Judah was His favourite throne.

- 2 The sea beheld His power, and fled,
Disparted by the wondrous rod ;
Jordan ran backward to its head,
And Sinai felt the' incumbent God :
The mountains skip'd like frightened rams,—
The hills leaped after them as lambs !
- 3 What ail'd thee, O thou trembling sea ?
What horror turned the river back ?
Was nature's God displeased at thee ?
And why should hills and mountains shake ?
Ye mountains huge, that skipped like rams ?
Ye hills, that leaped as frightened lambs ?
- 4 Earth ! tremble on, with all thy sons,
In presence of thy awful Lord,
Whose power inverted nature owns ;
Her only law His sovereign word !
He shakes the centre with His nod,
And heaven bows down to Jacob's God.
- 5 Creation, varied by His hand,
The omnipotent Jehovah knows ;
The sea is turned to solid land,
The rock into a fountain flows,
And all things, as they change, proclaim
Their Lord eternally the same.

107

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Is the LORD's hand waxed short ?— Numb. xl. 23.

THY hand, Lord, cannot shorten'd be—
That hand which plagued the' Egyptian race,
Which brought Thy people through the sea,
Which led them through the wilderness ;
Which hath to us so often given
Drink from the rock, and bread from heaven.

- 2 That hand hath opened wide mine eyes ;
That hand, which now by faith I see,
Measures the floods, and spans the skies,
And grasps the winds,—and covers me !
It brings the blind through ways unknown,
It holds,—it lifts me to a throne.
- 3 Kept by that hand, I cannot fear
Lest earth or hell should pluck me thence :
I trample on temptation near,
Supported by Omnipotence ;
Possess of boundless power divine,
Of boundless love,—for Christ is mine !

One glance from Thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

- 5 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from Thy all-searching eyes ;
Through midnight shades Thou find'st the way,
As in the blazing noon of day.
- 6 Search, try, O Lord, my reins and heart ;
If evil lurk in any part ;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in Thy perfect way.

109

(12)

C.M.

WATTS. 1719.

Psalm cxxxix.

IN all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to Thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within ;
And, ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide !
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

110

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1763.

THOU, my God, art good and wise,
And infinite in power :
Thee let all in earth and skies
Continually adore !

Give me Thy converting grace,
That I may obedient prove,
Serve my Maker all my days,
And my Redeemer love.

2 For my life, and clothes, and food,
And every comfort here,
Thee, my most indulgent God,
I thank with heart sincere ;
For the blessings numberless,
Which Thou hast already given ;
For Thy smallest spark of grace,
And for my hope of heaven.

3 Gracious God, my sins forgive,
And Thy good Spirit impart !
Then I shall in Thee believe,
With all my loving heart ;
Always unto Jesus look,
Him in heavenly glory see,
Who my cause hath undertook,
And ever prays for me

111

86,86,887.

WINKWORTH. 1858.

From the German of J. J. SCHUTZ. 1873.

- A**LL praise and thanks to God most High,
 The Father of all Love !
 The God who doeth wondrously,
 The God who from above
 My soul with richest solace fills,
 The God who every sorrow stills ;
 Give to our God the glory !
- 2 The hosts of heaven Thy praises tell,
 All thrones bow down to Thee,
 And all who in Thy shadow dwell,
 In earth and air and sea,
 Declare and laud their Maker's might,
 Whose wisdom orders all things right ;
 Give to our God the glory !
- 3 And for the creatures He hath made,
 Our God shall well provide ;
 His grace shall be their constant aid,
 Their guard on every side ;
 His kingdom ye may surely trust,
 There all is equal, all is just ;
 Give to our God the glory !
- 4 I sought Him in my hour of need ;
 "Lord God, now hear my prayer !"
 For death He gave me life indeed,
 And comfort for despair ;
 For this my thanks shall endless be,
 Oh, thank Him, thank Him too with me !
 Give to our God the glory !
- 5 All ye who name Christ's holy Name,
 Give to our God the glory !
 Ye who the Father's power proclaim,
 Give to our God the glory !
 All idols under foot be trod,
 The Lord is God ! the Lord is God !
 Give to our God the glory !

112

C.M.

WATTS. 1719.

- SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King :
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Through the whole earth His goodness shines,
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food ;
Thy liberal hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord !
How slow Thine anger moves !
But soon He sends His pardoning word,
To cheer the souls He loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,

- 4 Thou knowest the pains Thy servants feel,
Thou hearest Thy children cry ;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 5 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere ;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.
- 6 My lips shall dwell upon Thy praise,
And spread Thy fame abroad :
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God !

114 (24)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1768.

- G**OOD Thou art, and good Thou dost ;
Thy mercies reach to all ;
Chiefly those who on Thee trust,
And for Thy mercy call ;
New they every morning are ;
As fathers when their children cry,
Us Thou dost in pity spare,
And all our wants supply.
- 2 Mercy o'er Thy works presides ;
Thy providence displayed
Still preserves, and still provides
For all Thy hands have made ;
Keeps, with most distinguished care,
The man who on Thy love depends ;
Watches every numbered hair,
And all his steps attends.
- 3 Who can sound the depths unknown
Of Thy redeeming grace ?
Grace, that gave Thine only Son
To save a ruined race !
Millions of transgressors poor
Thou hast, for Jesu's sake, forgiven ;
Made them of Thy favour sure,
And snatched from hell to heaven.

- 4 Millions more Thou ready art
To save, and to forgive !
Every soul and every heart -
Of man Thou would'st receive :
Father, now accept of mine,
Which now, through Christ, I offer Thee ;
Tell me now, in love divine,
That Thou hast pardoned me !


115

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

Psalm xxxvi.

THOU, O Lord God, art full of grace :
Above the clouds Thy mercies rise ;
Steadfast Thy truth and faithfulness,
Thy word of promise never dies ;
Nor earth can shake, nor hell remove,
The base of Thine eternal love.

- 2 Unsearchable Thy judgments are,
A boundless, bottomless abyss !
- 

116

87,87,77.

MONTGOMERY. 1822.

Psalm ciii.

O MY soul, with all thy powers,
 Bless the Lord's most holy name !
 O my soul, till life's last hours,
 Bless the Lord, His praise proclaim !
 As the heaven the earth transcends,
 Over us His care extends.

2 He with lovingkindness crowned thee,
 Satisfied thy mouth with good ;
 From the snares of death unbound thee,
 Eagle-like thy youth renewed !
 Rich in tender mercy He,
 Slow to wrath, to favour free.

3 Far as east and west are parted,
 He our sins hath severed thus :
 As a father, loving-hearted,
 Spares his son, He spareth us ;
 For He knows our feeble frame,
 He remembers whence we came.

4 From eternity, enduring
 To eternity,—the Lord,
 Still His people's bliss ensuring,
 Keeps His covenanted word ;
 Yea, with truth and righteousness,
 Children's children He will bless.

117

C.M.

GIBBONS. 1784.

THEY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
 Thy goodness we adore :
 A spring, whose blessings never fail,
 A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars Thy love attest,
 In every cheerful ray :
 Love draws the curtains of the night,
 And love restores the day.

- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
 With all the bliss it yields ;
 With joyful clusters bend the vines,
 With harvests wave the fields.
- 4 But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord,
 Are in the Gospel seen :
 There, like the sun, Thy mercy shines,
 Without a cloud between.
- 5 Thy Son, Thy noblest, choicest gift,
 Was from Thy bosom sent,
 To bear from off a sinking world
 Its load of punishment.
- 6 Ours is the life, the glory ours,
 And His the death and shame ;
 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
 Are published in His name.

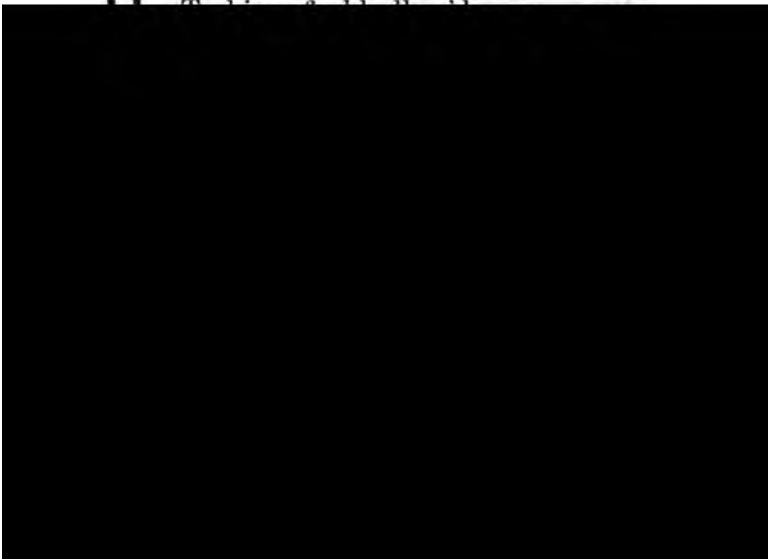
118 (28)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Ex. xxxiv. 5, 6.

GREAT God ! to me the sight afford,



Mercy is Thy distinguished name,
Which suits a sinner best.

- 6 Our misery doth for pity call,
Our sin implores Thy grace ;
And Thou art merciful to all
Our lost, apostate race.

119 (25)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

EX. XXXIV. 8.

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
Thou dost with sinners bear ;
That saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound ;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store ;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are !
A Rock that cannot move :
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure ;
And while the truth of God remains,
The goodness must endure.
- 7 Reserves of unexhausted grace
Are treasured up in Thee,
For myriads of the fallen race ;
For all mankind, and me.

120

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Isaiah xl. 29.—31.

GOD only wise, and great, and strong,
Hath made the orbs to run their race ;
Knowledge and might to God belong,
Honour, and majesty, and praise.

- 2 Jehovah is unchangeable,
His ways, and thoughts, are not as ours ;
He cheers the languid souls that fail,
And quickens all their drooping powers.
- 3 Gently He lifts the fallen up,
He gives them faith, and faith's increase,
Revives their feeble, dying hope,
And fills with love, and joy, and peace.
- 4 Blasted, the vigour of the young
Shall fade, and suddenly decay,
The bold, and confident, and strong,
Shall fear, despair, and die away :
- 5 But they who wait upon the Lord,

- 3 Proclaim 'Salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men :'
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 His every word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.
- 6 Now shall my fainting heart rejoice,
To know Thy favour sure :
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

122

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

HOLY as Thou, O Lord, is none !
Thy holiness is all Thine own ;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours,—a drop derived from Thee.

- 2 And when Thy purity we share,
Thy only glory we declare ;
And, humbled into nothing, own
Holy and pure is God alone !
- 3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all Thy heavenly hosts adored ;
Let all on earth bow down to Thee,
And bless Thy peerless majesty :
- 4 Thy power unparallel'd confess,
Establish'd on the Rock of Peace,
The Rock that never shall remove,
The Rock of pure, almighty Love !
- 5 " O Tri-une God ! Thou vast abyss !
Thou ever-flowing Fount of bliss,
Flow through us, heart and soul and will,
With endless praise and blessing fill !"

120

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Isaiah xl. 28.—31.

GOD only wise, and great, and strong,
 Hath made the orbs to run their race ;
 Knowledge and might to God belong,
 Honour, and majesty, and praise.

- 2 Jehovah is unchangeable,
 His ways, and thoughts, are not as ours ;
 He cheers the languid souls that fail,
 And quickens all their drooping powers.
- 3 Gently He lifts the fallen up,
 He gives them faith, and faith's increase,
 Revives their feeble, dying hope,
 And fills with love, and joy, and peace.
- 4 Blasted, the vigour of the young
 Shall fade, and suddenly decay,
 The bold, and confident, and strong,
 Shall fear, despair, and die away :
- 5 But they who wait upon the Lord,
 Shall surely find His promise true,
 Receive the quick'ning powerful word,
 And, born of God, their strength renew.
- 6 Their willing souls from sin set free,
 Shall swiftly in His statutes move,
 Shall walk in glorious liberty,
 Shall fly upon the wings of love.

121

(30)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
 And speak some boundless thing ;
 The mighty works, or mightier Name,
 Of our eternal King.

- 2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
 And sound His power abroad ;
 Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
 And the performing God.

- 3 Proclaim 'Salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men :'
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 His every word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.
- 6 Now shall my fainting heart rejoice,
To know Thy favour sure :
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

122

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

- H**OLY as Thou, O Lord, is none !
Thy holiness is all Thine own ;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours,—a drop derived from Thee.
- 2 And when Thy purity we share,
Thy only glory we declare ;
And, humbled into nothing, own
Holy and pure is God alone !
 - 3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all Thy heavenly hosts adored ;
Let all on earth bow down to Thee,
And bless Thy peerless majesty :
 - 4 Thy power unparallel'd confess,
Establish'd on the Rock of Peace,
The Rock that never shall remove,
The Rock of pure, almighty Love !
 - 5 " O Tri-une God ! Thou vast abyss !
Thou ever-flowing Fount of bliss,
*Flow through us, heart and soul and will,
With endless praise and blessing fill !*"

123

7s.

MONTGOMERY. 1853.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God of Hosts ! when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good ;
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit ! we,—
Dust and ashes,—would adore :
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here, with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

- 3 Holy, holy, holy ! All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing.

- 3 But who shall quit this low abode,
 Who shall ascend the heavenly place,
 And stand upon the mount of God,
 And see his Maker face to face ?
- 4 The man whose hands and heart are clean,
 That blessed portion shall receive ;
 Whoe'er by grace is saved from sin,
 Hereafter shall in glory live.
- 5 He shall obtain the starry crown ;
 And, number'd with the saints above,
 The God of his salvation own,
 The God of his salvation love.

125

8s & 7s.

MANT. 1837.

- “ **L**ORD ! Thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord ! ”
 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,—
 “ Holy, holy, holy,” singing
 “ Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High ! ”
- 2 Ever thus, in God's high praises,
 Brethren, let our tongues unite,
 While our thoughts His greatness raises,
 And our love His gifts excite.
 With His seraph-train before Him,
 With His holy church below,
 Thus unite we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow !
- 3 “ Lord ! Thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord ! ”
 Thus, Thy glorious Name confessing,
 We adopt Thy angels' cry,—
 Holy, holy, holy,—*blessing*
Thee, the Lord of Hosts, most High !

126

(184)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1789.

From the Spanish.

- O** GOD, my God, my all Thou art !
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sovereign light within my heart,
Thy all-enlivening power, display.
- 2 For Thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
While in this desert land I live ;
And hungry as I am, and faint,
Thy love alone can comfort give.
- 3 In a dry land, behold I place
My whole desire on Thee, O Lord !
And more I joy to gain Thy grace,
Than all earth's treasures can afford.
- 4 More dear than life itself, Thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ ;
And to declare Thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.
- 5 In blessing Thee, with grateful songs,
My happy life shall glide away :

127

4-7s.

GRANT. 1889.

LORD of earth ! Thy forming hand,
Well this beauteous frame hath planned,
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power :—

- 2 Yet amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease Thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me ?
Whom have I on earth but Thee ?
- 3 Lord of heaven ! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light ;
There, in love's unclouded reign,
Parted friends shall meet again :
- 4 O ! that world is passing fair,
Yet if Thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me ?
Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?
- 5 Lord of earth and heaven ! my breast
Seeks in Thee its only rest ;
I was lost,—Thy accents mild
Homeward lured Thy wandering child :
- 6 I was blind,—Thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away ;
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe !
- 7 O, if once Thy smile divine
Ceased upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me !
Whom have I in each but Thee !

128

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1798.

Psalm lxxii.

O GOD, Thou art in Jesus mine !
For Thee I sigh, for Thee I pine,
And pant Thy power to prove ;
My longing soul implores Thy grace,
In a dry, barren wilderness,
Unwater'd by Thy love.

- 2 Thee, Thee my restless heart requires,—
And all I am,—with strong desires,
Thy glorious power to see :
To see Thee, as I once beheld
My pardoning God, in Christ reveal'd,
My Lord, who died for me !
- 3 Thy love doth all delights exceed !
Thy precious love is life indeed ;
My lips shall sing Thy praise ;
My hands I lift in Jesu's name ;
My life and strength, and all I am,
Shall glorify Thy grace.
- 4 On Thee I muse with pure delight ;
Through all the happy hours of night
I lean as on Thy breast :
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing,
Jesus, my Peace, my Joy, I sing,
My everlasting Rest !
- 5 My soul pursues and hangs on Thee ;
Thy hand upholds and strengthens me ;

Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
 When a thousand feel the blow,
 Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
 Though ten thousand be laid low.

- 3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
 With the wings of His protection
 He will shield thee from above ;
 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
 He will hearken, He will save ;
 Here for grief reward thee double,
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

30

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1798.

Psalm cxlvi.

MY soul, inspired with sacred love,
 The Lord Thy God delight to praise ;
 His gifts I will for Him improve,
 To Him devote my happy days ;
 To Him my thanks and praises give,
 And only for His glory live.

- 2 Long as my God shall lend me breath,
 My every pulse shall beat for Him ;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 My spirit shall resume the theme ;
 The gracious theme for ever new,
 Through all eternity pursue.
- 3 Soon as the breath of man expires,
 Again he to his earth shall turn ;
 Where, then, are all his vain desires,
 His love and hate, esteem and scorn ?
 All, all, at that last gasp are o'er,
 He falls to rise on earth no more.
- 4 He, then, is blest, and only he,
 Whose hope is in the Lord his God ;
 Who can to Him for succour flee,
 That spread the earth and heaven abroad ;
That still the universe sustains,
And Lord of His creation reigns.

- 5 True to His everlasting word,
He loves the injured to redress ;
Poor, helpless souls, the bounteous Lord
Relieves, and fills with plenteousness :
He sets the mournful prisoners free,
He bids the blind their Saviour see.
- 6 Jehovah lifts the fallen up ;
Jehovah loves the righteous race ;
The stranger's and the widow's hope,
The Father of the fatherless ;
Sinners He views with angry frown,
And turns their counsels upside down.
- 7 The Lord thy God, O Zion, reigns,
Supreme in mercy as in power,
The endless theme of heavenly strains,
When time and death shall be no more :
And all eternity shall prove
Too short to utter all His love.

32

7s.

MILTON. 1645.

The third and fourth lines, of this Paraphrase of the 136th Psalm, may be sung
as a Chorus to every two lines.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 2 Let us sound His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God ;
Who by wisdom did create
Heaven's expanse and all its state ;
- 3 Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main ;
Who, by His commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light ;
- 4 Caused the golden-tressed sun,
All the day his course to run ;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.
- 5 All His creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need ;
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.
- 6 He His mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye ;
And His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

33

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1800.

Psalm xix. 1—4.

OUR souls the book of nature draws
To' adore the First Eternal Cause :
The heavens articulately shine,
And speak their Architect Divine ;
And all *their orbs* proclaim aloud
The wisdom and the power of God.
H

- 2 See, in yon glorious azure height,
The Sovereign, Uncreated Light !
That vast expanse of liquid air
Doth His immensity declare ;
And every influence from above
His bounteous, universal love.
- 3 The sure-succeeding night and day
His providential care display :—
Who bade them to their bounds retire,
And stand, as choir to answer choir,
His knowledge infinite to tell,
And show the Great Invisible.
- 4 Kindreds, and tongues, and nations, hear
His all-informing messenger.
Stretching to earth's remotest bound,
The heavens their Maker's praise resound,
And speak the power by which they shine,
And publish wide the Love Divine.

135 (30)

C.M.

WATTS. 1705.

- E**TERNAL Wisdom ! Thee we praise,
 Thee the creation sings :
 With Thy loved Name, rocks, hills, and seas,
 And heaven's high palace ring.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,
 How glorious to behold !
 Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
 And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 There Thou hast bid the globes of light
 Their endless circles run :
 There the pale planet rules the night ;
 The day obeys the sun.
- 4 If down I turn my wondering eyes
 On clouds and storms below,
 Those under-regions of the skies
 Thy numerous glories show.
- 5 The noisy winds stand ready there
 Thy orders to obey ;
 With sounding wings they sweep the air,
 To make Thy chariot way.
- 6 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
 Thy thunder shakes our coast ;
 While the red lightnings wave along,
 The banners of Thy host.
- 7 On the thin air, without a prop,
 Hang fruitful showers around ;
 At Thy command they sink, and drop
 Their fatness on the ground.
- 8 Lo ! here Thy wondrous skill arrays
 The earth in cheerful green ;
 A thousand herbs Thy art displays,
 A thousand flowers between.
- 9 There the rough mountains of the deep
 Obey Thy strong command :
*Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
 Or sink them to the sand.*

- 10 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wondering sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
- 11 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through Thy works abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.
- 12 But the mild glories of Thy grace
Our softer passions move ;
Pity divine, in Jesu's face,
We see, adore, and love !

136

(3)

L.M.

ADDISON. 1712.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land

137

6-7s.

J. TAYLOR. (1880.)

EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers,
 Air, with all its beams and showers,
 Ocean's infinite expanse,
 Heaven's resplendent countenance ;—
 All around, and all above,
 Hath this record,—‘ God is Love.’

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
 In the woods, and by the rills,
 Of the breeze and of the bird,
 By the gentle murmur stirr'd ;
 All these songs, beneath, above,
 Have one burden,—‘ God is Love.’

3 All the hopes and fears that start
 From the fountain of the heart ;
 All the quiet bliss that lies
 In our human sympathies ;
 These are voices from above,
 Sweetly whispering,—‘ God is Love

4 But the great Redeemer's birth,
 All He did and said on earth,
 All His agonies and woes,
 All His pleadings for His foes,
 All His blessings from above,
 Most assure us,—‘ God is Love.’

[38

L.M.

GURNEY. 1851.

YES, God is good ;—in earth and sky,
 From ocean depths and spreading wood,
 Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
 ‘ God made us all, and God is good.’

2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
 And downward pours his golden flood,
 Night's *sparkling hosts*, all seem to say
In accents clear, that ‘ God is good,’

- 3 The merry birds prolong the strain,
 Their song with every spring renewed ;
 And balmy air, and falling rain,
 Each softly whisper, ' God is good.'
- 4 I hear it in the rushing breeze ;
 The hills that have for ages stood,
 The echoing sky and roaring seas,
 All swell the chorus, ' God is good.'
- 5 Yes, God is good, all Nature says,
 By God's own hand with speech endued ;
 And man, in louder notes of praise,
 Should sing for joy, that God is good.
- 6 For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord,
 But chiefly for our heavenly food,
 Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening word ;-
 These prompt our song, that God is good.

139

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 176

O ALL-CREATING God !
 At whose supreme decree

O how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind !

3 O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship ;
And all creatures are His care :
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed ; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man ?

4 O give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame,—
Temple of the Deity !—
Came, for rebel man to die ;
In the path Himself hath trod,
Leading back His saints to God.

141

4-7s.

AUSTIN. 1668.

HARK, my soul, how everything
Strives to serve our bounteous King ;
Each a double tribute pays,
Sings its part, and then obeys.

2 Nature's chief and sweetest choir
Him with cheerful notes admire ;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.

3 Though their voices lower be,
Streams have, too, their melody ;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.

4 All the flowers that gild the spring,
Hither their still music bring ;
If Heaven bless them, thankful they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

5 Only we can scarce afford
This short office to our Lord ;
We, on whom *His bounty flows*,
All things gives, and nothing owes.

- 6 Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart !
Wake, and gladly sing thy part !
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.
- 7 Call whole nature to thy aid,
Since 'twas He whole nature made
Join in one eternal song,
Who to one God all belong.
- 8 Live for ever, glorious Lord !
Live, by all Thy works adored !
One in Three, and Three in One,
Lord, we bow to Thee alone !

142

(210)

7s. D.

C. WESLEY. 1763.

HAPPY man, whom God doth aid !
God our souls and bodies made ;
God on us, in gracious showers,
Blessings every moment pours ;
Compasses with angel-bands,
Bids them bear us in their hands ,
Parents, friends, 'twas God bestow'd .

143

(33)

C.M.

ADDISON. 1712.

- WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Thy Providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence those comforts flowed.
- 5 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.
- 7 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face :
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 8 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ :
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 9 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

- 10 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 11 Through all eternity, to Thee,
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But, oh ! eternity's too short,
To utter all Thy praise.

144

7s.

WINKWORTH. 1855.

From the German of PAUL GERHARDT. 1659.

SHALL I not sing praise to Thee,
Shall I not give thanks, O Lord ?
Since for us, in all I see
How Thou keepest watch and ward ;
How the truest, tenderest love
Ever fills Thy heart, my God,
Helping, cheering on their road,
All who in Thy service move.

CHORUS :—All things else have but their day,

- 4 And His Spirit, blessed Guide !
 In His holy word doth teach,
 How on earth we may abide,
 So that heaven at last we reach ;
 Every longing heart doth fill
 With the pure true light of faith,
 That can break the bonds of death,
 And control the powers of ill. All, &c.
- 5 All the hosts of heaven and earth,
 Hath He placed at my command,
 Nowhere is there lack or dearth,
 But I find in sea and land
 All things order'd for my wants,
 Living things in fields and woods,
 On the heights, or in the floods,
 And the earth brings forth her plants. All, &c.
- 6 All my life I still have found,
 And I will forget it never,
 Every sorrow hath its bound,
 And no cross endures for ever.
 Father, help Thy child, and give
 Strength to serve Thee day and night,
 Loving Thee with all my might,
 While on earth I yet must live ;
 So shall I when Time is o'er,
 Praise and love Thee evermore.

145

C.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

Altered by LOGAN. 1770.

O GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed ;
 Who through this weary pilgrimage
 Hast all our fathers led.

- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
 Before Thy throne of grace ;
 God of our *fathers* ! be the God
 Of their *succeeding* race.

- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Oh, spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace!
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion, evermore.

146

(91)

C.M.

WATTS. 1719.

- M**Y Shepherd will supply my need,
JEHOVAH is His name;
In pastures fresh He makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake His ways;
And leads me, for His mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A voice of Thy comforting breath

147

C.M.

SCOTCH VERSION. 1651.

Psalm xxiii.

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.
 He makes me down to lie
 In pastures green : He leadeth me
 The quiet waters by.

- 2 My soul He doth restore again ;
 And me to walk doth make
 Within the paths of righteousness,
 Ev'n for His own Name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
 Yet will I fear no ill :
 For Thou art with me ; and Thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnished
 In presence of my foes ;
 My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
 And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
 Shall surely follow me :
 And in God's house for evermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.

148

S.M.

WATTS. 1719.

Psalm xxiii.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
 I shall be well supplied ;
 Since He is mine, and I am His,
 What can I want beside ?

- 2 He leads me to the place
 Where heavenly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim,
 And guides me in His own right way
 For His most holy Name.

- 4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear ; [shade,
Though I should walk through death's dark
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days ;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

149

(225)

8.7.4.

WILLIAMS. 1774.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah !
G Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand !
Bread of Heaven !
Feed me now and evermore.

- 2 Thine, wholly Thine, we pant to be ;
 Our sacrifice receive ;
 Made, and preserved, and saved by Thee,
 To Thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Heavenward our every wish aspires ;
 For all Thy mercies' store,
 The sole return Thy love requires
 Is, that we ask for more.
- 4 For more we ask ; we open then
 Our hearts to' embrace Thy will ;
 Turn and beget us, Lord, again,
 With all Thy fulness fill !
- 5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
 Shed in our hearts abroad !
 So shall we ever live, and move,
 And be, with Christ, in God.

151

(183)

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

- M**EET and right it is to praise
 God, the Giver of all grace,
 God, whose mercies are bestowed
 On the evil and the good :
 He prevents His creatures' call,
 Kind and merciful to all ;
 Makes His sun on sinners rise ;
 Showers His blessings from the skies.
- 2 Least of all Thy creatures, we
 Daily Thy salvation see ;
 As by heavenly manna fed,
 Through a world of dangers led ;
 Through a wilderness of cares ;
 Through ten thousand, thousand snares ;
 More than now our hearts conceive,
 More than we could know, and live !
- 3 Here, as in the lion's den,
 Undevoured we still remain ;
 Pass *secure the watery flood,*
Hanging on the arm of God :

Here we raise our voices higher,
Shout in the Refiner's fire ;
Clap our hands amidst the flame,
Glory give to Jesu's Name.

- 4 Jesu's Name, in Satan's hour,
Stands our adamantine tower :
Jesus doth His own defend,
Love and save us to the end :
Love shall make us persevere
Till our conquering Lord appear ;
Bear us to our thrones above,
Crown us with His heavenly love.

152

C.M.

ADDISON. 1712.

HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,

153 (36)

C.M.

COWPER. 1779.

- GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up His bright designs,
 And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head!
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust Him for His grace:
 Behind a frowning Providence
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain:
 God is His own Interpreter,
 And He will make it plain!

154

C.M.

TATE & BRADY. 1698.

Psalm xxxiv. 1-10.

- THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble, and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
 Till all who are distressed,
 From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

- 3 O magnify the Lord with me !
With me exalt His Name !
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.
- 4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who in His succour trust.
- 5 O make but trial of His love !
Experience will decide,—
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.
- 6 Fear Him, ye saints ! and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make ye His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

155

C.M.

LOGAN. 1770.

ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On Thee my hopes remain :

- 6 Therefore, in life I'll trust to Thee,
 In death I will adore ;
 And after death will sing Thy praise,
 When time shall be no more.

156 (188)

L.M.

MRS. OPIE. (1835.)

- T**HERE seems a voice in every gale,
 A tongue in every opening flower ;
 Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
 Of Thy indulgence, love, and power.
- 2 The birds that rise on quivering wing,
 Appear to hymn their Maker's praise ;
 And all the mingling sounds of spring
 To Thee a general chorus raise.
- 3 And shall my voice, great God, alone
 Be mute, 'midst Nature's loud acclaim ?
 No ! let my heart, with answering tone,
 Breathe forth in praise Thy holy name.
- 4 And Nature's debt is small to mine :
 Thou bad'st her being bounded be ;
 But, matchless proof of love divine,
 Thou gav'st immortal life to me.
- 5 The Saviour left His heavenly throne,
 A ransom for my soul to give ;
 Man's suffering state He made His own,
 And stooped to die, that I might live.
- 6 Due thanks and praise for love so great,
 No mortal tongue can e'er express ;
 Then let me, bowed before Thy feet,
 In silence love Thee, Lord, and bless.

157

L.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
 Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
 While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

- 2 The flowery spring, at Thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
And winters, soften'd by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade !
- 5 Oh ! may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more !

158

(211)

C.M.

FLOWERDEW. 1811.

FOUNTAIN of mercy ! God of love !
How rich Thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons, as they move

- 6 Fountain of love ! our praise is Thine ;
 To Thee our songs we'll raise,
 And all created Nature join
 In sweet harmonious praise !

159

L.M.

- G**REAT God, as seasons disappear,
 And changes mark the rolling year,
 Thy favour still has crowned our days,
 And we would celebrate Thy praise.
- 2 The harvest-song would we repeat :
 Thou givest us the finest wheat.
 The joys of harvest we have known :
 The praise, O Lord, is all Thine own.
- 3 Our tables spread, our garners stored,
 O give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord !
 Forbid it, Source of light and love,
 That hearts and lives should barren prove.
- 4 Another harvest comes apace :
 Ripen our spirits by Thy grace,
 That we may calmly meet the blow
 The sickle gives to lay us low.
- 5 That so, when angel-reapers come
 To gather sheaves to Thy blest home,
 Our spirits may be borne on high
 To Thy safe garner in the sky.

160

(34)

C.M.

STEELE. 1760.

- A**LMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
 Kind Guardian of my days,
 Thy mercies let my heart record,
 In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
 Was Thy indulgent care ;
 Long ere I could pronounce Thy name,
 Or *breathe the infant prayer.*

- 3 Each rolling year new favours brought
From Thy exhaustless store ;
But, ah ! in vain my labouring thought
Would count Thy mercies o'er.
- 4 While sweet reflection through my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace ;
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of Thy grace.
- 5 Yes, I adore Thee, gracious Lord,
For favours more divine,—
That I have known Thy sacred word,
Where all Thy glories shine.
- 6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of Thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.
- 7 Then shall my joyful powers unite
In more exalted lays ;
And join the happy sons of light,
In everlasting praise.

- 5 Soon shall I learn the' exalted strains
Which echo through the heavenly plains ;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.
- 6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live :
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

162

(21)

C.M.

WATTS. 1705.

- F**ATHER, how wide Thy glory shines !
How high Thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power ;
Their motions speak Thy skill ;
And on the wings of every hour
We read Thy patience still.
 - 3 Part of Thy name divinely stands
On all Thy creatures writ ;
They show the labour of Thy hands,
Or impress of Thy feet.
 - 4 But, when we view Thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms ;
 - 5 Our thoughts are lost in reverent awe,
We love and we adore ;
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.
 - 6 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.
 - 7 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains !
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

8 Oh ! may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song !
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

163

(657)

L.M. 6 lines, triplets.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

From the German of JOHN ANGELUS.

O GOD, of good the' unfathomed Sea !
Who would not give his heart to Thee ?
Who would not love Thee with his might ?
O Jesus, lover of mankind !
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite ?

2 Thou shin'st with everlasting rays :
Before the insufferable blaze
Angels with both wings veil their eyes ;
Yet, free as air, Thy bounty streams
On all Thy works ; Thy mercy's beams
Diffusive, as Thy sun's, arise.

3 Astonished at Thy frowning brow,

- 6 Primeval Beauty ! in Thy sight,
The first-born, fairest sons of light
See all their brightest glories fade :
What then to me Thine eyes could turn ?
In sin conceived, of woman born,
A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade !
- 7 Hell's armies tremble at Thy nod,
And, trembling, own the' Almighty God,
Sovereign of earth, hell, air, and sky :
But who is this that comes from far,
Whose garments rolled in blood appear ?
'Tis God made man, for man to die.
- 8 O God, of good the unfathomed Sea !
Who would not give his heart to Thee ?
Who would not love Thee with his might ?
O Jesus, lover of mankind !
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite ?

164

4-7s.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

- G**LORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.
- 2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King !
Thee we now presume to sing ;
Glad, Thine attributes confess
Glorious all, and numberless.
 - 3 Hail, by all Thy works adored !
Hail, the everlasting Lord !
Thee with thankful hearts we prove
God of power, and God of love !
 - 4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.
 - 5 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement, Thou !

Jesus, in Thy Name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away !

6 Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us by Thy blood ;
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement, Thou !

7 Hear, for Thou, O Christ, alone
Art with Thy great Father One ;
One the Holy Ghost with Thee ;
One supreme, eternal THREE.

165

(104)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !

What music to our ears !

A sovereign balm for every wound,

A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly

- 2 When I behold Thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky—
Those moving worlds of light ;
- 3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That Thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so ?
- 4 That Thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form ;
Made lower than His angels are,
To save a dying worm !
- 5 Let Him be crowned with majesty,
Who bowed His head to death :
And be His honours sounded high,
By all things that have breath.
- 6 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is Thine exalted Name !
The glories of Thy heavenly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

167

86,886.

BINNEY. (1856.)

- E**TERNAL Light ! Eternal Light !
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight
It shrinks not, but, with calm delight
Can live, and look on Thee !
- 2 The spirits that surround Thy throne,
May bear the burning bliss ;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.
 - 3 Oh ! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my *naked spirit* bear
The Uncreated Beam ?

- 4 There is a way for man to rise
 To that sublime abode :—
 An offering and a sacrifice,
 A Holy Spirit's energies,
 An Advocate with God :—
- 5 These, these prepare us for the sight
 Of Holiness above :
 The sons of ignorance and night
 May dwell in the Eternal Light,
 Through the Eternal Love !

168

(332)

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- O** HEAVENLY King, look down from above ;
 Assist us to sing Thy mercy and love :
 So sweetly o'erflowing, so plenteous the store,
 Thou still art bestowing, and giving us more.
- 2 O God of our life, we hallow Thy name ;
 Our business and strife is Thee to proclaim ;
 Accept our thanksgiving for creating grace ;
 The living, the living shall show forth Thy praise.

3 Our Father and Lord Almighty art Thou :

- 2 With whom dost Thou delight to dwell ?
 Sinners, a vile and thankless race !
 O God, what tongue aright can tell
 How vast Thy love, how great Thy grace !
- 3 The dictates of Thy sovereign will
 With joy our grateful hearts receive :
 All Thy delight in us fulfil ;
 Lo ! all we are to Thee we give.
- 4 To Thy sure love, Thy tender care,
 Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign ;
 Oh, fix Thy sacred presence there,
 And seal the' abode for ever Thine.
- 5 O King of Glory ! Thy rich grace
 Our feeble thought surpasses far !
 Yea, even our crimes, though numberless,
 Less numerous than Thy mercies are.
- 6 Still, Lord, Thy saving health display,
 And arm our souls with heavenly zeal ;
 So, fearless shall we urge our way,
 Through all the powers of earth and hell.

170

S.M.

WATTS. 1719.

- O** BLESS the Lord, my soul !
 Nor let His mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.
- 2 'Tis He forgives thy sins,
 'Tis He relieves thy pain,
 'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
 And makes thee young again.
- 3 My soul, repeat His praise,
 Whose mercies are so great ;
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.
- 4 High as the heavens are raised
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of His grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

- 5 His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love—
Far as the east is from the west—
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 6 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 8 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

171

L.M. 6 lines.

PRES. DAVIES. 1769.

Mto. vii. 18.

GREAT God of wonders, all Thy ways

- 4 O may this strange, this wondrous grace,
 This matchless miracle of love,
 Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
 And all the angelic choirs above !
 Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

172

8s & 7s.

MASSIE. 1856.

From the German.

- I** WILL sing my Maker's praises,
 And in Him most joyful be,
 For in all things I see traces
 Of the good He meaneth me :
 Nothing else but love could move Him
 With such sweet and tender care,
 All who try to love and serve Him,
 Evermore to raise and bear.
 (Earthly things are for a day,
 God's great love abides always.)
- 2 Yea, so dear did He esteem me,
 That the Son He loves so well,
 He hath given to redeem me
 From the quenchless flames of hell :
 Well of life, that springeth ever !
 Sea of love, that hath no ground !
 Fruitless were my best endeavour
 Depth of love like Thine to sound.
- 3 God His Spirit to instruct me
 In His holy word hath given,
 That He safely may conduct me
 Through this weary world to heaven.
 He my heart's dark chambers filleth
 With the clear, pure light of faith !
 And thereby e'en hell He stilleth,
 And destroys the power of death.
- 4 *All which for my soul is needful
 He will carefully provide,*

Nor of that is He unheedful
Which my body needs beside :
When my strength cannot avail me—
At the best a broken reed—
God appears ; He will not fail me
In the time of utmost need.

- 5 E'en my sins and many errors
Find a tender pardoning God,
Who doth not with penal terrors
Chasten them, but with the rod ;
All His blows and scourges truly,
For the moment, grievous prove ;
And yet, when I weigh them duly,
Are but tokens of His love.
- 6 Since, then, neither change nor coldness
In His precious love can be,
Lo ! I lift my hands with boldness,
As a child I come to Thee.
Grant me grace, O God, I pray Thee,
That I may, with all my might,

- 3 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to Thee
For Thy redeeming grace ;
- 4 The grace to sinners showed,
Ye heavenly choirs, proclaim,
And cry, " Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb ! "
- 5 Spirit of Holiness,
Let all Thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thine heart-renewing power.
- 6 Not angel-tongues can tell
Thy love's ecstatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight !
- 7 Eternal, Tri-une Lord !
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men, record
And dwell upon Thy love.
- 8 When heaven and earth are fled
Before Thy glorious face,
Sing all the saints Thy love hath made
Thine everlasting praise !

74

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1768.

- H**AIL ! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, in Persons Three !
Of Thee we make our joyful boast,
Our songs we make of Thee.
- 2 Thou neither canst be felt nor seen ;
Thou art a Spirit pure ;
Thou from eternity hast been,
And always shalt endure.
- 3 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore ;
Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Thou dwell'st for evermore.

- 4 In wisdom infinite Thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see ;
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to Thee.
- 5 Whate'er Thou wilt, in earth below
Thou dost, in heaven above :
But chiefly we rejoice to know
The' almighty God is Love.
- 6 Thou lov'st whate'er Thy hands have made ;
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters displayed
Throughout our universe.
- 7 Mercy, with love, and endless grace,
O'er all Thy works doth reign ;
But mostly Thou delight'st to bless
Thy favourite creature, Man.
- 8 Wherefore, let every creature give
To Thee the praise designed :
But, chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts of all mankind.

Which o'er the earth are scatter'd, far and near,
To help and gladden us who sojourn here.

And, dearest Jesus, blest be Thou,
Whose heart with pity overflows,
Thou rich in help ! who deign'dst to bow
To earth, and taste her keenest woes ;
Thy death has burst my bonds, and set me free,
Has made me Thine ; henceforth I cling to Thee.

Nor less to Thee, O Holy Ghost,
Be everlasting honours paid,
For all Thy comfort, Lord, and most
That I a child of life am made
By quick'ning grace ; my good deeds are not mine,
Thou workest them through me, O Light Divine !

Shall I not then be filled with joy,
Shall I not praise Thee evermore ?
Triumphant songs my lips employ,
E'en when my cup of woe runs o'er ;
Nay, though the heavens should vanish as a scroll,
Nothing shall shake or daunt my trusting soul.

But of Thy goodness will I sing
As long as I have life and breath ;
Offerings of thanks I'll daily bring
Until my heart is still in death ;
Then in yon radiant choir I too shall sing
Loud hallelujahs to my glorious King.

76

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

HAIL ! Father, Son, and Spirit great,
Before the birth of time
Enthroned in everlasting state,
JEHOVAH, ELOHIM !

2 A mystical plurality
We in the Godhead own,
*Adoring One in Persons Three,
And Three in Nature One.*

- 3 From Thee our being we receive,
The creatures of Thy grace ;
And, raised out of the earth, we live
To sing our Maker's praise.
- 4 Thy powerful, wise, and loving mind
Did our creation plan ;
And all the glorious Persons joined
To form Thy favourite, Man.
- 5 Again Thou didst, in council met,
Thy ruined work restore ;
Established in our first estate,
To forfeit it no more.
- 6 And when we rise in love renewed,
Our souls resemble Thee,
An image of the Tri-une God,
To all eternity.

- 4 Come, Father, in the Son
And in the Spirit, down ;
Glorious Tri-une Majesty,
God through endless ages blest,
Make us meet Thy face to see,—
Then receive us to Thy breast.

178

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

- H**AIL ! holy, holy, holy Lord !
Whom One in Three we know ;
By all Thy heavenly host adored,
By all Thy church below.
- 2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim ;
Thy universe is full of Thee,
And speaks Thy glorious Name.
- 3 Thee, Holy Father, we confess ;
Thee, Holy Son, adore ;
Thee, Spirit of Truth and Holiness,
We worship evermore.
- 4 Thine incommunicable right,
Almighty God ! receive,
Which angel-choirs, and saints in light,
And saints embodied, give.
- 5 Three Persons, equally Divine,
We magnify and love :
And both the choirs ere long shall join,
To sing Thy praise above.
- 6 Hail ! holy, holy, holy Lord !
(Our heavenly song shall be,)
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three !

179

7s. D.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God the Father, and the Word,
God the Comforter, receive
Blessing more than earth can give !

Mixed with those beyond the sky,
Chanters to the Lord Most High,
We our hearts and voices raise,
Echoing Thy eternal praise.

- 2 One, inexplicably Three,
One, in simplest Unity,
God, incline Thy gracious ear,
Us, Thy lisping creatures, hear :
Thee while man, the earth-born, sings,
Angels shrink within their wings ;
Prostrate seraphim above
Breathe unutterable love.

- 3 Happy they, who never rest,
With Thy heavenly presence blest !
They, the heights of glory see,
Sound the depths of Deity !
Fain with them our souls would vie ;
Sink as low, and mount as high ;
Fall o'erwhelmed with love, or soar ;
Shout, or silently adore !

31

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

THEE, Father of men and angels, we praise,
 Whose wonders are seen in nature and grace
 Throughout Thy creation ; Whose goodness we
 prove,

And boundless compassion, and infinite love.

Thee, Jesus, the Son of God we confess,
 Whose passion alone hath purchased our peace ;
 With cherubs before Thee and seraphs we fall,
 And prostrate adore Thee, the Saviour of all.

O Spirit of might, of joy and of love,
 Who guidest us right to mansions above :
 Whose hallowing graces for heaven prepare ;
 We sing now Thy praises till glorified there !

32

67,67,6666.

Rinckart. 1636.

LET all men praise the Lord,
 In worship lowly bending ;
 On His most holy word,
 Redeemed from woe, depending.
 He gracious is and just,
 From childhood us doth lead ;
 On Him we place our trust
 And hope, in time of need.

2 Glory and praise to God,—
 To Father, Son, be given,
 And to the Holy Ghost,
 On high enthroned in heaven.
 Praise to the Tri-une God :
 With powerful arm and strong,
 He changeth night to day ;
 Praise Him with grateful song.

83

8s & 7s.

MASSIE. 1861.

From the German of C. J. P. SITTIG.

SEE, O see, what love the Father
 Hath bestowed upon our race,
 How He bends, with sweet compassion
 Over us His beaming face !

See, how He His best and dearest
For the very worst hath given,—
His own Son for us poor sinners,
See, O see, the love of Heaven !

2 See, O see, what love the Saviour
Also hath on us bestowed,
How He bled for us and suffered,
How He bare the heavy load !
On the cross, and in the garden,
Oh ! how sore was His distress !
Is not this a love that passeth
Aught that tongue can e'er express ?

3 See, O see, what love is shewn us
Also by the Holy Ghost,
How He strives with us poor sinners
Even when we sin the most ;
Teaching, comforting, correcting,
Where He sees it needful is !
O what heart would not be thankful
For a three-fold love like this ?

- 3 When Thou hadst rendered up Thy breath,
And, dying, drawn the sting of death,
Thou didst from earth triumphant rise,
And ope the portal of the skies,
That all, who trust in Thee alone,
Might follow and partake Thy throne.
- 4 Seated at God's right hand again,
Thou dost in all His glory reign ;
Thou dost, Thy Father's image, shine
In all the attributes Divine ;
And Thou in vengeance clad shalt come,
To seal our everlasting doom.
- 5 Wherefore we now for mercy pray,
O Saviour, take our sins away !
Before Thou as our Judge appear,
In dreadful Majesty severe,
Appear our Advocate with God,
And save the purchase of Thy blood.
- 6 Hallow, and make Thy servants meet,
And with Thy saints in glory seat ;
Sustain, and bless us by Thy sway,
And keep to that tremendous day,
When all Thy church shall chant above,
The new eternal song of love.

85

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- S AVIOUR, we now rejoice in hope,
That Thou at last wilt take us up ;
With daily triumph we proclaim,
And bless and magnify Thy Name ;
And wait Thy greatness to adore
When time and death shall be no more.
- 2 Till then, with us vouchsafe to stay,
And keep us pure from sin to-day ;
Thy great confirming grace bestow,
And guard us all our days below ;
And ever *mightily defend*,
And save, O save us to the end !

- 3 Still let us, Lord, with love be blest,
Who in Thy guardian mercy rest :
Extend Thy mercy's arms to me,
The weakest soul that trusts in Thee ;
And keep me by Thy faithful love,
Till I, ev'n I, am crowned above.

186

(198)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 " Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
" To be exalted thus !"
" Worthy the Lamb !" our hearts reply ;
" For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine !
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky

- 3 Now crushed is Satan's doleful reign,
And broken is the tyrant's chain ;
And Thou art in Thy meet abode,
The Conqueror on the throne of God.
- 4 Oh ! let Thy love our hearts subdue ;
Blot out our sins, our souls renew ;
Oh, cheer us with Thy beaming face,
Enrich us with Thy gifts of grace.
- 5 Be Thou our guide, be Thou our goal,
Our joy, when sorrow fills the soul ;
In life, our pathway to the skies ;
In death, our everlasting prize.
- 6 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Let equal praise for aye be given
By men and angels, earth and heaven.

38 (193) L.M. C. WESLEY. 1763.

- L**ET all that breathe, Jehovah praise,
Almighty, all-creating Lord !
Let earth and heaven His power confess,
Brought out of nothing by His Word.
- 2 He spake the Word, and it was done !
The universe His Word obeyed ;
His Word is His eternal Son,
And Christ the whole creation made.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord and God Most High,
Maker of all mankind and me !
Me Thou hast made to glorify,
To know, and love, and live to Thee.
- 4 Wherefore to Thee my heart I give,
(But Thou must first bestow the power,)
And if to Thee on earth I live,
Thee I shall soon in heaven adore.

89 L.M. C. WESLEY. 1767.

THE day of Christ, the day of God,
We humbly hope with joy to see,

Wash'd in the sanctifying blood
Of an expiring Deity.

- 2 Who did for us His life resign, —
There is no other God but One,
For all the plenitude Divine
Resides in the Incarnate Son.
- 3 Spotless, sincere, without offence,
O may we to His day remain,
Who trust the blood of God to cleanse
Our souls from every sinful stain.
- 4 Lord, we believe the promise sure ;
The purchased Comforter impart ;
Apply Thy blood to make us pure,
To keep us pure, in life and heart !
- 5 Then let us see that day supreme,
When none Thy Godhead shall deny,
Thy Sovereign Majesty blaspheme,
Or count Thee less than the Most High ;
- 6 When all who Thee their God believe,
Who here Thy last appearing love,

- Wings an angel, guides a sparrow ;—
Blessed be Thy gentle reign.
- 3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along,
Thought is poor, and poor expression,—
Who can sing that wondrous song ?
Brightness of The Father's Glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie ?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.
- 4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Thou didst stoop to ransom captives ;—
Flow, my praise, for ever flow :—
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour !
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne ;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all Thine own.

}1

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. J. WESLEY. 1789.

From the German.

- O GOD the Son, in whom combine
The heights and depths of love divine,
With thankful hearts to Thee we sing ;
To Thee our longing souls aspire,
In fervent flames of strong desire ;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring.
- 2 All things in earth, and air, and sea,
Exist, and live, and move in Thee :
All Nature trembles at Thy voice :
With awe even we Thy children prove
Thy power : O let us taste Thy love !
So evermore shall we rejoice.
- 3 O powerful Love, to Thee we bow ;
Object of all our wishes Thou,
Our hearts are naked to Thine eye ;
To Thee, who, from the' eternal throne,
Cam'st emptied of Thy glory down,
For us to groan, to bleed, to die.

- 4 Grace we implore ; when billows roll
Grace is the anchor of the soul ;
Grace every sickness knows to heal ;
Grace can subdue each fond desire,
And patience in all pain inspire,
Howe'er rebellious nature swell.
- 5 O Love, our stubborn wills subdue,
Create our ruin'd frame anew ;
Dispel our darkness by Thy light ;
Into all truth our spirit guide,
And from our eyes for ever hide
All things displeasing in Thy sight.
- 6 Be heaven, even now, our souls' abode ;
Hid be our life with Christ in God ;
Our spirit, Lord, be one with Thine :
Let all our works in Thee be wrought,
And filled with Thee be all our thought,
Till in us Thy full likeness shine.

- 5 The prophets' goodly fellowship,
In radiant garments drest,
Praise Thee, Thou Son of God, and reap
The fulness of Thy rest.
- 6 The apostles' glorious company
Thy righteous praise proclaim :
The martyred army glorify
Thine everlasting Name.
- 7 Through all the world, Thy churches join
To call on Thee their Head,
Brightness of Majesty Divine,
Who every power hast made.
- 8 Among their number, Lord, we love
To sing Thy precious blood :
Reign here, and in the worlds above,
Thou holy Lamb of God !

193

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

- A**RISE, my soul, arise,
Thy Saviour's sacrifice !
All the names that love could find,
All the forms that love could take,
Jesus in Himself hath joined,
Thee, my soul, His own to make.
- 2 Equal with God, Most High,
He laid His glory by ;
He, the' eternal God, was born,
Man with men He deign'd to' appear,
Object of His creature's scorn,
Pleased a servant's form to wear.
 - 3 Hail ! everlasting Lord,
Divine, incarnate Word !
Thee, let all my powers confess ;
Thee, my latest breath proclaim ;
Help, ye angel-choirs, to bless,
Shout the loved Immanuel's name !

- 4 Fruit of a virgin's womb,
 The promised Blessing's come ;
 Christ, the fathers' hope of old,
 Christ, the woman's conquering Seed,
 Christ, the Saviour ! long foretold,
 Born to bruise the serpent's head.
- 5 Jesus, to Thee, I bow !
 The Almighty's Fellow, Thou !
 Thou, the Father's only Son ;
 Pleased He ever is in Thee ;
 Just and holy Thou alone,
 Full of grace and truth for me.

194

(192)

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

HIGH above every name,
 Jesus, the Great I AM !
 Bows to Jesus every knee,
 Things in heaven, and earth, and hell ;
 Saints adore Him, demons flee,
 Fiends, and men, and angels feel !

2 He left His throne above,

195

(67)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

INFINITE, unexhausted Love !

(Jesus and Love are one :)

If still to me Thy bowels move,
They are restrained to none.

2 What shall I do my God to love !

My loving God to praise !

The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of sovereign grace !

3 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,

Immense and unconfined ;

From age to age it never ends ;

It reaches all mankind.

4 Throughout the world its breadth is known,

Wide as infinity !

So wide, it never passed by one,

Or it had passed by me.

5 My trespass was grown up to heaven ;

But far above the skies,

In Christ abundantly forgiven,

I see Thy mercies rise !

6 The depth of all-redeeming love,

What angel-tongue can tell !

O may I to the utmost prove

The gift unspeakable !

7 Deeper than hell, it pluck'd me thence ;

Deeper than inbred sin,

Jesus's love my heart shall cleanse,

When Jesus enters in.

8 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take

Possession of Thine own ;

My longing heart vouchsafe to make

Thine everlasting throne !

9 Assert Thy claim, maintain Thy right,

Come quickly from above :

And sink me to perfection's height,

The depth of humble love.

196

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1798.

Psalm cxxxviii.

ALL thanks and all praise to Thee will I give,
O Lord, by whose grace accepted I live ;
My heart shall adore Thee, my mouth shall show
forth

Thine honour and glory to gods of the earth.

- 2 Thy mercy, and love, and truth I proclaim ;
With angels above, I hallow Thy Name ;
And turning me toward the holiest place,
Thee, Father, adored, in Jesus I praise.
- 3 For Thou hast revealed Thy nature unknown,
Thy promise fulfilled in Jesus Thy Son ;
Exalted the Saviour and Friend of mankind,
That all in His favour Thy mercy may find.
- 4 When burdened, I cried for pardon to Thee,
Thy mercy replied, and bade me be free :
Thy Spirit, that hour, came down from above,
And clothed me with power, and filled me with love.
- 5 The kings of the earth Thee, Jesus, shall praise

Jesus with joy we witness,
 Almighty to deliver ;
 Our seals set to, that God is true,
 And reigns a King for ever.

- 2 Omnipotent Redeemer,
 Our ransomed souls adore Thee :
 Our Saviour Thou, we find it now,
 And give Thee all the glory.
 We sing Thine arm unshortened,
 Brought through our sore temptation ;
 With heart and voice, in Thee rejoice,
 The God of our salvation.
- 3 Thine arm hath safely brought us
 A way no more expected,
 Than when Thy sheep passed through the deep,
 By crystal walls protected.
 Thy glory was our rear-ward,
 Thine hand our lives did cover,
 And we, even we, have passed the sea,
 And marched triumphant over.
- 4 The world's and Satan's malice
 Thou, Jesus, hast confounded ;
 And, by Thy grace, with songs of praise
 Our happy souls resounded.
 Accepting our deliverance,
 We triumph in Thy favour,
 And for the love, which now we prove,
 Shall praise Thy Name for ever.

198

2-6s & 4-7s.

J. WESLEY. 1789.

From the German of JOHN ANGELUS.

THOU, Jesus, art our King,
 Thy ceaseless praise we sing ;
 Praise shall our glad tongues employ,
 Praise o'erflow our grateful soul,
 While we vital *breath* enjoy,
 While *eternal ages* roll.

- 2 Thou for our pain didst mourn,
 Thou hast our sickness borne :
 All our sins on Thee were laid ;
 Thou, with unexampled grace,
 All the mighty ransom paid
 Due for Adam's helpless race.
- 3 Enthroned above yon sky,
 Thou reign'st with God Most High.
 Prostrate at Thy feet we fall :
 Power supreme to Thee is given ;
 Thee, the righteous Judge of all,
 Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.
- 4 Cherubs with seraphs join,
 And in Thy praise combine ;
 All their choirs Thy glories sing :
 Who shall dare with Thee to vie ?
 Mighty Lord, eternal King,
 Sovereign both of earth and sky !
- 5 Arise, stir up Thy power,
 Thou deathless Conqueror !

- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

100

8s & 7s.

BAKEWELL. 1760.

- H**AIL, Thou once despised Jesus !
Hail, Thou Galilean King !
Thou didst suffer to release us ;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame !
By Thy merits we find favour ;
Life is given through Thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid ;
By almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy blood ;
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide :
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side :
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing ;
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give !

Help, ye bright, angelic spirits !
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;
Help to chant Inmanuel's praise.

201

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1758.

- O** WHEN shall we, supremely blest,
Enter the rapturous unrest,
Partake the triumph of the sky,
And holy, holy, holy, cry ?
- 2 We render thanks, with one accord,
To our Almighty God and Lord,
Who was, and is, and is to come,
Let Jesus all His power assume.
- 3 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain
The power and riches to obtain,
Worship divine to Christ be given,
By every citizen of heaven !
- 4 With all that angel host, with all
Those blessed saints, we long to fall,

- But oh ! what tribute can we give ?
 What equal honours pay ?
- 3 Millions of saints Thy grace proclaim,
 In noblest strains above ;
 But not an angel's tongue can tell
 The wonders of Thy love.
- 4 Bless'd seraphs sing Thy matchless love,
 And shout Thy high renown,
 Archangels, at Thy sacred feet,
 Lay their bright glories down.
- 5 Reign, mighty Prince ! for ever reign,
 Till death himself be dead ;
 And let eternal ages shower
 Their blessings on Thy head.
- 6 Thus will I sing, till nature fails ;
 Till sense and language die ;
 And then resume the pleasing theme,
 In happier worlds on high.

203

L.M. MONTGOMERY. 1853.

- COME, let us sing the song of songs—
 The saints in heaven began the strain—
 The homage which to Christ belongs :
 “ Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! ”
- 2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
 To cleanse from every sinful stain,
 And make us kings and priests to God—
 “ Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! ”
- 3 To Him who suffered on the tree,
 Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,
 Blessing, and praise, and glory be :
 “ Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain ! ”
- 4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,
 All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
 Honour, and *majesty*, and might ;
 “ *Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain !* ”

- 5 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with Him we reign;
This song our song of songs shall be :
“ Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain !”

204

66,84. D.

PROCLAIM the lofty praise,
Of Him who once was slain,
But now is risen, through endless days
To live and reign.
He lives and reigns on high,
Who bought us with His blood,—
Enthroned above the farthest sky,—
Our Saviour God.

- 2 All honour, power, and praise,
To Jesu's name belong ;
With hosts seraphic, glad we raise
The sacred song :
“ Worthy the Lamb,” they cry,
That on the cross was slain ;
But now, ascended up on high,
He lives to reign

- 2 In majesty transcendent,
 Gird on Thy conquering sword ;
 In righteousness resplendent,
 Ride on, Incarnate Word !
 Ride on, O King Messiah,
 To glory and renown ;
 Pierced by Thy darts of fire,
 Be every foe o'erthrown !
- 3 So reign, O God, in heaven,
 Eternally the same,
 And endless praise be given
 To Thy almighty name.
 Clothed in Thy dazzling brightness,
 Thy church on earth behold
 In robe of purest whiteness,
 In raiment wrought with gold.
- 4 And let each Gentile nation
 Come gladly in her train,
 To share Thy great salvation,
 And join her grateful strain ;
 Then ne'er shall note of sadness
 Awake the trembling string,
 One song of joy and gladness
 The ransomed world shall sing !

06

C.M.

(1842.)

- H**OSANNA ! raise the pealing hymn
 To David's Son and Lord ;
 With cherubim and seraphim
 Exalt the' Incarnate Word.
- 2 Hosanna ! Lord, our feeble tongue
 No lofty strains can raise ;
 But Thou wilt not despise the young,
 Who meekly chant Thy praise.
- 3 Hosanna ! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
 How vast Thy gifts, how free !
 Thy blood, our *life* ; Thy word, our feast ;
 Thy *name*, our *only plea*.

- 4 Hosanna ! Master, lo ! we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne ;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.
- 5 Hosanna ! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng ;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.
- 6 O Saviour, if, redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas, through eternity,
We'll sing to harps of gold.

207

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1854.

O YE that know the pardoning Lord,
His everlasting love record,
Give thanks, and glory in His grace !
Gather'd by Jesus from all lands,
Redeem'd from sin and Satan's hands,
Your merciful Redeemer praise :

08

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1854.

Psalm cii. 12.—16.

THOU my God art still the same,
 And shalt for ever be,
 One unchangeable I AM
 Through all eternity.
 Stands Thy love upon record,
 Thy truth immovably secure !
 All Thy faithful mercies, Lord,
 From age to age endure.

- 2 Thou shalt, to Thy promise just,
 Arise Thy church to build,
 Lift her up out of the dust,
 The time is now fulfilled :
 Weeping o'er her scattered stones,
 Thy servants by her ruins stay,
 Thy own Spirit groans their groans,
 And bids Thee come away.
- 3 Then the Gentile world shall praise
 And bow to Jesu's Name ;
 All the kings of earth His grace
 And glory shall proclaim :
 When the Lord His church shall rear,
 He all His mercy shall display,
 Glorious in His saints appear,
 And bring the perfect day.

09

777,5.

HEBER. 1827.

- L**ORD of mercy and of might !
 Of mankind the life and light !
 Maker, Teacher infinite !
 Jesus, hear and save !
- 2 Mighty Monarch ! Saviour mild !
 Humbled to a mortal child,
 Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
 Jesus, hear and save !
- 3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,

Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save !

- 4 Who shall yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us ! help us, when we cry !
Jesus, hear and save !

210

L.M. RAY PALMER. (1858.)

From an ancient Latin Hymn.

JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts !
Thou Fount of Life ! Thou Light of men !
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn, unfilled, to Thee again.

- 2 Thy truth, unchanged, hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee—ALL IN ALL !
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still ;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill !

- 3' All my capacious powers can wish,
 In Thee doth richly meet ;
 Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
 And sheds its fragrance there,
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of Thy name,
 With my last labouring breath ;
 Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
 The antidote of death.

212 ⁽¹⁹⁷⁾

C.M.

NEWTON. 1779.

- H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear !
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast ;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name ! the rock on which I build ;
 My shield and hiding-place ;
 My never-failing treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim,
 With every fleeting breath ;
 And may the *music of Thy name*
Refresh my soul in death !

213

L.M. 6 lines.

OH, speak of Jesus ! other names
Have lost for me their interest now ;
His is the only one that claims
To be an antidote for woe :
It falls like music on the ear,
When nothing else can soothe or cheer.

2 Oh, speak of Jesus !—of His power,
As perfect God, and perfect man,
Which day by day, and hour by hour,
As He wrought out the wondrous plan,
Led Him, as God, to save and heal ;
As man, to sympathise and feel.

3 Oh, speak of Jesus !—of His death !
For us He lived, for us He died ;
“ ’Tis finished,” with His latest breath,
The Lord, Jehovah-Jesus, cried ;
That death of shame and agony
Won life, eternal life for me !

Sweetly the sacred odours spread
Through all Immanuel's ground.

- 4 Millions of happy spirits live
On Thy exhaustless store ;
From Thee they all their bliss receive,
And still Thou givest more.
- 5 Thou art their triumph and their joy ;
They find their all in Thee ;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

15

L.M. 6 lines. WINKWORTH. 1858.

From the German of CONRAD HOJER. 1584.

JESUS, my only God and Lord,
What sweetness in Thy name is stored !
So dark and hopeless is no grief,
But Thy sweet Name can bring relief,
So keen no sorrows' rankling dart
But Thy sweet Name can heal my heart.

- 2 The world can show no truth like Thine,
And therefore will I not repine ;
I know Thou wilt forsake me not,
Thy truth is fix'd, though dark my lot ;
Thou art my Shepherd, and Thy sheep
From every real harm Thou'lt keep.
- 3 Jesus, my boast, my light, my joy,
The treasure nought can e'er destroy,
No words, no song that I can frame,
Speak half the sweetness of Thy name ;
They only all its power shall prove
Whose hearts have learnt Thy faith and love.
- 4 Jesus, my Bridegroom, and my crown,
If Thou but smile, the world may frown,
In Thee lie depths of joy untold,
Far richer than her richest gold ;
Whene'er I do but *think of Thee*,
Thy dew drops down and solace me.

- 5 When'er I hope in Thee, my Friend,
Thy comfort and Thy peace descend ;
When'er in grief I pray and sing,
I feel new courage in me spring ;
Thy Spirit witnesses that this
Is foretaste of the eternal bliss.
- 6 Then, while I live this life of care,
The cross for Thee I'll gladly bear ;
Help me to do my task aright,
That it may stand before Thy sight,
And keep me steadfast in the faith,
Then I am Thine in life and death.

216

87,87,887. A. T. RUSSELL. 1851.

From the German of J. C. LAVATER.

O NAME, than every name more dear,
The heavens Thy praise are telling :
Blest Name, that doth our spirits cheer,
Midst sin and sorrow dwelling.

217

(100)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- T**HOU hidden Source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am, if Thou art mine :
 And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,
 I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.
- 2 Thy mighty Name salvation is,
 And keeps my happy soul above ;
 Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
 And joy, and everlasting love ;
 To me, with Thy dear name, are given,
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my All-in-all Thou art—
 My rest in toil ; my ease in pain ;
 The medicine of my broken heart ;
 In war, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
 In shame, my glory and my crown :
- 4 In want, my plentiful supply ;
 In weakness, my Almighty power ;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
 My light in Satan's darkest hour ;
 In grief, my joy unspeakable ;
 My life in death ; my heaven in hell.

218

7s. D.

TOPLADY, 1776.

- O**BJECT of my first desire,
 Jesus ! crucified for me,
 All to happiness aspire
 Only to be found in Thee :
 Thee to please, and Thee to know,
 Constitute our bliss below :
 Thee to see, and Thee to love,
 Constitute our bliss above.
- 2 Lord ! it is not life to live
 If Thy presence Thou deny :
 Lord ! if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death—to die.

Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from Thy smile it flows,
Peace and happiness are Thine,
Mine they are if Thou art mine.

- 3 Whilst I feel Thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy ;
Here, O may I walk with Thee,
Then into Thy presence die !
Let me but Thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness !
Real bliss I then shall prove,
Heaven below and heaven above.

219

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1793.

Psalm lxxlii. 25.

EVER nigh to those who call,
Jesus, Thou art All in all,
Righteous Advocate of love,
Seated near the throne above ;
Whom have I, but Thee, to plead ?
'Twas Thyself alone that bled !

220

C.M.

Bernard. 1849.

- J**ESUS, the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills my breast ;
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find,
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind.
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart,
 O joy of all the meek,
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art !
 How good to those who seek !
- 4 But what to those who find ? Ah, this—
 Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
 The love of Jesus—what it is
 None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our crown wilt be ;
 Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.

221 ⁽⁵⁷⁾

4-6s & 2-8s.

WATTS. 1709.

- J**OIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore ;
 All are too mean to speak Thy worth,
 Too mean to set Thee, Saviour, forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of my God,
 My tongue shall bless Thy name ;
 By Thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came ;
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 3 Be Thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern, and my Guide ;

And through this desert land
Still keep me near Thy side :
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way !

- 4 I love my Shepherd's voice ;
His watchful eye shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of His sheep :
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

- 5 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside ;
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

- 6 O Thou almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing ;

Through Thy meritorious pain,
Through Thy intercession, live.

- 3 Sovereign, universal King,
Every faithful soul's desire,
Into me Thy kingdom bring,
Into me Thy Spirit inspire :
From mine inbred foes release ;
Here erect Thy gracious throne ;
King of righteousness and peace,
Reign in every heart alone.
- 4 O that all were taught of God,
All anointed by Thy grace ;
Kings and priests redeemed with blood,
Born again to sound Thy praise ;
An elect, peculiar seed,
Offspring of the Deity ;
Christians both in name and deed,
One, entirely one with Thee !

223

7s & 6s.
Heb. vii. 25.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

- COMING through our great High Priest,
We find a pardoning God :
Jesu's Spirit in our breast
Bears witness with the blood,
Speaks our Father pacified
Toward every soul that Christ receives ;
Tells us, once our Surety died,
And now for ever lives.
- 2 Christ for ever lives to pray
For all that trust in Him ;
I my soul on Jesus stay,
Almighty to redeem :
He shall purify my heart,
Who in His blood forgiveness have,
All His hallowing power exert,
And to the utmost save.
- 3 *Basis of our steadfast hope,
Saviour, Thy ceaseless prayer*

Sanctifies and lifts us up
To meet Thee in the air :
Yes, Thine interceding grace
Preserves us every moment Thine,
Till we rise to see Thy face,
And share the throne divine.

224

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1842.

We have an ALTAR. Heb. xiii. 10.

- THIS Altar is the Lord,
Our Lord and God most high,
By all His saints beneath adored,
By all above the sky.
- 2 Raised by Almighty hands,
To Adam's offspring given,
"Twixt God and man this Altar stands,
And earth unites to heaven.
- 3 This Altar ever lives,
And did for sin atone,
Hallows the offerings it receives,
And bears them to the throne:

- 4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above ;
And ever on Thy people rain
The manna of Thy love.

226

C.M.

DOANE. 1824.

- T**HOU art the Way ; to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, in Thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth ; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,—
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

227

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

Ps. xlv.

- M**Y heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare !
Of Him I make my loftiest songs,
I cannot from His praise forbear ;
My ready tongue makes haste to sing
The glories of my heavenly King.
- 2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,
Perfect in comeliness Thou art ;
Replenish'd are Thy lips with grace,
And full of love Thy tender heart :
God ever blest ! we bow the knee,
And own all fulness dwells in Thee.

- 3 Gird on Thy thigh the Spirit's sword,
 And take to Thee Thy power divine ;
 Stir up Thy strength, Almighty Lord,
 All power and majesty are Thine :
 Assert Thy worship and renown ;
 O all-redeeming God, come down !
- 4 Come, and maintain Thy righteous cause,
 And let Thy gracious toil succeed ;
 Dispread the victory of Thy cross,
 Ride on, and prosper in Thy deed ;
 Through earth triumphantly ride on,
 And reign in all our hearts alone.

228

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1741.

JESUS is lifted up on high ;
 Whom man refused and doom'd to die,
 He is become the Corner-stone ;
 Head of His church, He lives and reigns,
 His kingdom over all maintains,
 High on His everlasting throne.

229

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1800.

JESUS the good Shepherd is ;
 Jesus died the sheep to save ;
 He is mine, and I am His ;
 All I want in Him I have,—
 Life, and health, and rest, and food,
 All the plenitude of God.

2 Jesus loves and guards His own ;
 Me in verdant pastures feeds ;
 Makes me quietly lie down,
 By the streams of comfort leads :
 Following Him where'er He goes,
 Silent joy, my heart o'erflows.

3 He in sickness makes me whole,
 Guides into the paths of peace ;
 He revives my fainting soul,
 'Stablishes in righteousness ;
 Who for me vouchsafed to die,
 Loves me still,—I know not why !

4 Unappall'd by guilty fear,
 Through the mortal vale I go ;
 My eternal life is near ;
 Thee my life in death I know ;
 Bless Thy chastening, cheering rod,
 Die into the arms of God !

5 Till that welcome hour I see,
 Thou before my foes dost feed ;
 Bidst me sit and feast with Thee,
 Pour'st Thy oil upon my head ;
 Giv'st me all I ask, and more,
 Mak'st my cup of joy run o'er.

6 Love Divine shall still embrace,
 Love shall keep me to the end ;
 Surely all my happy days
 I shall in His temple spend,
 Till I to Thy house remove,
Thy eternal house above !

230

(90)

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Song of Solomon. 1. 7.

THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart ;

For closer communion I pine,

I long to reside where Thou art :

The pasture I languish to find,

Where all, who their Shepherd obey,

Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined,

And screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah ! show me that happiest place,

The place of Thy people's abode,

Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,

And hang on a crucified God :

Thy love for a sinner declare,

Thy passion and death on the tree,

My spirit to Calvary bear,

To suffer and triumph with Thee.

3 'Tis there, with the lambs of Thy flock,

There only, I covet to rest,

Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

- 4 All my hopes on Thee depend,
Love me, save me to the end :
Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

232

(194)

8s.

HART. 1759.

THIS God, is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend ;
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

233

4-8s. & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- O** THOU, who hast redeem'd of old,
And bidst me of Thy strength take hold,
'And be at peace with Thee ;
Help me Thy benefits to own,
And hear me tell what Thou hast done,
O dying Lamb, for me.
- 2 Out of myself for help I go,
Thy only love resolved to know ;
Thy love my plea I make ;
Give me Thy love, 'tis all I claim ;
Give, for the honour of Thy name,
Give, for Thy mercy's sake.
- 3 Can'st Thou deny that love to me ?
Say, Thou incarnate Deity,
Thou Man of Sorrows, say !
Thy glory why didst Thou enshrine
In such a clod of earth as mine,
And wrap Thee in my clay ?
- 4 Ancient of Days, why didst Thou come,
And stoop to a poor virgin's womb,
Contracted to a span ?

Flesh of our flesh why wast Thou made,
And humbly in a manger laid,
The new-born Son of Man ?

- 5 Love, only Love, Thy heart inclined,
And brought Thee, Saviour of mankind,
Down from Thy throne above ;
Love made my God a man of grief,
Distress'd Thee sore for my relief :
O Mystery of Love !

- 6 Because Thou lov'dst, and diedst for me,
Cause me, my Saviour, to love Thee,
And gladly to resign
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am ;
My life be all with Thine the same,
And all Thy death be mine.

234

8s. & 7s.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and by Thy love revealing

By Thy all-restoring merit,
Every burdened soul release ;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

235

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

- A**LL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored :
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our Omnipotent Lord !
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to Thy creatures return,
And reign in Thy kingdom of grace !
- 2 When Thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledged Thy birth ;
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was opened on earth :
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The Giver of concord and love,
The Prince and the Author of peace.
- 3 O wouldst Thou again be made known,
Again in Thy Spirit descend,
And set up in each of Thine own,
A kingdom that never shall end !
Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to Thy sway.
- 4 Come then to Thy servants again,
Who long Thy appearing to know ;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below :
All sorrow before Thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er ;
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.

- 5 No horrid alarum of war
Shall break our eternal repose ;
No sound of the trumpet is there,
Where Jesus's Spirit o'erflows :
Appeased by the charms of Thy grace,
We all shall in amity join ;
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a passion like Thine.

236

(38)

4-7s.

C. WESLEY 1789.

- H**ARK ! the herald-angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
God and sinners reconciled."
2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem !"
3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come

8 Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp Thine image in its place:
Second Adam from above,
Re-instate us in Thy love.

237

10s.

BYRON. 1778.

CHRISTIANS, awake! salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise, to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first began,
Of God Incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.

- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the' angelic herald's voice, "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you, and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."
- 3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
"Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will."
- 4 O, may we keep and ponder in our mind,
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.
- 5 Then may we hope, the' angelic hosts among,
To sing redeem'd, a glad triumphal song,
He that was born, upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display:
Saved by *His love, incessant* we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

238

11-10. 11-10.b

HEBER. 1827.

I am the Bright and Morning Star—Rev. xxi. 16.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation:
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

By Thy own eternal Spirit
 Rule in all our hearts alone,
 By Thy all-sufficient merit
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

- 240 ⁽³⁹⁾ C.M. DODDRIDGE. 1755.
HARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long ;
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.
- 2 On Him the Spirit largely poured,
 Exerts His sacred fire ;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held :
 The gates of brass before Him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice,
 To clear the mental ray ;
 And on the eyes oppressed with night,
 To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure ;
 And with the treasures of His grace,
 To' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With Thy beloved Name.

- 241 7s & 6s. C. WESLEY. 1789.
CELEBRATE Immanuel's name,
 The Prince of life and peace !
 God-with-us, our lips proclaim,
 Our faithful hearts confess :
 God is in our flesh reveal'd,
 Heaven and earth in Jesus join,
Mortal with immortal fill'd,
And human with divine.

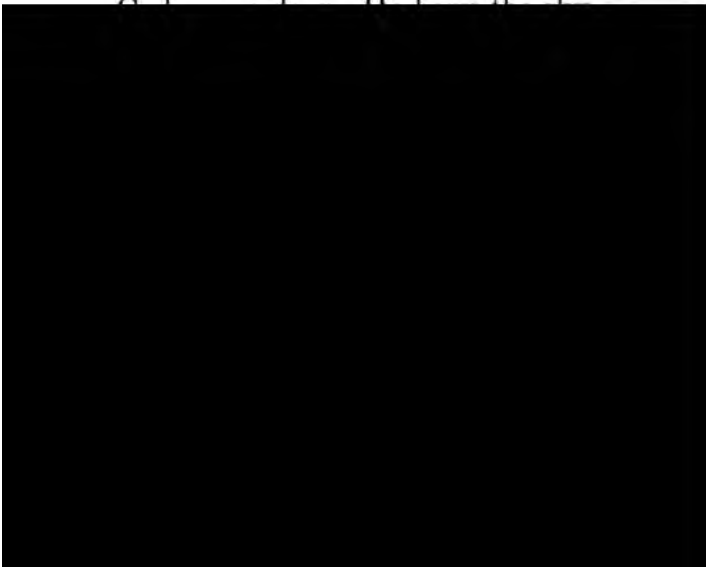
- 2 Fulness of the Deity
In Jesu's body dwells,
Dwells in all His saints and me,
When God His Son reveals :
Father, manifest Thy Son,
And, conscious of the' Incarnate Word,
In our inmost souls make known
The presence of the Lord.
- 3 Let the Spirit of our Head
Through every member flow ;
By our Lord inhabited,
We then Immanuel know :
Then He doth His name express,
And God in us we truly prove,
Fill'd with all the life of grace,
And all the power of love.

242

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

GLORY be to God on high,
And peace on earth descend ;



Knees and hearts to Him we bow ;
 Of our flesh and of our bone,
 Jesus is our Brother now,
 And God is all our own.

243

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

FATHER, our hearts we lift,
 Up to Thy gracious throne,
 And bless Thee for the precious gift
 Of Thine Incarnate Son :
 The gift unspeakable
 We thankfully receive,
 And to the world Thy goodness tell,
 And to Thy glory live.

- 2 A peace on earth He brings,
 Which never more shall end ;
 The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
 Declares Himself our Friend ;
 Assumes our flesh and blood,
 That we His Spirit may gain :
 The everlasting Son of God,
 The mortal Son of man.
- 3 His kingdom from above,
 He doth to us impart,
 And pure benevolence and love,
 O'erflow the faithful heart :
 Changed in a moment we
 The sweet attraction find,
 With open arms of charity
 Embracing all mankind.

244

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1790.

JESUS, Thee Thy works proclaim
 Omnipotently good ;
 Moses Thy forerunner came,
 And mighty works he show'd :
 Minister of wrath divine,
 His wonders plagued the sinful race :
*Works of purest love are Thine,
 And miracles of grace.*

- 2 All Thy cures are mysteries,
And prove Thy power to heal
Every sickness and disease
Which now our spirits feel :
Good Physician of mankind,
Thou wilt repeat Thy sovereign word,
Chase the evils of our mind,
And speak our souls restored.
- 3 Who of other help despair,
And would Thy word receive,
Us Thou mak'st Thy tenderest care,
And kindly dost relieve :
Every soul-infirmity,
And plague of heart, Thou dost remove ;
Heal'st whoe'er apply to Thee,
With balm of bleeding love.
- 4 Still Thou go'st about to teach,
And desperate souls to cure ;
Still Thou dost the kingdom preach
Which always shall endure ;

- 4 And since my soul has known His love,
 What mercies has He made me prove !
 Mercies which do all praise excel :
 My Jesus has done all things well.
- 5 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
 And in His arms shall lose my breath ;
 Yet then my happy soul shall tell
 My Jesus has done all things well.
- 6 And when to that bright world I rise,
 And join the anthems in the skies ;
 Above the rest this note shall swell,
 My Jesus has done all things well.
- 246 ⁽⁷⁰⁾ L.M. WATTS. 1709.
MY dear Redeemer and my Lord !
 I read my duty in Thy word ;
 But in Thy life the law appears
 Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
 Such deference to Thy Father's will ;
 Such love, and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
 Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer ;
 The desert Thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.
- 4 Be Thou my pattern ; make me bear
 More of Thy gracious image here ;
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
 Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

- 247 L.M. A. C. COXE. 1848.
HOW beauteous were the marks divine,
 That in Thy meekness used to shine ;
 That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod
 In wondrous love, O Lamb of God !
- 2 O, who like Thee—so calm, so bright,
 Thou Son of man, Thou Light of Light ;—
 O, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe ?

- 3 O, who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before ?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high ?
So glorious in humility ?
- 4 E'en death which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang and scoff and scorn to Thee ;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.
- 5 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe !
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, O my God !

248

6-7s.

MONTGOMERY. 1825.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see :
Watch with Him one bitter hour :
Turn not from His griefs away :
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

249

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- A** LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
 And did my Sovereign die ?
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
 He groaned upon the tree ?
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
 And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut His glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While His dear cross appears ;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe ;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away ;
 'Tis all that I can do.

250

C.M.

P. J. WRIGHT. 1860.

- T**HE Lord of Glory left His throne,
 His royal throne on high,
 That He for sins might once atone,
 A Man of Sorrows die.
- 2 At midnight, in Gethsemane,
 He sweats great drops of blood,
 The Man of Sorrows bends His knee,
 And meekly pleads with God.
- 3 Uplifted on Mount Calvary,
 With anguish deep, He cries,
 " My God, Thou hast forsaken Me ;"
 The Man of Sorrows dies.
- 4 O Man of Sorrows ! look on me,
 In mercy save my soul !
 That I may glory give to Thee,
 While endless ages roll.

251

(46)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

JESUS drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-press treads alone ;
Tears the graves and mountains up,
By His expiring groan ;
Lo ! the powers of heaven He shakes ;
Nature in convulsions lies ;
Earth's profoundest centre quakes ;
The great JEHOVAH dies !

- 2 Well may heaven be clothed in black,
And solemn sackcloth wear,
Jesu's agonies partake,
The hour of darkness share :
Mourn the' astonish'd hosts above ;
Silence saddens all the skies ;
Kindler of seraphic love,
The God of angels dies !
- 3 O my God ! He dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart !

We shall see our heavenly King,
All Thy glorious love proclaim ;
Help the angel-choirs to sing
Our dear triumphant Lamb.

252

7.6. D.

P. Gerhardt. 1659.

O SACRED Head, once wounded,
With grief and pain weighed down,
How scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown !
How pale art Thou with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn !
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn !

2 O Lord of Life and Glory,
What bliss till now was Thine !
I read the wondrous story,
I joy to call Thee mine.
Thy grief and Thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain ;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow,
To praise Thee, heavenly Friend ;
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end ?
Lord, make me Thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove ;
Oh, let me never, never
Abuse such dying love !

4 Lord, at my dissolution
Do not from me depart ;
Support, at life's conclusion,
My feeble, fainting heart.
Ah ! then, though I be dying,
Midst sickness, grief, and pain,
I shall, on Thee relying,
Eternal life obtain.

253

S.M.

ANCIENT HYMN.

- L**O ! on the inglorious tree
The Lord of Glory hangs ;
Behold ! Forsaken now is He,
And pierced with keenest pangs.
- 2 A shameful death He dies,
And with transgressors twain ;
The Lamb of God for sacrifice ;
By cruel sinners slain.
- 3 Full is His cup of woe ;
In death His head declines ;
“ ’Tis done ! ” aloud He cries ; and now
His spotless soul resigns.
- 4 O come, my soul, and gaze
On that great grief, that crown
Of thorn ; in deep and dread amaze
There look, adore, and mourn.
- 5 For thee He shed His blood ;

- The veil is rent in Christ alone ;
 The living way to heaven is seen ;
 The middle wall is broken down,
 And all mankind may enter in.
 The types and figures are fulfilled ;
 Exacted is the legal pain ;
 The precious promises are sealed ;
 The spotless Lamb of God is slain.
 The reign of sin and death is o'er,
 And all may live from sin set free ;
 Satan hath lost his mortal power ;
 'Tis swallowed up in victory.
 6 Saved from the legal curse I am,
 My Saviour hangs on yonder tree :
 See there the meek, expiring Lamb !
 'Tis finish'd ! He expires for me.
 7 Accepted in the Well-beloved,
 And clothed in righteousness divine,
 I see the bar to heaven removed ;
 And all Thy merits, Lord, are mine.
 8 Death, hell, and sin are now subdued ;
 All grace is now to sinners given ;
 And, lo ! I plead the' atoning blood,
 For pardon, holiness, and heaven.

255

(653)

C.M.

COWPER. 1779.

- THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins :
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
 3 Dear dying Lamb ! Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till *all the ransomed church* of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me !
- 7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine.

256

S.M.

WATTS. 1709.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,

257

(665)

6-7s.

TOPLADY. 1776.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee !
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,—
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands.
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
 Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
 Foul, I to the Fountain fly ;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyes shall close in death,
 When I soar through tracts unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,—
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee !

258

(107)

L.M.

WATTS. 1709.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God :
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 *See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down !*

- Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

259

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

- O THOU eternal Victim, slain
A sacrifice for guilty man,
By the eternal Spirit made
An offering in the sinner's stead ;
Our everlasting Priest art Thou,
And plead'st Thy death for sinners now.
2 Thy offering still continues new ;
Thy vesture keeps its bloody hue ;
Thou stand'st the ever-slaughtered Lamb ;
Thy priesthood still remains the same ;
Thy years, O God, can never fail ;
Thy goodness is unchangeable.
3 O that our faith may never move,

- 4 Forward they cast a faithful look
 On Thy approaching sacrifice ;
 And thence their pleasing savour took,
 And rose accepted in the skies.
- 5 Those feeble types, and shadows old,
 Are all in Thee, the Truth, fulfilled ;
 We in Thy sacrifice behold
 The substance of those rites revealed.
- 6 Thy meritorious sufferings past,
 We see by faith to us brought back ;
 And on Thy grand oblation cast,
 Its saving benefits partake.

261

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

SINNERS, rejoice : your peace is made ;
 Your Saviour on the cross hath bled ;
 Your God, in Jesus reconciled,
 On all His works again hath smiled ;
 Hath grace through Him and blessing given
 To all in earth and all in heaven.

Angels rejoice in Jesu's grace,
 And vie with man's more favoured race ;
 The blood that did for us atone,
 Conferred on them some gift unknown ;
 Their joy through Jesu's pains abounds,
 They triumph by His glorious wounds.

Or, 'stablish'd and confirm'd by Him
 Who did our lower world redeem,
 Secure they keep their blest estate,
 Firm on an everlasting seat ;
 Or, raised above themselves, aspire,
 In bliss improved, in glory higher.

Him they beheld our conquering God,
 Return'd with garments roll'd in blood !
 They saw, and kindled at the sight,
 And fill'd with shouts the realms of light ;
 With loudest hallelujahs met,
 And fell, and kissed His bleeding feet.

- 5 They saw Him in the courts above,
With all His recent prints of love ;
The wounds, the blood ! they heard its voice,
That heightened all their highest joys ;
They felt it sprinkled through the skies,
And shared that better sacrifice.
- 6 Not angel-tongues can e'er express
The' unutterable happiness ;
Nor human hearts can e'er conceive
The bliss wherein through Christ they live ;
But all your heaven, ye glorious powers,
And all your God, is doubly ours !

262

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

JESUS, to Thee we fly,
On Thee for help rely :
Thou our only refuge art,
Thou dost all our fears control,
Rest of every troubled heart,
Life of every dying soul.

- 5 By faith already there,
 In Thee, our Head, we are ;
 With our great Forerunner we
 Now in heavenly places sit,
 Banquet with the Deity,
 See the world beneath our feet.
- 6 Thou art our flesh and bone,
 Thou art to heaven gone ;
 Gone, that we might all pursue,
 Closely in Thy footsteps tread ;
 Gone, that we might follow too,
 Reign triumphant with our Head.

63

S.M.

HAMMOND. 1745.

AWAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb,
 Wake every heart and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's Name.
 Sing of His dying love ;
 Sing of His rising power ;
 Sing how He intercedes above,
 For those whose sins He bore.
 Sing, till we feel our hearts
 Ascending with our tongues ;
 Sing, till the love of sin departs,
 And grace inspires our songs.
 " Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing ;
 Sing on, rejoicing every day
 In Christ the eternal King.
 Soon shall ye hear Him say,—
 ' Ye blessed children, come ;'
 Soon will He call you hence away,
 And take His wanderers home.
 There shall each raptured tongue
 His endless praise proclaim :
 And sing in sweeter notes the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb."

264

(68)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- P**LUNGED in a gulph of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and Oh ! amazing love !
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled ;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh ! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak !
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold !
But, when you raise your highest notes,

Turning to my rest again,
 The Saviour I adore :
 He relieves my grief and pain,
 And bids me weep no more.
 Rivers of salvation flow
 From out His head, His hands, His side ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

Here will I set up my rest,
 My fluctuating heart
 From the haven of Thy breast
 Shall never more depart.
 Whither should a sinner go ?
 His wounds for me stand open wide :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end :
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend—
 Daily in His grace to grow,
 And ever in His faith abide :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

66

L.M.

How. (1860.)

LORD JESUS, when we stand afar
 And gaze upon Thy holy Cross,
 In love of Thee and scorn of self,
 Oh ! may we count the world as loss.
 2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
 And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
 Make us to hate the load of sin
 That lay so heavy on our God.
 3 Oh, holy Lord ! uplifted high
 With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below ;

- 4 Give us an ever living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see ;
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee !

267

87,87,88,77, or 8s & 7s. MASSIE. 1856.

FROM ERNST CHRISTIAN HOMBURG. 1806.—1881.

- O**F my life the Life, O Jesus !
Of my death the Death also,
Who hast given Thyself to ease us
From our load of guilt and woe :
By Thy death our ransom buying,
And preserving us from dying ;
Thousand thousand thanks to Thee,
Blessed Jesus ! ever be.
- 2 Oh ! what cruel provocations,
Scourges of the tongue and rod,
Spitting, shame, and accusations,
Hast Thou borne, Thou Son of God !
To redeem my soul from evil,
And the bondage of the devil ;

68

L.M.

KELLY. 1820.

WE sing the praise of Him who died,
 Of Him who died upon the cross ;
 The sinner's hope let men deride,
 For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the cross we see,
 In shining letters, God is Love ;
 He bears our sins upon the tree,
 He brings us mercy from above.

The Cross ! it takes our guilt away ;
 It holds the fainting spirit up ;
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens every bitter cup ;

It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
 It takes its terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light ;

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
 The measure and the pledge of love,
 The sinner's refuge here below,
 The angels' theme in heaven above.

69

(300)

4-6s & 2-8s.

STENNETT. 1787.

COME, every pious heart,
 That loves the Saviour's name,
 Your noblest powers exert
 To celebrate His fame !
 Tell all above, and all below,
 The debt of love to Him we owe.

2 He left His throne above,
 His glory laid aside :
 Came down on wings of love,
 And wept, and bled, and died ;
 What *He endured*, Oh ! who can tell !
 To *save our souls* from death and hell.

- 3 He burst the grave, He rose
 Victorious from the dead ;
 And thence His vanquished foes
 In glorious triumph led ;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.
- 4 From thence He'll quickly come,
 His chariot will not stay,—
 And bear our spirits home
 To realms of endless day :
There shall we see His lovely face,
And triumph in His pardoning grace.
- 5 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
 The debt we owe Thy love ;
 Yet tell us how we may
 Our gratitude approve :
Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give :
Thine may we die, Thine may we live.

- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns ;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.
- 6 Say, " Live for ever, wondrous King !
Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
Then ask the monster, " Where's thy sting ?"
And " Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?"

271 ⁽⁵¹⁾ 4-7s. C. WESLEY. 1739.

- "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say !
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
Sing, ye heavens ; and earth, reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done ;
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! He sets in blood no more !
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell :
Death in vain forbids His rise ;
Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King !
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died our souls to save ;
Where thy victory, O Grave ?
- 5 Soar we now, where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like Him, like Him we rise :
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 What though once we perished all,
Partners of our parents' fall ;
Second life we all receive,
In our Heavenly Adam live.
- 7 King of Glory ! Soul of bliss !
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love !

272

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

- S**ONS of God, triumphant rise,
Shout the' accomplished sacrifice !
Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,
Sons of God, and heirs of heaven !
- 2 Ye that round our altars throng
Listening angels, join the song ;
Sing with us, ye heavenly powers,
Pardon, grace, and glory ours !
- 3 Love's mysterious work is done ;
Greet we now the' atoning Son ;
Healed and quickened by His blood,
Joined to Christ, and one with God.
- 4 Him by faith we taste below,
Mightier joys ordained to know,
When His utmost grace we prove,
Rise to heaven by perfect love.

273

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

FATHER, God, we glorify
Thy love to Adam's seed ;

Quickened with our living Lord,
Let us in Thy Spirit rise,
Rise to all Thy life restored,
And thank Thee in the skies.

274

6-7s.

WINKWORTH. 1855.

FROM LOUISE HEINRICHA, Electress of Brandenburg. 1653.

JESUS my Redeemer lives,
Christ my trust is dead no more ;
In the strength this knowledge gives
Shall not all my fears be o'er,
Though the night of death be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought ?

2 Jesus my Redeemer lives,
And His life I once shall see ;
Bright the hope this promise gives,
Where He is I too shall be.
Shall I fear then ? Can the Head
Rise and leave the members dead ?

3 Close to Him my soul is bound,
In the bonds of hope enclasp'd ;
Faith's strong hand this hold hath found,
And the Rock hath firmly grasped :
And no ban of death can part
From our Lord the trusting heart.

4 I shall see Him with these eyes,
Him whom I shall surely know ;
Not another shall I rise,
With His love this heart shall glow ;
Only there shall disappear
Weakness in and round me here.

5 Ye who suffer, sigh, and moan,
Fresh and glorious there shall reign ;
Earthly here the seed is sown,
Heavenly it shall rise again ;
Natural here *the death* we die,
Spiritual our life on high.

275

(55)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- O**UR Lord is risen from the dead ;
Our Jesus is gone up on high !
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky ;
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :—
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;
Ye everlasting doors, give way !
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene ;
He claims these mansions as His right ;
Receive the King of Glory in !
- 4 Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrow ;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo ! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :

- Conqueror over death and sin ;
Take the King of Glory in !
- 4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves ;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
- 5 See ! He lifts His hands above !
See ! He shows the prints of love !
Hark ! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His church below !
- 6 Still for us His death He pleads ;
Prevalent He intercedes ;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.
- 7 Master, (will we ever say,)
Taken from our head to-day :
See Thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to Thee.
- 8 Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.
- 9 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home.
- 10 There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless reign ;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

277

4-6s & 2-8s. C. WESLEY. 1746.

GOD is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise ;
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the' angelic joys !
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

- 2 God in the flesh below,
 For us He reigns above :
 Let all the nations know
 Our Jesu's conquering love !
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.
- 3 All power to our great Lord
 Is by His Father given ;
 By angel-hosts adored,
 He reigns supreme in heaven :
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.
- 4 High on His holy seat,
 He bears the righteous sway ;
 His foes beneath His feet
 Shall sink and die away :
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
Glory ascribe to glory's King.
- 5 His foes and ours are one,
 Satan, the world, and sin :

- 2 Shed on the altar of Thy cross,
Thy blood to God presented was
Through the eternal Spirit's power ;
Thou didst a spotless Victim, bleed,
That we from sin and suffering freed
Might live to God, and sin no more.
- 3 That we the promise might receive,
Might soon with Thee in glory live,
Thou stand'st before Thy Father now !
For us Thou dost in heaven appear,
Our Surety, Head, and Harbinger,
Our Saviour to the utmost Thou.
- 4 Not without blood—Thou prayest above :
The marks of Thy expiring love
God in Thy hands engraven sees !
He hears Thy blood for mercy cry,
And sends His Spirit from the sky,
And seals our everlasting peace.

279

(61)

L.M.

LOGAN. 1770.

- W**HERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.
 - 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye :
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
 - 4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, His agonies, and cries.
 - 5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;

He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known ;
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

280

C.M.

WATTS 1709.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels yearn with love.

- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out His cries and tears ;
And, though exalted, feels afresh
What every member bears.

- 2 How vast the mercy and the love
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free !
- 3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid ;
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.
- 4 O may Thy mighty love prevail,
Our sinful souls to spare :
O may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there.
- 5 O Christ, be Thou our present joy,
Our future, great reward ;
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord.

282

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Heb. ix. 24.

ENTERED the holy place above,
Covered with meritorious scars,
The tokens of His dying love
Our great High-Priest in glory bears ;
He pleads His passion on the tree,
He shows Himself to God for me.

- 2 Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My Friend and Advocate appears ;
My name is graven on His hands,
And Him the Father always hears ;
While low at Jesu's cross I bow,
He hears the blood of sprinkling now.
- 3 This instant now I may receive
The answer of His powerful prayer :
This instant now by Him I live,
His prevalence with God declare ;
And soon *my spirit*, in His hands,
Shall stand where my Forerunner stands.

283

(56)

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

REJOICE, the Lord is King !
Your Lord and King adore !
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above ;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

- 3 His kingdom cannot fail ;
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

284

(75)

C.M.

PERBONET. 1785.

ALL hail the power of Jesu's Name !

- Let angels prostrate fall :
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from His altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small,
 Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall ;
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at His feet may fall ;
 There join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all !

285

(82)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

THE Lord is King, and earth submits,
 Howe'er impatient, to His sway ;
 Between the Cherubim He sits,
 And makes His restless foes obey.

- 2 All power is to our Jesus given ;
 O'er earth's rebellious sons He reigns ;
 He mildly rules the hosts of heaven ;
 And holds the powers of hell in chains.
- 3 In vain doth Satan rage his hour,
 Beyond his chain he cannot go,
 Our Jesus shall stir up His power,
 And soon avenge us of our foe.

- 4 Jesus shall His great arm reveal ;
 Jesus, the woman's conquering Seed,
 (Though now the Serpent bruise His heel,)
 Jesus shall bruise the Serpent's head.
- 5 The enemy his tares hath sown,
 But Christ shall shortly root them up,
 Shall cast the dire Accuser down,
 And disappoint his children's hope :
- 6 Shall still the proud Philistine's noise,
 Baffle the sons of unbelief ;
 Nor long permit them to rejoice,
 But turn their triumph into grief.
- 7 Come, glorious Lord, the rebels spurn ;
 Scatter Thy foes, victorious King :
 And Gath and Askelon shall mourn,
 And all the sons of God shall sing ;
- 8 Shall magnify the sovereign grace
 Of Him that sits upon the throne ;
 And earth and heaven conspire to praise
 Jehovah, and His conquering Son.

- 3 Arabia's desert-ranger
 To Him shall bow the knee ;
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see ;
 With offerings of devotion,
 Ships from the isles shall meet,
 To pour the wealth of ocean
 In tribute at His feet.
- 4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
 And gold and incense bring :
 All nations shall adore Him,
 His praise all people sing.
 For He shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.
- 5 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend,
 His kingdom still increasing,—
 A kingdom without end.
 The mountain dews shall nourish
 A seed in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
 And shake like Lebanon.
- 6 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on His throne shall rest,
 From age to age more glorious,
 All-blessing and all-blest.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove :
 His Name shall stand for ever ;
 That name to us is—LOVE.

287

C.M.

CASWALL. 1849.

From the Latin of BERNARD. 1091—1158.

O JESUS, King most wonderful,
 Thou Conqueror renowned ;
 Thou sweetness most ineffable,
 In whom all joys are found,—

- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.
- 3 O Jesus, light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire :—
- 4 May every heart confess Thy Name,
And ever Thee adore ;
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.
- 5 Thee, may our tongues for ever bless ;
Thee, may we love alone ;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

- 4 Let earth's remotest bound
With echoing joys resound ;
Christ to praise let all conspire ;
Praise doth all to Christ belong :
Shout, ye first-born sons of fire,
Earth, repeat the glorious song.
- 5 Worthy, O Lord, art Thou,
That every knee should bow,
Every tongue to Thee confess,
Universal nature join,
Strong and mighty, Thee to bless,
Gracious, merciful, benign.
- 6 Wisdom is due to Thee,
And might, and majesty ;
Thee in mercy rich we prove ;
Glory, honour, praise receive,
Worthy Thou of all our love,
More than all we pant to give.
- 7 Justice and truth maintain
Thine everlasting reign ;
One with Thine Almighty Sire,
Partner of an equal throne,
King of saints, let all conspire,
Gratefully Thy sway to own.

289

L.M.

HEBER. 1827.

- T**HE Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake ;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come ! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came ;
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

- 4 Can this be He, once wont to stray
 A Pilgrim on the world's highway,
 Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
 The Nazarene,—the Crucified ?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
 " Rocks, hide us ; mountains, on us fall !"
 The saints, ascending from the tomb,
 Shall joyful sing, " The Lord is come !"

290

87,87,887.

HEBER. 1827.

THE Lord of Might from Sinai's brow
 Gave forth His voice of thunder ;
 And Israel lay on earth below,
 Outstretched in fear and wonder ;)
 Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
 And at His left hand, and His right
 The rocks were rent asunder.

- 2 The Lord of Love, on Calvary,
 A meek and suffering stranger,
 Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
 In nature's hour of danger :

Then with all Thy saints descend ;
Then our earthly trials end.

3 Mindful of Thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days ;
Who for full redemption groan,
Hear us now, and save Thine own.

4 Now destroy the Man of Sin ;
Now Thine ancient flock bring in ;
Filled with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransomed world for Thine.

5 Plant Thy heavenly kingdom here ;
Glorious in Thy saints appear ;
Speak the sacred number sealed ;
Speak the mystery fulfilled.

6 Take to Thee Thy royal power ;
Reign, when sin shall be no more ;
Reign, when time no more shall be,
Reign to all eternity.

GOD—THE HOLY GHOST.

292

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

LORD, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given ;
We wait the Pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

2 Ah ! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for Thy return to pine ;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest Divine.

3 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord,—
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place !

- 4 If every one that asks may find,
 If still Thou dost on sinners fall,
 Come as a mighty rushing wind ;
 Great grace be now upon us all.
- 5 Behold, to Thee our souls aspire,
 And languish Thy descent to meet :
 Kindle in each the living fire,
 And fix in every heart Thy seat.
- 6 Spirit of faith, within us live,
 Sweetly within our bosoms move,
 Open our mouths, and utterance give,
 To publish our Redeemer's love.

293

S.M. MONTGOMERY. 181

- L**ORD God, the Holy Ghost,
 In this accepted hour,
 As on the day of Pentecost,
 Descend in all Thy power :
 We meet with one accord
 In our appointed place,
 And wait the promise of our Lord,
 The Spirit of all grace.
- 2 Like mighty rushing wind
 Upon the waves beneath,
 Move with one impulse every mind,
 One soul, one feeling breathe :
 The young, the old inspire
 With wisdom from above ;
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire
 To pray, and praise, and love.
- 3 Spirit of Light, explore,
 And chase our gloom away,
 With lustre shining more and more
 Unto the perfect day :
 Spirit of Truth, be Thou
 In life and death our guide ;
 O Spirit of adoption, now
 May we be sanctified !

294

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- F**ATHER of our dying Lord,
 Remember us for good ;
 O fulfil His faithful word,
 And hear His speaking blood !
 Give us that for which He prays :
 Father, glorify Thy Son !
 Show His truth, and power, and grace,
 And send the Promise down.
- 2 True and faithful Witness, Thou,
 O Christ, Thy Spirit give !
 Hast Thou not received Him now,
 That we might now receive ?
 Art Thou not our living Head ?
 Life to all Thy limbs impart,
 Shed Thy love, Thy Spirit shed
 In every waiting heart.
- 3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
 The gift of Jesus, come ;
 Glows our heart to find Thee near,
 And swells to make Thee room.
 Present with us Thee we feel,
 Come, O come, and in us be !
 With us, in us, live and dwell,
 To all eternity.

295

(120)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- C**OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 3 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate ?
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great !

- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers :
Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

296

C.M.

REED. 1842.

- S**PIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,
And make our hearts Thy home :
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come—Great Spirit—come !
- 2 Come as the light—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe ;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire—and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame ;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the dew—and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour ;
May barrenness rejoice to own

- 2 Convince us of our sin ;
Then lead to Jesu's blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame,
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

298 (204)

L.M. 6 lines.

DRYDEN. 1702.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

CREATOR Spirit ! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind,
Come, pour Thy joys on all mankind :
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.

- 2 Thou Strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command !
Thrice Holy Fount ! Thrice Holy Fire !
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire :
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy seven-fold energy !
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee ;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.

- 4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend the' Almighty Father's name !
 Let God the Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died !
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Spirit ! paid to Thee !

299

4-8s & 2-6s.

AUSTIN. 1668.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS. (*S. Langton.*)

COME, Holy Spirit, send down those beams,
 Which gently flow in silent streams,
 From Thy bright throne above ;
 Come, Thou enricher of the poor,
 And bounteous source of all our store,
 Fill us with faith and love.

- 2 Come, Thou, our soul's delightful guest,
 The wearied pilgrim's sweetest rest,
 The sufferer's best relief :
 Come, Thou, our passions' cool allay,
 Whose comfort wipes all tears away,

- 3 The Comforter art Thou,
Thrice blessed is the name ;
The dearest, choicest gift of love,
That human hearts may claim.
- 4 O kindle in each breast,
The hallowed flame of love,
The fire of zeal, the light of joy,
Our dark cold hearts to move.
- 5 Thus, in our weakness, we
Thy holy aid shall prove ;
Thy perfect work, none can destroy,
Nor quench Thy deathless love.

301

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

- E**TERNAL Comforter descend,
Thou Gift and Promise of our Lord,
To every soul, till time shall end,
Thy succour, and Thyself afford ;
Convince, convert us, and inspire ;
Come, and baptize the world with fire.
- 2 Come, and display Thy power below,
And work Thy three-fold work of grace ;
Compel mankind themselves to know,
Convince of sin the fallen race,
Brood o'er the sin of nature's night,
And speak again, " Let there be light."
- 3 Come then to those who want Thine aid,
Who now beneath their burden groan,
Bind up the wound Thyself hast made,
The righteousness of faith make known,
Offered to all of Adam's line,
The perfect righteousness divine.
- 4 Convince the souls, who feel their sin,
There is, there is a ransom found ;
A better righteousness brought in,
And grace doth more than sin abound,
Pardon to all is freely given,
For Jesus is returned to heaven.

302

C.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
 Allow my humble claim ;
 Nor, while, unworthy, I draw nigh,
 Disdain a Father's name.

2 " My Father God !" that gracious sound
 Dispels my guilty fear ;
 Not all the harmony of heaven
 Could so delight my ear.

3 Come, Holy Spirit, seal the grace
 On my expanding heart,
 And show, that in the Father's love
 I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a witness so Divine,
 Unwavering I believe ;
 And, " Abba, Father," humbly cry ;
 Nor can the sign deceive.

303

7s & 6s.

TOPLADY. 1759.

SAVIOUR, I Thy word believe,
 My unbelief remove ;

Lord, I choose the better part,
 Jesus, I wait Thy peace to feel,
 Send the witness in my heart,
 The Holy Ghost reveal.

304 ⁽¹¹⁵⁾ C.M. WATTS. 1709.

- W**HY should the children of a King
 Go mourning all their days ?
 Great Comforter, descend, and bring
 The tokens of Thy grace.
- 2 Dost Thou not dwell in all Thy saints,
 And seal the heirs of heaven ?
 When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
 And show my sins forgiven ?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood ;
 And bear Thy witness with my heart,
 That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
 The pledge of joys to come :
 May Thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
 Safely convey me home !

305 8s & 7s. C. WESLEY. 1749.

- O** THOU Father of compassions,
 O Thou God of mercies hear,
 Send the Spirit of supplications,
 Send the gracious Comforter :
 Have respect to Jesu's merit,
 To Thy church the gift impart ;
 Send Him now ; the pleading Spirit
 Pour into Thy people's heart.
- 2 Stir us up to prayer unceasing,
 Let us all the promise claim ;
 Wrestle for the mighty blessing,
 For the new mysterious name.
 Let the power to us be given—
 Weak and helpless as we are—
 Power to shut and open heaven,
 All the omnipotence of prayer.

306

(119)

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1746.

FATHER of everlasting grace,
Thy goodness and Thy truth we praise,

Thy goodness and Thy truth we prove :

Thou hast, in honour of Thy Son,

The gift unspeakable sent down,

The Spirit of life, and power, and love.

2 Send us the Spirit of Thy Son,

To make the depths of Godhead known,

To make us share the life divine :

Send Him the sprinkled blood to' apply,

Send Him our souls to sanctify,

And show, and seal us ever Thine.

3 So shall we pray, and never cease ;

So shall we thankfully confess

Thy wisdom, truth, and power, and love ;

With joy unspeakable adore,

And bless, and praise Thee evermore,

And serve Thee as Thy hosts above :

4 Till, added to that heavenly choir,

- 4 He only can the words apply,
Through which we endless life possess ;
And deal to each His legacy,
Our Lord's unutterable peace.
- 5 That peace of God, that peace of Thine,
O might He now to us bring in,
And fill our souls with power divine,
And make an end of fear and sin.
- 6 The length and breadth of love reveal,
The height and depth of Deity ;
And all the sons of glory seal,
And change, and make us all like Thee !

308

C.M.

1829.

- O**UR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us on earth to dwell.
- 2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On mortal hearts to shed.
- 3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest ;
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to fix His rest.
- 4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks to us of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His, and His alone.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying see !
O, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
Meet evermore for Thee !

309

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

ETERNAL Spirit, come
Into Thy meanest home ;
From Thy high and holy place,
Where Thou dost in glory reign,
Stoop, in condescending grace,
Stoop to the poor heart of man.

- 2 For Thee our hearts we lift,
And wait the heavenly gift :
Giver, Lord of life divine,
To our dying souls appear,
Grant the grace for which we pine,
Give Thyself, the Comforter.

- 3 Our ruined souls repair,
And fix Thy mansion there :
Claim us for Thy constant shrine,
All Thy glorious self reveal,
Life, and power, and love divine,
God in us for ever dwell.

- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In His enjoyment to be blessed :
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

11

8-7s.

MASSIE. 1854.

From the German of J. FRANK.

MIGHTY Spirit ! by whose aid
Man a living soul was made,
Everlasting God, whose fire
Kindles chaste and pure desire !
Flame of pure and holy love,
Strength of all that live and move,
Come ! Thy gifts and fire impart,
Make me love Thee from the heart.

- 2 Precious Gift by God bestowed !
Come and make me Thine abode,
See ! I languish ; see ! I faint ;
Listen to my sad complaint.
Come, oh ! fill me with Thy love ;
Come with unction from above ;
Shine, Thou Sun of grace and joy,
Breathe upon me from on high.

12

(11s)

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

FATHER, glorify Thy Son,
Answer His prevailing prayer ;
Send that Intercessor down,
Send that other Comforter,
Whom, believingly, we claim,
Whom we ask in Jesu's name.

- 2 Him the world cannot receive :
Him they neither see nor know ;
Blind in unbelief they live :
All His inward work below,
All His inspiration deem
Foolish as a madman's dream.
- 3 But we *know, by faith*, and feel
Him, the Spirit of truth and grace ;

With us He vouchsafes to dwell ;
With us, when unseen, He stays ;
All our help, and good, we own,
Freely flow from Him alone.

- 4 Wilt Thou not the promise seal ?
True and gracious as Thou art :
Send the Comforter to dwell
Every moment in our heart ?
Yes, Thou must the grace bestow ;
Jesus said—It shall be so !

313

(113)

L.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

BLESS'D Spirit, Source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are Thine !
O bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die !

- 2 No traveller through desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,
More needs the current to obtain,
Nor to enjoy refreshing rain.

- 2 O come, Thou true Consoler,
 Thou Fire, that warms the cold,
 The haughty breast's Controller,
 O come and make us bold.
 Give faith that never falters,
 Unmoved by fear or praise,
 With love that never alters,
 And hope in darkest days.
- 3 Give power to those who witness
 And preach Thy holy word,
 That all may taste its sweetness,
 And rally round the Lord.
 Be this our preparation,
 A heart and tongue of fire !
 That this our proclamation
 May speed as we desire.

315

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

- S**PIRIT of Truth descend,
 And with Thy church abide,
 Our mighty guardian to the end,
 Our sure unerring guide.
- 2 Into th' whole counsel lead
 Of God revealed below,
 And teach us all the truth we need,
 Eternal Life to know.
- 3 To all our souls apply
 The doctrine of our Lord,
 Our conscience fully certify,
 And witness with the word.
- 4 Thy quickening light display,
 And shew us things to come,
 The after state, the final day,
 And man's eternal doom.
- 5 Descending from above,
 Into our souls convey
 The comfort, joy, and power, and love,
 Which none can take away.

316

87,87,77,88, or 8s & 7s. TOPLADY. 1776.

HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night ;
Come Thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light !
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great Distributor of grace !
Rest upon this congregation,
Hear, O hear, our supplication !
2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend ;
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send !
O Thou Glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us Thy illumination !
Rest upon this congregation !

317

4-7s.

HAMMOND. 1745.

HOLY Spirit, gently come,
Bring us from our fallen state

318

C.M. DODDRIDGE. 1755.

- F**ATHER, we crave that choicest gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.
- 2 With speedy flight may He descend,
And solid comfort bring,
And o'er our languid souls extend
His all-reviving wing.
- 3 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven ;
And bear, with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.
- 4 Diffuse, O God, these copious showers,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change this barren wilderness
To Carmel's flowery field.

319

C.M. C. WESLEY. 1746.

- F**ATHER, admit our lawful claim,
Let us that ask, receive ;
To us that ask in Jesu's Name
Thou wilt Thy Spirit give.
- 2 Jesus hath spoke the faithful word :
On them that ask Him here,
Thou wilt, in honour of our Lord,
The Holy Ghost confer.
- 3 If evil we, by nature know
To give our children food,
Much more wilt Thou on us bestow,
The soul-sustaining Good.
- 4 Our holy, heavenly Father, Thou
Regard'st Thy children's prayer :
Answer, and send, O send us now
The promised Comforter.
- 5 We seek, Thou know'st we seek Thy face ;
Let us the blessing find :
Open the door of faith and grace
To us, and all mankind.

- 6 Surely Thou wilt, we dare believe,
For Jesu's sake alone,
Thou wilt to us the Spirit give,
Give all good gifts in One.

320

555,11.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

- A**WAY with our fears, our troubles and tears ;
The Spirit is come,
The Witness of Jesus returned to His home ;
The pledge of our Lord to His heaven restored,
Is sent from the sky,
And tells us our Head is exalted on high.
- 2 Our Advocate there by His blood and His prayer,
The gift hath obtained,
For us He hath prayed and the Comforter gained.
Our glorified Head His Spirit hath shed
With His people to stay,
And never again will He take Him away.
- 3 Our heavenly Guide with us shall abide ;
His comforts impart,

- 2 Thou that revealing Spirit art,
 Who dost the hearing ear impart,
 The clear illuminated sight :
 Spirit of wisdom from on high,
 Of knowledge that shall never die,
 Of holy, true, eternal light.
- 3 Thou art the end of doubtful care ;
 The antidote of sad despair,
 We feel in that sweet power of Thine :
 Through Thee who lift'st the fallen up,
 We rise, rejoice, abound in hope,
 And bless Thine energy divine.
- 4 Spirit of meek and godly fear,
 The children taught of Thee revere,
 And do their heavenly Father's will ;
 Pierced with an humble, filial awe,
 They love to keep His blessed law,
 And all His kind commands fulfil.
- 5 Spirit of pure and holy love,
 We feel Thee streaming from above,
 In calm unutterable peace ;
 The love by Thee diffused abroad,
 Unites our happy hearts to God,
 And seals our everlasting bliss.

322 L.M. 6 lines, triplets. J. or C. WESLEY. 1746.

SPIRIT of holiness and root,
 S Thy gracious God-delighting fruit
 Is joy, fidelity, and peace,
 Meekness which no affront can move,
 Truth, temperance, long-suffering, love,
 And universal righteousness.

- 2 Through Thee we render God—His due ;
 The worship spiritual and true
 With loving hearts rejoice to pay :
 Him, while we find Thy present power,
 In truth and *spirit* we adore,
 And pray—*whene'er* in Thee we pray.

- 3 Thou pleadest in the living stones,
With speechless eloquence of groans,
Which pierce our pitying Father's ear ;
The answer of Thy prayer we feel,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
And triumph in the Comforter.
- 4 True witness of our sonship,—Thee,—
We feel, from fear and sorrow free,
And Father, Abba, Father cry :
Seal of our endless bliss Thou art,
Foretaste and earnest in our heart,
Of pleasures that shall never die.
- 5 First-fruits of yonder land above,
Celestial joy, seraphic love,
To us, to us in Thee are given ;
And all that to the Spirit sow,
Shall of the Spirit reap, and know
The ripest happiness of heaven.
-

And, taught by Thee, we God revere,
 Him in Three Persons magnify,
 In each the Tri-une God adore,
 Who was, and is, for evermore.

324

L.M.

WATTS. 1719.

THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
 In every star Thy wisdom shines ;
 But when our eyes behold Thy word,
 We read Thy name in fairer lines.

- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And night and day, Thy power confess ;
 But the blest volume Thou hast writ
 Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
 So when Thy truth began its race,
 It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
 Till through the world Thy truth has run ;
 Till Christ has all the nations blest,
 That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light :
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;
 Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
- 6 The noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renewed, and sins forgiven :
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
 And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

325

(298)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

INSPIRER of the ancient Seers,
 Who wrote from Thee the sacred page,
 The same through all succeeding years,
 To us, in our degenerate age,
 The Spirit of Thy word impart,
 And breathe the life into our heart.

- 2 While now Thine oracles we read,
 With earnest prayer and strong desire,
O let Thy Spirit from Thee proceed,
 Our souls to' awaken and inspire ;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the Light of Grace !
- 3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
 The living God through sin forsake,
Our conscience by Thy word reprove,
 Convince and bring the wanderers back,
Deep wounded by Thy Spirit's sword,
And then by Gilead's balm restored.
- 4 The sacred lessons of Thy grace,
 Transmitted through Thy word, repeat ;
And train us up in all Thy ways,
 To make us in Thy will complete ;
Fulfil Thy love's redeeming plan,
And bring us to a perfect man.
- 5 Furnished out of Thy treasury,
 O may we always ready stand

- 4 Soon as e'er Thy word takes place,
Light it doth and wisdom give ;
Then the children learn Thy ways,
Then the simple hearts believe.
- 5 Righteous all Thy statutes are, .
Thee the Merciful they prove,
Thee the Faithful they declare,
Full of truth, and full of love.
- 6 They that in Thy law delight,
Kept in perfect peace below,
Stand unshaken by Thy might ;
Nothing shall their steps o'erthrow.
- 7 Still to search Thy sacred word,
My delightful task shall be,
Waiting here to meet my Lord,
Till, in heaven, Thy face I see.

327

C.M.

B. BARTON. 1827.

- L**AMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray ;
Stream, from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook, by the traveller's way :
- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high ;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky :
 - 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day ,
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay :
 - 4 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son ;
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won !
 - 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts ;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

328

(227)

C.M.

WATTS. 1719.

OH that the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep His statutes still !
Oh that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do His will !

2 Oh ! send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart ;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desire, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in Thy commands ;
'Tis a delightful road ;

As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

330

L.M.

WATTS. 1709.

LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord ;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessing in Thy word.

- 2 In vain our trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon ;
With long despair our spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Thee alone.
- 3 How well Thy blessed truths agree !
How wise and holy Thy commands !
Thy promises, how firm they be !
How firm our hope and comfort stands !
- 4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind Thy gospel to my heart.

331

(292)

L.M.

BEDDOME. 1787.

GOD, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His unbounded goodness known :
'Tis here, His richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

- 2 Here, sinners of an humble frame,
May taste His grace, and learn His name,
Written in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.
- 3 Here, Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays ;
Recounts His poverty and pains,
And tells His love in melting strains.

- 4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts :
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage !

332

(294)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still ;
My joy Thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of Thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heartfelt word be mine.

Second Division.

THE CHARACTER, PROBATION, AND SALVATION OF MAN.

HYMNS CONCERNING THE FALLEN CONDITION OF MAN.

333

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Eccles. vii. 29.

UPRIGHT, both in heart and will,
We by our God were made ;
But we turned from good to ill,
And o'er the creature strayed ;
Multiplied our wandering thought,
Which first was fixed on God alone ;
In ten thousand objects sought
The bliss we lost in one.

- 2 From our own inventions vain
Of fancied happiness,
Draw us to Thyself again,
And bid our wanderings cease ,
Jesus, speak our souls restored,
By Love's divine simplicity :
Re-united to our Lord,
And wholly lost in Thee !

334

(101)

L.M.

WATTS. 1709.

1 Cor. i. 30.

BURIED in shadows of the night,
We lie, till Christ restores the light ;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

- 2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till His atoning blood appears ;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing—'The Lord our righteousness.'
- 3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains ;

He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from their necks.

- 4 Poor helpless worms in Thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness :
Thou art our mighty All ; and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee !

335

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

HOW sad our state by nature is !
Our sin, how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word :
“ Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord ! ”
- 3 My soul obeys the' Almighty's call,
And runs to this relief :
I would believe Thy promise, Lord ;
O help my unbelief !

- Fasted, and prayed, and read Thy word,
And heard it preached in vain.
- 2 Oft did I with the' assembly join,
And near Thine altar drew ;
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.
- 3 I rested in the outward law ;
Nor knew its deep design :
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height, of love divine.
- 4 To please Thee thus, at length I see,
Vainly I hoped and strove :
For what are outward things to Thee,
Unless they spring from love ?
- 5 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts ;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.
- 6 But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made ;
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.
- 7 Where am I now, or what my hope ?
What can my weakness do ?
Jesus! to Thee my soul looks up :
'Tis Thou must make it new.

37 (331) C.M. C. WESLEY. 1740.

- S**TILL for Thy lovingkindness, Lord
I in Thy temple wait ;
I look to find Thee in Thy word,
Or at Thy table meet.
- 2 Here, in Thine own appointed ways,
I wait to learn Thy will :
Silent I stand before Thy face,
And hear Thee say, " Be still !"
- 3 " Be still ! and know that I am God !"—
'Tis all I live to know ;

- To feel the virtue of Thy blood,
And spread its praise below !
- 4 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve,
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in Thee to live.
- 5 I work ; and own the labour vain ;
And *thus* from works I cease :
I strive, and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.
- 6 Fruitless, till Thou Thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove :
They cannot change a sinful heart ;
They cannot purchase love.
- 7 I do the thing Thy laws enjoin,
And *then* the strife give o'er ;
To Thee I *then* the whole resign ;
I *trust* in means no more.
- 8 I trust in Him, who stands between

- Thy name and temple I profaned,
And dared to call Thee God !
- 3 Nigh with my lips I drew ;
My lips were all unclean :
Thee with my heart I never knew ;
My heart was full of sin :
Far from the living Lord,
As far as hell from heaven,
Thy purity I still abhorred,
Nor looked to be forgiven.
- 4 My nature I obeyed :
My own desires pursued ;
And still a den of thieves I made
The hallowed house of God.
The worship He approves
To Him I would not pay :
My selfish ends, and creature-loves,
Had stole my heart away.
- 5 My sin and nakedness
I studied to disguise,
Spoke to my soul a flattering peace,
And put out my own eyes :
In fig-leaves I appeared,
Nor with my form would part ;
But still retained a conscience seared,
A hard, deceitful heart.
- 6 A goodly, formal saint
I long appeared in sight :
By self, and Satan taught to paint
My tomb, my nature, white.
The Pharisee within
Still undisturbed remained ;
The strong man armed with guilt of sin,
Safe in his palace reigned.
- 7 But O ! the jealous God
In my behalf came down,
Jesus Himself the stronger showed,
And claimed me for His own :

- My spirit He alarmed,
 And brought into distress ;
 He shook, and bound the strong man ar
 In his self-righteousness.
- 8 Faded my virtuous show,
 My form without the power ;
 The sin-convincing Spirit blew,
 And blasted every flower :
 My mouth was stopped, and shame
 Covered my guilty face :
 I fell on the atoning Lamb,
 And I was saved by grace.

339

(123)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 173

- E**NSLAVED to sense, to pleasure prone
 Fond of created good ;
 Father, our helplessness we own,
 And trembling taste our food.
- 2 Trembling, we taste ; for ah ! no more
 To Thee the creatures lead :

- 7 Turn the full stream of nature's tide ;
 Let all our actions tend
 To Thee their Source : Thy love the guide,
 Thy glory be the end.
- 8 Earth then a scale to heaven shall be ;
 Sense shall point out the road ;
 The creatures all shall lead to Thee,
 And all we taste be God.

340 (86) C.M. C. WESLEY. 1740.

- JESU, if still Thou art to-day
 As yesterday the same,
 Present to heal, in me display
 The virtue of Thy Name.
- 2 If still Thou goest about to do
 Thy needy creatures good,
 On me, that I Thy praise may show,
 Be all Thy wonders showed.
- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
 Thy miracles repeat ;
 With pitying eyes behold me fall
 A leper at Thy feet.
- 4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorred,
 I sink beneath my sin ;
 But if Thou wilt, a gracious word
 Of Thine can make me clean.
- 5 Thou seest me deaf to Thy commands,
 Open, O Lord, my ear :
 Bid me stretch out my withered hands
 And lift them up in prayer.
- 6 Silent, (alas ! Thou knowest how long,)
 My voice I cannot raise :
 But O ! when Thou shalt loose my tongue,
 The dumb shall sing Thy praise.
- 7 Lame at the pool I still am found ;
 Give, and my strength employ :
 Light as a hart I then shall bound ;
 The lame shall leap for joy.

- 8 Blind from my birth to guilt and Thee,
And dark I am within :
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.
- 9 But Thou, they say, art passing by ·
O let me find Thee near ;
Jesu, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear !
- 10 Behold me waiting in the way
For Thee, the heavenly Light ;
Command me to be brought, and say,
“ Sinner, receive Thy sight !”

341 (87)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

PART II.

WHILE dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quickening Spirit give :
Call me, Thou Son of God, that I
May hear Thy voice, and live.

2 While full of anguish and disease.

- Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain !
- 7 If Thou impart Thyself to me,
No other good I need :
If Thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.
- 8 I cannot rest, till in Thy blood
I full redemption have :
But Thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.
- 9 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul :
Lord, I believe, and not in vain ;
My faith shall make me whole.
- 10 I too, with Thee, shall walk in white ;
With all Thy saints shall prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love.

342

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. J. or C. WESLEY. 1746.

- S**PIRIT of grace ! Eternal Mind !
Thou on the souls of lost mankind
Dost with benignest influence move ;
Pleased to restore the ruined race,
And new create a world of grace,
In all the image of Thy love.
- 2 Thou didst Thy fallen creature see—
Fallen from happiness and Thee,
And swiftly to our rescue come :
Well-pleased among the sons of men,
To fix Thy residence again,
And make them Thy eternal home.
- 3 Thou dost the first good thought inspire,
The first faint spark of pure desire,
Is kindled by Thy gracious breath ;
By Thee made conscious of his fall,
The sinner hears Thy sudden call,
And starts out of the sleep of death.

- 4 Convinced of sin and unbelief,
He sinks o'whelmed with sacred grief,
And pines disconsolate for God,
Till Thou the healing balm apply,
The sinner freely justify,
In Jesu's name and Jesu's blood.

THE GOSPEL CALL.

EXHORTING AND BESEECHING TO RETURN TO GOD.

343

5,5,11, or 10s & 11s. C. WESLEY. 1746.

The first Hymn in Mr. Wesley's celebrated Pocket Hymn Book. 1786.

ALL ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh :
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
Your ransom and peace, your surety He is ;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.

- 2 For what you have done, His blood must atone :
The Father hath punished for you His dear Son.
The Lord, in the day of His anger, did lay

- 7 His death is my plea ; My Advocate see, [me :
And hear the blood speak that hath answered for
Acquitted I was when He bled on the cross ;
And by losing His life He hath carried my cause.

344

(324)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- COME, sinners, to the gospel feast ;
Let every soul be Jesu's guest ;
Ye need not *one* be left behind,
For God hath bidden *all* mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call ·
The invitation is to *ALL* :
Come, all the world ; come, sinner, *thou*,
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 Come, and partake the gospel feast ;
Be saved from sin ; in Jesus rest ;
O taste the goodness of your God,
And eat His flesh, and drink His blood !
- 5 Ye vagrant souls, on you I call ;
(O that my voice could reach you all !)
Ye all may now be justified ;
Ye all may live, for Christ hath died.
- 6 My message as from God receive ;
Ye all may come to Christ, and live ;
O let His love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.
- 7 His love is mighty to compel ;
His conquering love consent to feel ;
Yield to His love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.
- 8 See Him set forth before your eyes !
Behold the bleeding Sacrifice !
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

- 9 This is the time ; no more delay ;
 This is the acceptable day ;
 Come in, this moment, at His call,
 And live for Him who died for all.

345

(95)

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY, 1741.

- O** ALL that pass by, to Jesus draw near ;
 He utters a cry, ye sinners, give ear !
 From hell to retrieve you, He spreads out His hands ;
 Now, now to receive you, He graciously stands.
- 2 If any man thirst, and happy would be,
 The vilest and worst may come unto Me ;
 May drink of My Spirit, (excepted is none,)
 Lay claim to My merit, and take for his own.
- 3 Whoever receives the life-giving word,
 In Jesus believes, his God and his Lord ;
 In him a pure river of life shall arise ;
 Shall, in the believer, spring up to the skies.
- 4 My God and my Lord ! Thy call I obey ;
 My soul on Thy word of promise I stay :

- Return, ye weary wanderers, home ;
 And find My grace is free for ALL.
- 3 See from the Rock a fountain rise !
 For you in healing streams it rolls ;
 Money ye need not bring, nor price,
 Ye labouring, burdened, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
 Leave all you have and are behind ;
 Frankly the gift of God receive,
 Pardon, and peace in Jesus find.
- 5 Why seek ye that which is not bread,
 Nor can your hungry souls sustain ?
 On ashes, husks, and air ye feed ;
 Ye spend your little all in vain.
- 6 In search of empty joys below,
 Ye toil with unavailing strife :
 Whither, ah ! whither, would ye go ?
 I have the words of endless life.
- 7 Harken to Me with earnest care,
 And freely eat substantial food ;
 The sweetness of My mercy share,
 And taste that I alone am good.
- 8 I bid you all My goodness prove :
 My promises for all are free :
 Come, taste the manna of My love,
 And let your souls delight in ME.
- 9 Your willing ear and heart incline,
 My words believingly receive ;
 Quickened your souls, by faith divine,
 An everlasting life shall live.

347

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

THY faithfulness, Lord, each moment we find,
 So true to Thy word, so loving and kind ;
 Thy mercy so tender to all the lost race,
 The vilest offender may turn and find grace.

- 2 The mercy I feel, to others I show,
 I set to my seal that Jesus is true :

- Ye all may find favour, who come at His call ;
 O come to my Saviour, His grace is for all.
- 3 To save what was lost, from heaven He came ;
 Come, sinners, and trust in Jesus's name !
 He offers you pardon ; He bids you be free ;
 " If sin be your burden, O come unto Me !"
- 4 O let me commend my Saviour to you ;
 The publican's Friend, and Advocate too :
 For *you* He is pleading His merits and death ;
 With God interceding for sinners beneath.
- 5 Then let us submit His grace to receive ;
 Fall down at His feet, and gladly believe :
 We all are forgiven, for Jesus's sake :
 Our title to heaven, His merits we take.

348

(417)

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die ?

God, your Maker, asks you why :

God, who did your being give,

Made you with Himself to live ;

Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die ?

- 4 Dead, already dead within,
Spiritually dead in sin :
Dead to God, while here you breathe.
Pant ye after second death ?
Will ye still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain ?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye for ever die ?

9 8-7s. C. WESLEY. 1741.

LET the beasts their breath resign,
Strangers to the life divine ;
Who their God can never know,
Let their spirit downward go.
You for higher ends were born,
You may all to God return,
Dwell with Him above the sky :
Why will ye for ever die ?

- 2 You, on whom He favours showers,
You, possess of nobler powers,
You, of reason's powers possess,
You, with will and memory blest,
You, with finer sense endued,
Creatures capable of God,
Noblest of His creatures, why,
Why will ye for ever die ?

- 3 You, whom He ordained to be
Transcripts of the Deity ;
You, whom He in life doth hold,
You, for whom Himself was sold,
You, on whom He still doth wait,
Whom He would again create ;
Made by Him and purchased, why,
Why will ye for ever die ?

- 4 You, who own His record true ;
You, *His chosen people*, you ;
You, who call the Saviour, Lord ;

You, who read His written word ;
You, who see the gospel light ;
Claim a crown in Jesu's right ;
Why will you, ye Christians, why
Will the house of Israel die ?

350

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

WHAT could your Redeemer do,
More than He hath done for you
To procure your peace with God,
Could He more than shed His blood ?
After all His waste of love,
All His drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny ?
Why will ye resolve to die ?

- 2 Turn, He cries, ye sinners, turn ;
By His life your God hath sworn,
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive.
If your death were His delight,
Would He you to life invite ?

351 (418)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

- S**INNERS, obey the gospel word ;
Haste to the supper of my Lord ;
Be wise to know your gracious day ;
All things are ready, come away !
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss His late-returning son :
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you His bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of His love,
Just now the stony to remove ;
To' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate :
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready, with Their shining host :
All heaven is ready to resound,
" The dead's alive ! the lost is found ! "
- 6 Come, then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to Paradise restored ;
His proffered benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace :
- 7 A pardon written with His blood,
The favour, and the peace of God ;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence :
- 8 The godly grief, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart ;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven,
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven :
- 9 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The' unutterable tenderness ;
The genuine, meek humility ;
The wonder, " Why such love to me ! "
- s

- 10 The' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face ;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

352

(419)

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

- Y**E thirsty for God, to Jesus give ear,
And take, through His blood, the power to
draw near ;
His kind invitation, ye sinners, embrace,
Accepting salvation, salvation by grace.
- 2 Sent down from above, who governs the skies,
In vehement love to sinners He cries,
“ Drink into my Spirit, who happy would be,
And all things inherit, by coming to Me.”
- 3 O Saviour of all, Thy word we believe,
And come at Thy call, Thy grace to receive :
The blessing is given wherever Thou art :
The earnest of heaven is love in the heart.
- 4 To us at Thy feet, the Comforter give

- 4 Poor debtors, by our Lord's request
A full acquittance we receive !
And criminals, with pardon blest,
We, at our Judge's instance, live !

354 (655) 4-6s & 2-8s. C. WESLEY. 1750.

- B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound :
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad ;
The year of Jubilee is come ; &c.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim ;
The year of Jubilee is come ; &c.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year of Jubilee is come ; &c.
- 5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love :
The year of Jubilee is come ; &c.
- 6 The gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face :
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return to your eternal home.

355

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

THE Spirit of the Lord our God,
(Spirit of Power, and Health, and Love,)
The Father hath on Christ bestowed,
And sent Him from His throne above :

- 2 Prophet, and Priest, and King of Peace,
Anointed to declare His will,
To minister His pardoning grace,
And every sin-sick soul to heal.
- 3 Sinners, obey the heavenly call ;
Your prison-doors stand open wide,
Go forth, for He hath ransomed all,
For every soul of man hath died.
- 4 'Tis His the drooping soul to raise,
To rescue all by sin opprest,
To clothe them with the robes of praise,
And give their weary spirits rest :
- 5 To help their grow'ling unbelief,
Beauty for ashes to confer,

In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That Thou wilt enter in.

- 4 Come quickly in, Thou heavenly Guest
Nor ever hence remove ;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

357

8.7.4.

HART. 1759.

Variation partly by MONTGOMERY. 1825.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come, 'tis mercy's chosen hour ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power :
He is able ;
He is willing ; doubt no more.

- 2 Ho ! ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him :
This He gives you ;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall !
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo ! your Saviour prostrate lies ;
On the blood-stained tree behold Him ;
Hear Him cry before He dies,—
" It is finished !"
Sinner ! will not this suffice ?

- 6 Lo ! the Incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood.
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude :
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name.
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may sing the same.

358

(416)

8.7.4.

FLY, ye sinners, to yon mountain,
There the purple stream does flow ;
There you'll find an open fountain,
That will wash you white as snow :
Oh, come quickly,
And its cleansing virtues know !

Oh, behold the Lord expiring !
 See the suffering Son of God !
 And that love be much admiring,
 Which appears in streams of blood :
 Praise the Saviour,
 Praise the wondrous Lamb of God !

59

(323)

C.M.

MEDLEY. 1800.

OH, what amazing words of grace
 Are in the gospel found !
 Suited to every sinner's case,
 Who hears the joyful sound !

2 ' Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
 Are freely welcome here ;
 Salvation like a river rolls,
 Abundant, free, and clear.'

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
 Your every burden bring ;
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
 A deep celestial spring.

4 This spring with living water flows,
 And heavenly joy imparts :
 Come, thirsty souls ! your wants disclose,
 And drink with thankful hearts.

5 ' Millions of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace ;
 Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
 And drink, adore, and bless.'

30

(490)

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

A FOUNTAIN of Life and of Grace
 In Christ, our Redeemer, we see :
 For us, who His offers embrace,
 For all, it is open and free.
 Jehovah Himself doth invite
 To drink of His pleasures unknown,
The streams of immortal delight,
That flow from His heavenly throne.

- 2 As soon as in Him we believe,
By faith of His Spirit we take ;
And, freely forgiven, receive
The mercy for Jesus's sake :
We gain a pure drop of His love,
The life of eternity know,
Angelical happiness prove,
And witness a heaven below.

361

7s & 6s.

NEWTON. 1779.

- SINNER, hear Thy Saviour's call,
He now is passing by :
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry :
He has pardon to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears,
See the love that fills His heart,
And wipe away thy tears.
- 2 Think, how on the cross He hung,
Pierced with a thousand wounds !

Yield not, then, to unbelief,
While He says, "There yet is room ;"
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee,—come.

362

87,87,77. MONTGOMERY. 1825.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall ;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,—
Opened when our Saviour died.

2 Come, in poverty and meanness,
Come, defiled without, within ;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white ;
Ye shall walk with God in light.

3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind ;
Here the guilty free remission,
Here the troubled peace may find :
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more :—

4 He that drinks shall live for ever :
Tis a soul-renewing flood :
God is faithful ;—God will never
Break His covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when He was glorified.

363

87,87,887.

J. L. 1887.

DOETH He who came the lost to seek,
To save the soul benighted,—
Doth He entreat with earnest voice,
And shall His love be slighted ?—
His call to every human heart
To bid unholy thoughts depart,
And as its Lord receive Him ?

- 2 Doth the great Saviour stand and call ?
Shall we remain unheeding ?
Doth He repeat His kind request ?
Can we withstand the pleading ?
That faithful Friend, His life who gave,
From sin's dread bonds,—from death to save !
Oh let us turn and hear Him !
- 3 He bids us all obey and live,
God's word of love repeating ;
Oh let us not the call refuse !
Our Judge ! we yet shall meet Him !
Great Source of Good ! Thy grace impart,
That now at length each wandering heart
May for its Lord receive Him !

364

87,87,88,87,87.

MASSIE. 1860.

From the German of C. J. P. SPITZ.

TURN, poor wanderer, ere the sentence
Falls on thee which none can stay ;
Flee to Christ with deep repentance,
Seek the Lord without delay.

God is patient and forgiving,
 And almighty to redeem ;
 Not a grief, but He can feel it,
 Not a wound, but He can heal it ;
 He hath balm for every sorrow,
 Cleansing for the vilest sin ;
 O delay not till to-morrow
 What thou canst this day begin.

365

6s & 4s. peculiar. HASTINGS (1842).

CHILD of sin and sorrow, filled with dismay,
 Wait not for to-morrow, yield thee to-day !
 Heaven bids thee come while yet there's room,
 Child of sin and sorrow, hear and obey !

- 2 Child of sin and sorrow, why wilt thou die ?
 Come, while thou canst borrow help from on high !
 Grieve not that love, which from above,
 Child of sin and sorrow, would bring thee nigh !
- 3 Child of sin and sorrow, where wilt thou flee ?
 Through that long to-morrow, Eternity !
 Exiled from home, darkly to roam—
 Child of sin and sorrow, where wilt thou flee ?
- 4 Child of sin and sorrow, lift up thine eye !
 Heirship thou canst borrow in worlds on high !
 In that high home, graven thy name :
 Child of sin and sorrow, swift homeward fly !

366

L.M.

GRIGG. 1765.

BEHOLD ! a Stranger at the door !
 He gently knocks—has knocked before,
 Has waited long—is waiting still ;
 You treat no other friend so ill.

- 2 Oh, lovely attitude ! He stands
 With melting heart, and laden hands !
 Oh, matchless kindness ! and He shows
 This matchless kindness to His foes.
- 3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine ;
 Turn out His enemy and thine,—

That soul-destroying monster, Sin,—
And let the Heavenly Stranger in.

- 4 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest ;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
With whom He condescends to dwell.
- 5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn—
His feet, departed, ne'er return !
Admit Him,—or the hour's at hand,
When, at His door denied, you'll stand.

367

4-7s.

CLARKE.

HAST thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave ?
Squander'd life's most golden hours ?—
Turn thee, brother, God can save !

- 2 Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul ?
Discontent upon thy brow ?—
Turn thee, God will make thee whole !

Describing the Pleasantness of Religion.

369

(486)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

HAPPY the man, who finds the grace,
 The blessing of God's chosen race,
 The wisdom coming from above,
 The faith that sweetly works by love.

- 2 Happy, beyond description, he
 Who knows "The Saviour died for me!"
 The gift unspeakable obtains,
 And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom Divine! Who tells the price
 Of Wisdom's costly merchandise?
 Wisdom to silver we prefer,
 And gold is dross, compared to her.
- 4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
 True riches, and immortal praise;
 Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
 And honour, that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites,
 Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who Wisdom gains;
 Thrice happy, who his Guest retains!
 He owns, and shall for ever own,
 Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are one.

370

(89)

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

HAPPY soul, that, free from harms,
 Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
 Who his quiet shall molest?
 Who shall violate his rest?
 Jesus doth his spirit bear:
 Jesus takes his every care:
 He who found the wandering sheep,
 Jesus, still delights to keep.

- 2 O that I might so believe,
Steadfastly to Jesus cleave ;
On His only love rely,
Smile at the destroyer nigh :
Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Jesus ever near ;
All His care rejoice to prove ;
All His paradise of love !
- 3 Jesus, seek Thy wandering sheep ;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep ;
Take on Thee my every care ;
Bear me, on Thy bosom bear :
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More, and more in Thee rejoice ;
More, and more of Thee receive ;
Ever in Thy Spirit live .
- 4 Live, till all Thy life I know,
Perfect, through my Lord, below :
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above :

- 4 All will I own unto my Lord,
 Without reserve or cloaking art ;"
 I said ; and felt the pardoning word,
 Thy mercy spoke it to my heart.
- 5 For this shall every child of God
 Thy power and faithful love declare,
 And claim the grace on all bestowed,
 Who make to Thee their timely prayer.
- 6 But when the floods of judgment rise
 And sweep the guilty souls away,
 Remains for sin no sacrifice ;
 For ended is their gracious day.

372

5, 6, 9.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- H**OW happy are they, who the Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasure above !
 Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love.
- 2 That comfort was mine, when the favour Divine
 I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
 When my heart it believed, what a joy it received,
 What a heaven in Jesus's name !
- 3 Jesus, all the day long, was my joy and my song ;
 O that all His salvation may see ! [died,
 He hath loved me, I cried, He hath suffered and
 To redeem such a rebel as me.
- O the rapturous height of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
 Of my Saviour possess, I was perfectly blest,
 As if filled with the fulness of God.

373

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1798.

Psalm xci.

HE that in Christ his soul doth hide,
 That secret place of God Most High,
 Shall safe and undisturbed abide,
 With sin, the world, and Satan nigh ;
 Wrapt in a covering from above,
 And shadowed by Almighty Love.

- 2 Thy faith in Him shall not be vain ;
He shall from Satan's snare release,
Save thee from sin's infectious stain,
And cleanse from all unrighteousness ;
Thy God shall still His own defend,
And hide and love thee to the end.
- 3 Thee no alarms of war can fright,
Or take Thy confidence away ;
The pestilence that walks by night,
And sweeps whole nations in a day,
With all the pomp of mortal pain,
Surrounds thy fearless soul in vain.
- 4 Whose refuge is the Lord Most High,
Whose trust is in His gracious power,
Evil and plague shall not come nigh,
And sin shall never touch thee more ;
While all the heavenly hosts attend
The man, whom God hath called His friend.

Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ;
 Glory and joy are their reward.

6. These are the men, the holy race,
 Who seek the God of Jacob's face ;
 These shall enjoy that blissful sight,
 And dwell in everlasting light.

375 (394)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

Primitive Christianity.

HAPPY the souls who first believed,
 To Jesus, and each other cleaved ;
 Joined by the unction from above,
 In mystic fellowship of love.

- 2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
 They lived, and spake, and thought the same ;
 They joyfully conspired to raise
 Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.
- 3 On God they cast their every care,
 Wrestling with God in mighty prayer ;
 They claimed the grace through Jesus given ;
 By prayer they shut and opened heaven.
- 4 With grace abundantly endued,
 A pure, believing multitude,
 They all were of one heart and soul,
 And only love inspired the whole.
- 5 Oh, what an age of golden days !
 Oh, what a choice, peculiar race !
 Washed in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
 Anointed Kings and Priests to God !
- 6 Where shall I wander now to find
 Successors they have left behind ?
 The faithful, whom I seek in vain,
 Are 'minished from the sons of men.
- 7 Ye different sects, who all declare,
 " Lo, here is Christ ! " or, " Christ is there ! "
 Your stronger proofs divinely give,
 And show me where the Christians live.

- 8 Your claim, alas ! ye cannot prove,
Ye want the genuine mark of love ;
Thou only, Lord, Thine own canst show,
For sure Thou hast a church below.
- 9 The gates of hell cannot prevail ;
The church on earth can never fail :
Ah ! join me to Thy secret ones !
Ah ! gather all Thy living stones !
- 10 Scattered o'er all the earth they lie,
Till Thou collect them with Thine eye ;
Draw by the music of Thy Name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.
- 11 For this the pleading Spirit groans,
And cries in all Thy banished ones,
Greatest of gifts, Thy love impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.
- 12 Join every soul that looks to Thee,
In bonds of perfect charity ;
Now, Lord, the glorious fulness give,
And *all in all* for ever live !

- 5 Call them into Thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with Thee in white !
Make up Thy jewels, Lord, and show
The glorious, spotless church below !
- 6 From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeemed from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known ;
And, Oh ! my God, might I be one !
- 7 O might my lot be cast with these,
The least of Jesu's witnesses !
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash His dear disciples' feet !
- 8 This only thing do I require :
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of Thy church to live :
- 9 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon Thy saints below ;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.
- 10 Lord, if I now Thy drawings feel,
And ask according to Thy will,
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.
- 11 Tell me, or Thou shalt never go,
" Thy prayer is heard ; it shall be so !"
The word hath passed Thy lips, and I
Shall with Thy people live and die.

}77

(228)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1768.

MAKER, Saviour of mankind,
Who hast on me bestowed
An immortal soul, designed
To be the house of God :
Come, and now reside in me,
Never, never to remove ;
Make me just, and good, like Thee,
And full of power and love.

- 2 Bid me in Thy image rise,
A saint, a creature new ;
True, and merciful, and wise,
And pure, and happy too :
This Thy primitive design,
That I should in Thee be blest ;
Should, within the arms Divine,
For ever, ever rest.
- 3 Let Thy will on me be done ;
Fulfil my heart's desire,
Thee to know and love alone,
And rise in raptures higher ;
Thee, descending on a cloud,
When with ravished eyes I see,
Then I shall be filled with God
To all eternity !

378

(488)

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

REJOICE evermore with angels above,
In Jesus's power, in Jesus's love : .

With glad exultation your triumph proclaim

(430)

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

WEARY souls, who wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,

Fly to those dear wounds of His :
Sink into the purple flood :
Rise into the life of God !

Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown :

By His pain He gives you ease,

Life by His expiring groan :

Rise exalted by His fall ;

Find in Christ your all in all.

O believe the record true,

God to you His Son hath given !

Ye may now be happy too ;

Find on earth the life of heaven :

Live the life of heaven above,

All the life of glorious love.

This the universal bliss,

Bliss for every soul designed ;

God's original promise this,

God's great gift to all mankind ;

Blest in Christ this moment be !

Blest to all eternity !

S.M. J. or C. WESLEY. 1747.

YE simple souls that stray
Far from the path of peace,
(That lonely, unfrequented way,

To life and happiness,)

Why will ye folly love,

And throned the downward road,

And hate the wisdom from above,

And mock the sons of God ?

Madness and misery

Ye count our life beneath ;

And nothing great or good can see,
Or glorious, in our death :
As only born to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie ;
And utterly contemned we live,
And unlamented die.

- 3 So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, impotent, and poor,—
Above your scorn we rise ;
We, through the Holy Ghost,
Can witness better things ;
For He, whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us Priests and Kings.

- 4 Riches unsearchable
In Jesu's love we know ;
And pleasures, springing from the well
Of life, our souls o'erflow ;
The Spirit we receive
Of wisdom, grace, and power ;

381

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

WHO is as the Christian great !
 Bought and washed with sacred blood,
 Crowns he sees beneath his feet,
 Soars aloft, and walks with God.

- 2 Who is as the Christian wise !
 He his nought for all hath given ;
 Bought the pearl of greatest price,
 Nobly bartered earth for heaven.
- 3 Who is as the Christian blest !
 He hath found the long-sought stone,
 He is joined to Christ his rest,
 He and happiness are one.
- 4 Lo ! his clothing is the Sun,
 The bright Sun of Righteousness ;
 He hath put salvation on,
 Jesus is his beauteous dress.
- 5 Lo ! he feeds on Living Bread,
 Drinks the Fountain from above,
 Leans on Jesus' breast his head,
 Feasts for ever on His love.
- 6 Angels here his servants are,
 Spread for him their golden wings,
 To his throne of glory bear,
 Seat him by the King of kings.
- 7 Who shall gain that heavenly height,
 Who his Saviour's face shall see ?
 I, who claim it in His right,
 CHRIST hath bought it all for me.

382

5,5,11. or 10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

COME, Lord, from above, the mountains remove ;
 Overturn all that hinders the course of Thy
 My bosom inspire, inkindle the fire, [love ;
 And wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire.

- 2 I languish and pine for the comfort divine ;
 O when shall I say, my Beloved is mine !

- I have chosen the good part; my portion Thou art,
 O Love; let me find Thee, O God, in my heart.
- 3 For this my heart sighs, nothing else can suffice;
 How, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of great price?
 It cannot be bought, and Thou knowest I have
 nought,
- 4 Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.
 But I hear a voice say, "Without money ye may
 Receive it, whoever have nothing to pay:
 Who on Jesus relies, without money or price,
 The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys:
 5 The blessing is free:"—So, Lord, let it be;
 I yield that Thy love should be given to me.
 I freely receive what Thou freely dost give,
 And consent in Thy love, in Thy Eden, to live.
- 6 The gift I embrace; the Giver I praise;
 And ascribe my salvation to Jesus's grace:
 It comes from above, the foretaste I prove,
 And I soon shall receive all the fulness of love.

Describing Inward Religion.

383

(549)

▲ AUTHOR of faith, Eternal Word,
 whose Spirit breathes the active flame
 L.M. C. WESLEY. 1740

- 5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
 Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
 With strong, commanding evidence,
 Their heavenly origin display.
- 6 Faith lends its realising light,
 The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
 The' Invisible appears in sight,
 And God is seen by mortal eye.

384

(492)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- H**OW can a sinner know
 His sins on earth forgiven ?
 How can my gracious Saviour show
 My name inscribed in heaven ?
 What we have felt and seen,
 With confidence we tell ;
 And publish to the sons of men,
 The signs infallible.
- 2 We who in Christ believe
 That He for us hath died,
 We all His unknown peace receive,
 And feel His blood applied ;
 Exults our rising soul,
 Disburdened of her load,
 And swells unutterably full
 Of glory and of God.
- 3 His love, surpassing far
 The love of all beneath,
 We find within our hearts, and dare
 The pointless darts of death.
 Stronger than death and hell,
 The mystic power we prove ;
 And, conquerors of the world, we dwell
 In heaven, who dwell in love.
- 4 We by His Spirit prove,
 And know the things of God,
 The things which freely of His love
 He hath on us bestowed ;

His Spirit to us He gave,
And dwells in us, we know :
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.

- 5 The meek and lowly heart,
That in our Saviour was,
To us His Spirit doth impart,
And signs us with His cross :
Our nature's turned, our mind
Transformed in all its powers ;
And both the witnesses are joined,
The Spirit of God with ours.

- 6 Whate'er our pardoning Lord
Commands, we gladly do ;
And, guided by His sacred word,
We all His steps pursue ;
His glory our design,
We live our God to please ;
And rise, with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

385

4-8s & 2-6s.

O. WEST

THOU great mysterious God unknown
Whose love hath gently led me
Even from my infant days ;
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me, if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

- 2 If I have only known Thy fear,
And followed, with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above ;
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.
- 3 Short of Thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven ;

- I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without Thy inward Witness live,
That antepast of heaven.
- 4 If now the Witness were in me,
Would He not testify of Thee
In Jesus reconciled ?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself Thy child ?
- 5 Whate'er obstructs Thy pardoning love,—
Or sin, or righteousness,—remove,
Thy glory to display ;
Mine heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.
- 6 Father, in me reveal Thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful Thou art :
The secret of Thy love reveal,
And by Thine hallowing Spirit dwell
For ever in my heart !

Describing the Love of God to Man.

386

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- F**ATHER, whose everlasting Love
Thy only Son for sinners gave ;
Whose grace to all did freely move,
And sent Him down the world to save.
- 2 Help us Thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathomed, unconfined ;
To praise the Lamb who died for all,
The general Saviour of mankind.
- 3 Thy undistinguishing regard
Was cast on Adam's fallen race :
For all Thou hast in Christ prepared
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.

- 4 The world He suffered to redeem :
For all He hath the' atonement made :
For those that will not come to Him,
The ransom of His life was paid.
- 5 Why then, Thou universal Love,
Should any of Thy grace despair ?
To all, to all, Thy bowels move,
But straitened in our own we are.
- 6 Arise, O God, maintain Thy cause !
The fulness of the Gentiles call :
Lift up the standard of Thy cross,
And all shall own Thou diedst for all.

387

(43)

C.M. S. WESLEY, SEN. 1739.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree !
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee !

- 2 Hark, how He groans ! while nature shakes,

- 2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done ?
Who could Thy sacred body wound ?
No guilt Thy spotless heart hath known,
No guile hath in Thy lips been found.
- 3 I, I alone, have done the deed !
'Tis I Thy sacred flesh have torn ;
My sins have caused Thee, Lord, to bleed,
Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.
- 4 The burden, for me to sustain
Too great, on Thee, my Lord, was laid ;
To heal me, Thou hast borne my pain ;
To bless me, Thou a curse wast made.
- 5 In the devouring lion's teeth,
Torn, and forsook of all, I lay ;
Thou sprang'st into the jaws of death,
From death to save the helpless prey.
- 6 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe ?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all Thy glory show.
- 7 Too much to Thee I cannot give ;
Too much I cannot do for Thee ;
Let all Thy love, and all Thy grief,
Graven on my heart for ever be !
- 8 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
O may I learn from Thee, my God ;
And love, with softest pity joined,
For those that trample on Thy blood !
- 9 Still let Thy tears, Thy groans, Thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
And ever in Thy bosom rest.

389

L.M.

O. WESLEY. 1742.

YE that pass by, behold the Man !
The Man of Grievs, condemned for you !
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

- 2 See ! how His back the scourges tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound !
The ploughers make long furrows there,
Till all His body is one wound.
- 3 Nor can He thus their hate assuage ;
His innocence, to death pursued,
Must fully glut their utmost rage :
Hark ! how they clamour for His blood !
- 4 "To us our own Barabbas give !
Away with Him," (they loudly cry,)
"Away with Him, not fit to live,
The vile seducer crucify !"
- 5 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood ;
His sacred limbs,—exposed and bare,
Or only covered with His blood.
- 6 See there ! His temples crowned with thorn,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet, transfixed and torn,
The fountain gushing from His side !

- 3 At Thy last gasp the graves displayed
 Their horrors to the upper skies :
 O that my soul might burst the shade,
 And, quickened by Thy death, arise !
- 4 The rocks could feel Thy powerful death,
 And tremble, and asunder part :
 O rend, with Thine expiring breath,
 The harder marble of my heart !
- 5 My stony heart Thy voice shall rent,
 Thou wilt, I trust, the veil remove :
 My inmost bowels shall resent
 The yearnings of Thy dying love.

91

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

- H**EARTS of stone, relent, relent,
 Break by Jesu's cross subdued ;
 See His body, mangled, rent,
 Covered with a gore of blood !
 Sinful soul ! what hast thou done ?
 Crucified God's only Son !
- 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed ;
 Driven the nails that fixed Him there ;
 Crowned with thorns His sacred head ;
 Pierced Him with the soldier's spear ;
 Made His soul a sacrifice ;
 For a sinful world He dies.
- 3 Shall we let Him die in vain ?
 Still to death pursue our God ?
 Open all His wounds again,
 Trample on His precious blood ?
 No ; with all our sins we part ;
 Saviour, take my broken heart !

92

(489)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1740.

FROM COUNT ZINZENDORF AND ANNA AND JOHN NITSCHEMAN.

I THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb of God
 To wash me in Thy cleansing blood ;
 To dwell within Thy wounds ; then pain
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee !
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there !
- 3 How blest are they, who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side !
Who life, and strength from thence derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe ?
Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move—
O wondrous grace ! O boundless love !
- 5 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou should'st us to glory bring ?
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown ?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost ; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
“ *M— T— and ———— : ————* ”

Break, this stony heart of mine ;
 Pour, mine eyes, a ceaseless flood ;
 Feel, my soul, the pangs Divine ;
 Catch, my heart, the issuing blood !

3 His would I wholly be
 Who lived and died for me :
 Grief was all His life below,
 Pain, and poverty, and loss :
 Mine the sins that bruised Him so,
 Scourged, and nailed Him to the cross.

4 To love is all my wish,
 I only live for this :
 Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
 There, by faith, for ever dwell :
 This I always will require,
 Thee, and only Thee, to feel.

5 Thy power I pant to prove,
 Rooted and fixed in love ;
 Strengthened by Thy Spirit's might,
 Wise to fathom things divine,
 What the length, and breadth, and height,
 What the depth of love like Thine.

6 Ah ! give me this to know,
 With all Thy saints below :
 Swells my soul to compass Thee,
 Gasps in Thee to live and move,
 Filled with all the Deity,
 All immersed and lost in love !

394

(47)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

O LOVE Divine ! what hast Thou done ?
 The' immortal God hath died for me !
 The Father's co-eternal Son

Bore all my sins upon the tree :
 The' immortal God for me hath died !
 My Lord, my Love is crucified.

Behold Him, all ye that pass by,
 The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace !

Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like His ?
Come, feel with me His blood applied :
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

- 3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God :
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood ;
Pardon for all flows from His side ;
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

- 4 Then let us sit beneath His cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream :
All things for Him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to Him :
Of nothing think or speak beside,
“ My Lord, my Love is crucified.”

395

(421)

7s. D.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

COME, ye weary sinners, come,

Lo ! we come to Thee for ease,
 True and gracious as Thou art ;
 Now our groaning souls release,
 Write forgiveness on our heart.

396

(423)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

Written May 23, 1738, immediately after his conversion.

WHERE shall my wondering soul begin ?
 How shall I all to heaven aspire ?
 A slave redeemed from death and sin,
 A brand plucked from eternal fire,
 How shall I equal triumphs raise,
 And sing my great Deliverer's praise ?

- 2 O how shall I the goodness tell,
 Father, which Thou to me hast showed ?
 That I, a child of wrath and hell,
 I should be called a child of God,
 Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
 Blest with this antepast of heaven !
- 3 And shall I slight my Father's love ?
 Or basely fear His gifts to own ?
 Unmindful of His favours prove ?
 Shall I, the hallowed cross to shun,
 Refuse His righteousness to' impart,
 By hiding it within my heart ?
- 4 No : though the ancient Dragon rage,
 And call forth all his host to war ;
 Though earth's self-righteous sons engage,
 Them, and their god, alike I dare ;
 Jesus, the sinner's Friend, proclaim ;
 Jesus, to sinners still the same.
- 5 Outcasts of men, to you I call,
 Harlots, and publicans, and thieves !
 He spreads His arms to' embrace you all ;
 Sinners alone, His grace receives ;
 No need of Him the righteous have ;
 He came the *lost to seek* and save.

- 6 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin :
His bleeding heart shall make you room,
His open side shall take you in :
He calls you now, invites you home,—
Come, O my guilty brethren, come !
- 7 For you the purple current flowed
In pardons from His wounded side ;
Languished for you the' eternal God ;
For you the Prince of Glory died :
Believe, and all your sin's forgiven ;
Only believe,—and yours is heaven !

397 ⁽⁴²³⁾ L.M. 6 lines. C. WESLEY. 1741.

SEE, sinners, in the gospel glass,
The Friend and Saviour of mankind !
Not one of all the' apostate race
But may in Him salvation find !
His thoughts, and words, and actions prove,
— His life and death — that God is Love !

398

L.M. 6 lines. C. WESLEY. 1741.

SINNERS, believe the gospel word ;
 Jesus is come, your souls to save !
 Jesus is come, your common Lord ;
 Pardon ye all through Him may have ;
 May now be saved, whoever will :
 This Man receiveth sinners still.

- 2 See where the lame, the halt, the blind,
 The deaf, the dumb, the sick, the poor
 Flock to the Friend of human kind,
 And freely all accept their cure :
 To whom did He His help deny ?
 Whom, in His days of flesh, pass by ?
- 3 Did not His word, the fiends expel,
 The lepers cleanse, and raise the dead ?
 Did He not all their sickness heal,
 And satisfy their every need ?
 Did He reject His helpless clay,
 Or send them sorrowful away ?
- 4 Nay, but His bowels yearned to see
 The people hungry, scattered, faint ;
 Nay, but He uttered over Thee,
 Jerusalem, a true complaint ;
 Jerusalem, who shedd'st His blood,
 That, with His tears, for thee hath flowed.

399

(48) L.M. 6 lines. C. WESLEY. 1741.

WOULD Jesus have the sinner die ?
 Why hangs He, then, on yonder tree ?
 What means that strange expiring cry ?
 (Sinners, He prays for you and me)
 " Forgive them, Father, O forgive :
 They know not that by Me they live !"

- 2 Adam descended from above,
 Our loss of Eden to retrieve,
 Great God of universal love,
 If all the world in Thee may live,
 In us a quickening Spirit be,
 And witness, *Thou hast died for me !*

- 3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee—by Thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,
Thy cross, and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away !
- 4 O let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears
The story of Thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears ;
That all may hear the quickening sound,
If I, e'en I, have mercy found !
- 5 O let Thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free,
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me,
That all mankind, with me, may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love !

- 4 His Name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free ;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory :
New songs do now his lips employ
And dances his glad heart for joy.
- 5 Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole :
See there, my Lord upon the tree !
I hear, I feel, He died for me.
- 6 O unexampled love !
O all-redeeming grace !
How swiftly didst Thou move
To save a fallen race !
What shall I do to make it known
What Thou for all mankind hast done ?
- 7 O for a trumpet-voice,
On all the world to call !
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all !
For all my Lord was crucified :
For all, for all my Saviour died !

101

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- L**OVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you He suffered pain ;
Swearers, for you He spilt His blood :
And shall He bleed in vain ?
- 2 Misers, His life for you He paid ;
Your basest crime He bore :
Drunkards, your sins on Him were laid,
That you might sin no more.
- 3 The God of Love, to earth He came,
That you might come to heaven ;
Believe, believe in Jesu's name,
And all your *sin's* forgiven.

- 4 Believe in Him that died for thee ;
And sure as He hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

402

(98)

C.M.

O. WESLEY. 1749

- J**ESUS, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky ;
Angels and men before it fall ;
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given ;
It scatters all their guilty fear :
And turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head ;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see

call and invite you His triumphs to prove,
 and freely delight you in Jesus's love.
 O Shepherd who died His sheep to redeem,
 every side are gathered to Him
 O weary and burdened, the reprobate race ;
 and wait to be pardoned through Jesus's grace.
 O blind are restored through Jesus's name ;
 they see their dear Lord, and follow the Lamb ;
 O halt they are walking, and running their race ;
 O dumb they are talking of Jesus's praise.
 O deaf hear His voice, and comforting word,
 He bids them rejoice in Jesus their Lord,
 "Thy sins are forgiven, accepted thou art ;"
 they listen, and heaven springs up in their heart.
 O lepers from all their spots are made clean ;
 O dead by His call are raised from their sin ;
 O Jesus's compassion the sick find a cure ;
 and gospel salvation is preached to the poor.
 O us and to them is published the word :
 then let us proclaim our life-giving Lord,
 Who now is reviving His work in our days,
 and mightily striving to save us by grace.
 O Jesus, ride on, till all are subdued ;
 O by mercy make known, and sprinkle Thy blood,
 O display Thy salvation, and teach the new song
 O every nation, and people, and tongue.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

THE GOSPEL CALL URGED.

)4

L.M.

DWIGHT. 1800.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
 Mercy is found, and peace is given ;
 But soon, ah ! soon, approaching night
 Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
 While God invites, how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !

TIME AND ETERNITY

Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

His most rapid wing,
To the grave

Come, sinners, haste, oh,
While yet a pardoning God is near,
Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
The land of deep despair
No light shall rise

4 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.
He invites—how blest the day!
The Gospel's charming song
To lead you to the way,

No Sabbath
 No God regard your
 No Saviour call you to the skies
 5 Now God invites—how blest the day!
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
 Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
 While yet a pardoning God is found.

S.M.
 the morrow.—James iv. 14.
 Thine,

DODDRIDGE. 17

S.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.—James iv. 14.

405

Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.—James
TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
 Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
 And if its sun arise and shine,
 It shines by Thy command.
 Present moment flies,
 Life away; rise

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
And bears our servants truly wise,
To day.

406

4-7s.

DYER.

TIME is earnest, passing by ;
 Death is earnest, drawing nigh
 Sinner, wilt thou trifling be ?
 Time and death appeal to thee.

2 Life is earnest : when 'tis o'er,
 Thou returnest never more.
 Soon to meet eternity,
 Wilt thou never serious be ?

3 God is earnest : kneel and pray,
 Ere thy season pass away ;
 Ere He set His judgment throne ;
 Ere the day of grace be gone.

4 Christ is earnest, bids thee come ;
 Paid, thy spirit's priceless sum ;
 Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,
 Pleading with thee from above ?

5 O be earnest, do not stay ;
 Thou mayest perish e'en to-day.
 Rise, thou lost one, rise and flee !
 Lo ! thy Saviour waits for thee.

407

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

PASS a few swiftly-fleeting years,
 And all that now in bodies live,
 Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
 Their righteous sentence to receive.

2 But all, before they hence remove,
 May mansions for themselves prepare
 In that eternal house above ;
 And, O ! my God, shall I be there !

08

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

GOD of my life preserved by grace,
 Like Moses' bush amidst the fire !
 Teach me to count aright my days,
 With wisdom pure my heart inspire.

- 2 In number as my days decrease,
 In value, Lord, I know they rise ;
 And every moment makes them less,
 And brings me nearer to the skies ;
- 3 If taught by Thee my hours to' improve,
 My hours I on account receive,
 And live to win Thy precious love,
 And only to Thy glory live.
- 4 Thy Spirit now if Thou infuse,
 My latter end I wisely weigh,
 No more the' important moments lose,
 No more neglect to watch and pray !
- 5 This instant now I cease from sin,
 This instant now I turn to Thee,
 And trust Thy blood to make me clean
 From all, from all impurity.
- 6 Stirr'd up to seek the God unknown,
 My soul awakes to righteousness,
 And strives, and pants, and wrestles on,

- 4 But all who truly righteous be,
 Their Father's kingdom then shall see ;
 Shine like the sun for ever there :
 He that hath ears, then let him hear ;
 For soon, &c.

[0 C.M. D. HEBER. 1827.

- JERUSALEM, Jerusalem !
 Enthroned once on high,
 Thou favoured home of God on earth,
 Thou heaven below the sky !
 Now brought to bondage with thy sons,
 A curse and grief to see ;
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem !
 Our tears shall flow for thee.
- 2 Oh ! hadst thou known thy day of grace,
 And flocked beneath the wing
 Of Him who called thee lovingly,
 Thine own anointed King :
 Then had the tribes of all the world
 Gone up thy pomp to see,
 And glory dwelt within thy gates,
 And all thy sons been free.
- 3 " And who art thou that mournest me ?"
 Jerusalem may say,
 " And fear'st not rather that thyself
 May prove a cast away !"
 I am a dried and abject branch,
 My place is given to thee ;
 But woe to every barren graft
 Of thy wild olive tree !
- 4 " Our day of grace is sunk in night,
 Our time of mercy spent,
 For heavy was my children's crime,
 And strange their punishment :
 Yet gaze not idly on our fall,
 But, sinner, warned be ;
 Who spared not His chosen seed,
 May send *His wrath* on thee !

- 5 " Our day of grace is sunk in night,
 Thy noon is in its prime ;
 Oh, turn and seek thy Saviour's face
 In this accepted time !
 So, Gentile, may Jerusalem
 A lesson prove to thee,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Thy home for ever be !"

Describing Death.

411 (125)

C.M.

WATTS.

1711

- O** GOD ! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home :
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne,
 Still may we dwell secure ;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
 Are like an evening gone ;
 Short as the watch that ends the night—
 Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their cares and fears,
 Are carried downward by the flood,
 And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

God ! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come ;
 Thou our guard while life shall last,
 And our perpetual home.

(26)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

THEE we adore, Eternal Name !

And humbly own to Thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms we be !
 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As days and months increase ;
 And every beating pulse we tell
 Leaves but the number less.

A year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave ;
 Whatever we do, where'er we be,
 We're travelling to the grave.
 Sinners stand thick through all the ground,
 To push us to the tomb ;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.

What God ! on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things !
 Of eternal states of all the dead
 Upon life's feeble strings !
 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
 Attends on every breath ;
 And yet how unconcerned we go
 Upon the brink of death !
 Alas, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dangerous road !
 And if our souls be hurried hence,
 May they be found with God.

7

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1763.

AND am I born to die ?
I To lay this body down ?

TIME AND ETERNITY.

- And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown ?
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought ;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot.
- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me ?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be :
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crown—
And see the flaming skies.
- 3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful, or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?
Will angel-bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?
- 4 Who can resolve the doubt,
That rends my anxious breast!
Shall I be with the damned cast out
Or numbered with the blest?
I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at His command to he
Or else—depart to hell.
- 5 O Thou that would'st not have
One wretched sinner die ;
Who diedst Thyself, my soul to
From endless misery !
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe ;
That when Thou comest on Th
I may with joy appear !

- 6 Thou art Thyself the Way ;
Thyself in me reveal :
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to Thy will :
So shall I love my God,
Because He first loved me,
And praise Thee in Thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

4 (128) 4-8s & 2-6s. C. WESLEY. 1763.

- AND am I only born to die ?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree ?
What after death for me remains ?
Celestial joy, or hellish pains,
To all eternity !
- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay !
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day !
- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone :
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The' inexorable throne !
- 4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery, or joy ;
But Oh ! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place ?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend ?
- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies !

How make mine own election sure,
And, when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies !

- 6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray :
Be Thou my Guide, be Thou my Way
To glorious happiness !
Ah, write the pardon on my heart,
And whensoever I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

415 ⁽¹²⁹⁾ L.M. C. WESLEY. 171
SHRINKING from the cold hand of de
I too shall gather up my feet ;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my father's God to meet.

- 2 Numbered among Thy people, I
Expect with joy Thy face to see :
Because Thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death, remember me !
3 O that without a lingering groan,
I may the welcome word receive ;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live !
4 Walk with me through the dreadful shad
And certify that Thou art mine ;
My spirit, calm and undismayed,
I shall into Thy hands resign.
5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesu's presence cl
My light, my life, my God is come,
And glory in His face appears.

416 ⁽¹³⁰⁾ L.M. S. WESLEY, :
THE morning flowers display their
And gay their silken leaves un
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

- 2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer r

The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows :
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine .
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains :
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

117

C.M.

HEBER. 1827.

BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head.
Is equal warning given ;
Beneath us lie the countless dead ;
Above us is the heaven.

- 2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower ;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.
- 3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.
- 4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb ;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come ?
- 5 Turn, mortal, turn ; thy danger know,
Where'er thy foot can tread ;

The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

- 6 Turn, Christian, turn ; thy soul apply
To truths divinely given ;
The dead, which underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven.

418

(181)

L.M.

STERLE. 1760.

ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days ;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

- 2 My days are shorter than a span ;
A little point my life appears ;
How frail at best is dying man !
How vain are all his hopes and fears !
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise and show ;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind ;
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
And dies and leaves them all behind

0

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

*"Into Thy hands I commend my spirit."***J**ESUS, was ever love like Thine ?

Thy life a scene of wonders is ;

Thy death itself is all divine,

While, pleased Thy spirit to dismiss,

Thou dost out of the flesh retire,

And like the Prince of Life expire.

1 Ah ! grant me, Lord, in death to find,

That death is swallowed up in Thee,

While on Thy loving breast reclined

I gasp for immortality,

Purchased by Thine expiring groan,

And feel it in my heart made known.

3 Ah ! Saviour, now in me reveal

The' eternal life Thou dost bestow,

And when my mortal foe I feel,

I'll trample on my mortal foe,

Into Thine hands my spirit give,

And long as my Redeemer live.

21

(135)

8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,

All thy mourning days below :

Go, by angel guards attended,

To the sight of Jesus, go !

Waiting to receive thy spirit,

Lo ! the Saviour stands above ;

Shows the purchase of His merit,

Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion

To thy dear Redeemer's breast,

To His uttermost salvation,

To His everlasting rest.

For the joy He sets before thee,

Bear a momentary pain ;

Die, to live the life of glory,

Suffer, with thy Lord to reign

422

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

HAPPY who in Jesus live ;
But happier still are they
Who to God their spirits give,
And 'scape from earth away :
Lord, Thou read'st the panting heart ;
Lord, Thou hear'st the praying sigh ;
O 'tis better to depart,
'Tis better far to die !

- 2 Yet, if so Thy will ordain,
For our companions' good,
Let us in the flesh remain,
And meekly bear the load :
When we have our grief filled up,
When we all our work have done,
Late partakers of our hope,
And sharers of Thy throne.
- 3 To Thy wise and gracious will
We quietly submit,

Waiting for redemption still

Subject then to no decay,
 Heavenly bodies they put on,
 Swifter than the lightning's ray,
 And brighter than the sun.
 But their greatest happiness,
 Their highest joy, shall be,
 God their Saviour to possess,
 To know, and love, and see :
 With that beatific sight
 Glorious ecstasy is given ;
 This is their supreme delight,
 And makes a heaven of heaven.

- 1 Him beholding face to face,
 To Him they glory give,
 Bless His name and sing His praise,
 As long as God shall live.
 While eternal ages roll,
 Thus employed in heaven they are .
 Lord, receive my happy soul
 With all Thy servants there !

24

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

THE saints who die of Christ possess,
 Enter into immediate rest ;
 For them no further test remains,
 Of purging fires, and torturing pains.

- 2 Who trusting in their Lord depart,
 Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,
 The bliss unmixed, the glorious prize,
 They find with Christ in Paradise.
- 3 Close followed by their works they go,
 Their Master's purchased joy to know ;
 Their works enhance the bliss prepared,
 And each hath its distinct reward.
- 4 Yet glorified by grace alone,
 They cast their crowns before the throne ;
 And fill the echoing courts above,
 With praises of Redeeming love.

425

(186)

P.M.

POPE. 1720

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,—
O the pain,—the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

- 2 Hark! they whisper—angels say,
“Sister spirit, come away!”
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
Drowns my spirit—draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes—it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

5 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath ;
 With shouting each other they greet,
 And triumph o'er trouble and death :

6 The voyage of life's at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past ;
 The age that in heaven they spend,
 For ever and ever shall last.

27

18-11, 18-11.

HEBER. 1827.

THOU art gone to the grave, !
 But we will not deplore thee ;
 Though sorrows and darkness
 Encompass the tomb :
 The Saviour has passed
 Through its portal before thee,
 And the lamp of His love
 Is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave !
 We no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of
 The world by thy side ;
 But the wide arms of Mercy
 Are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope,
 For the Sinless has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave !
 And, its mansion forsaking,
 Perhaps thy weak spirit
 In fear lingered long ;
 But the mild rays of Paradise
 Beamed on thy waking,
 And the sound which thou heardst
 Was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave !
 But we will not deplore thee,
 Whose God was thy ransom,
Thy guardian, and guide ;

He gave thee, He took thee,
And He will restore thee,
And death has no sting,
For the Saviour has died!

428

(188)

7s. D.

C. WESLEY

BLESSING, honour, thanks, and
Pay we, gracious God, to Thee
Thou, in Thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory ;
True and faithful to Thy word,
Thou hast glorified Thy Son,
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
He for us the fight hath won.

- 2 Lo ! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered unto God !
Lo ! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er ;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.
- 3 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife ;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life !
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, and sits, and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.
- 4 Join we then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song :
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long :
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share ;
We shall see the realms of day,
- Meet our happy brother there.

- 5 Let the world bewail their dead,
 Fondly of their loss complain ;
 Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
 Death to thee, to us, is gain :
 Thou art entered into joy :
 Let the unbelievers mourn ;
 We in songs our lives employ,
 Till we all to God return.

29

(139)

7s. D.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- H**ARK! a voice divides the sky,
 Happy are the faithful dead!
 In the Lord who sweetly die,
 They from all their toils are freed.
 Them the Spirit hath declared
 Blest, unutterably blest:
 Jesus is their great reward,
 Jesus is their endless rest.
- 2 Followed by their works, they go
 Where their Head hath gone before;
 Reconciled by grace below,
 Grace had opened Mercy's door;
 Justified through faith alone,
 Here they knew their sins forgiven;
 Here they laid their burden down,
 Hallowed, and made meet for heaven.
- 3 Who can now lament the lot
 Of a saint in Christ deceased?
 Let the world, who know us not,
 Call us hopeless and unblessed:
 When from flesh the spirit freed,
 Hastens homeward to return,
 Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
 Angels sing, "A child is born!"
- 4 Born into the world above,
 They our happy brother greet;
 Bear him to the throne of Love,
 Place him at the Saviour's feet:

Jesus smiles, and says, "Well done,
 Good and faithful servant thou;
 Enter, and receive thy crown,
 Reign with Me triumphant now."

- 5 Angels catch the' approving sound,
 Bow, and bless the just award;
 Hail the heir with glory crowned,
 Now rejoicing with his Lord:
 Fuller joys ordained to know,
 Waiting for the general doom,
 When the' Archangel's trump shall blow
 "Rise, ye dead, to judgment come!"

430

(141)

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1740

A GAIN we lift our voice,
 And shout our solemn joys;
 Cause of highest rapture this,
 Rapture that shall never fail;
 See a soul escaped to bliss,
 Keep the Christian Festival

5 Thou, in thy youthful prime,
Hast leaped the bounds of time :
Suddenly from earth released,
Lo ! we now rejoice for thee ;
Taken to an early rest,
Caught into eternity.

6 Thither may we repair,
That glorious bliss to share !
We shall see the welcome day,
We shall to the summons bow ;
Come, Redeemer, come away :
Now prepare, and take us now !

431 (142)

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

On the Death of a Widow.

- G**IVE glory to Jesus our Head,
With all that encompass His throne ;
A widow, a widow indeed,
A mother in Israel is gone !
- 2 The winter of trouble is past ;
The storms of affliction are o'er ;
Her struggle is ended at last,
And sorrow and death are no more.
- 3 The soul hath o'ertaken her mate,
And caught him again in the sky :
Advanced to her happy estate,
And pleasure that never shall die :
- 4 Where glorified spirits, by sight,
Converse in their holy abode,
As stars in the firmament bright,
And pure as the angels of God.
- 5 O Heaven ! what a triumph is there !
Where all in His praises agree ;
His beautiful character bear,
And shine with the glory they see :
- 6 The glory of God and the Lamb
(While all in the ecstasy join)

Darts into their spiritual frame,
And gives the enjoyment divine.

- 7 In loud hallelujahs they sing,
And harmony echoes His praise ;
When, lo ! the celestial King
Pours out the full light of His face :
- 8 The joy neither angel nor saint
Can bear, so ineffably great ;
But, lo ! the whole company faint,
And heaven is found—at His feet.

432

555,11. C. WESLEY. 1744.

HOSANNA to God in His highest abode ;
All heaven be joined,
To extol the Redeemer and Friend of mankind !
He claims all our praise, who in infinite grace
Again hath stooped down,
And caught up a worm to inherit a crown.

433

(145)

C.M.

WATTS. 1705.

- H**OW long shall death, the tyrant reign,
 And triumph o'er the just ?
 While the rich blood of martyrs slain
 Lies mingled with the dust.
- 2 Lo ! I behold the scattered shades !
 The dawn of heaven appears ;
 The sweet, immortal morning spreads
 Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I see the Lord of Glory come,
 And flaming guards around ;
 The skies divide to make Him room ;
 The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 4 I hear the voice, " Ye dead, arise !"
 And lo ! the graves obey :
 And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
 Salute the expected day.
- 5 They leave the dust, and on the wing
 Rise to the midway air ;
 In shining garments meet their King,
 And low adore Him there.
- 6 O may our humble spirits stand
 Among them, clothed in white !
 The meanest place at His right hand
 Is infinite delight.

434

S.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- A**ND must this body die ?
 This well-wrought frame decay ?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mouldering in the clay ?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms
 Shall but refine this flesh ;
 Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.
- 3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
 And ever from the skies
 Looks down, and watches all my dust,
 Till He shall bid it rise.

- 4 Arrayed in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine ;
 And every shape and every face
 Be heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe,
 Lord, to Thy dying love :
 O may we bless Thy grace below,
 And sing Thy power above !
- 6 Saviour, accept the praise
 Of these our humble songs,
 Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
 With our immortal tongues.

435

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1761

"I know that my Redeemer liveth"—Job xix. 25-27.

I CALL the world's Redeemer mine;
He lives who died for me, I know;
Who bought my soul with blood Divine,
Jesus, shall re-appear below,
Stand in that dreadful day unknown,
And fix on earth His heavenly throne.

436

C.M.

WATTS. 1719.

WHY do we mourn departing friends ?
 Or shake at death's alarms ?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
 To call them to His arms.

- 2 The graves of all His saints He blessed,
 And softened every bed :
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their dying Head ?
- 3 Thence He arose, ascending high,
 And showed our feet the way :
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
 At the great rising-day.
- 4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise ;
 Awake, ye nations under ground ;
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.

Describing Judgment.

437

(152)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

HEARKEN to the solemn voice,
 The awful midnight cry !
 Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
 And see the Bridegroom nigh :
 Lo ! He comes to keep His word,
 Light and joy His looks impart ;
 Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
 And meet Him in your heart.

- 2 Ye who faint beneath the load
 Of sin, your heads lift up ;
 See your great redeeming God,
 He comes, and bids you hope :
 In the midnight of your grief,
 Jesus doth His mourners cheer ;
 Lo ! He brings you sure relief ;
 Believe, and feel Him here.

- 3 Ye whose loins are girt, stand forth,
Whose lamps are burning bright ;
Worthy, in your Saviour's worth,
To walk with Him in white ;
Jesus bids your hearts be clean ;
Bids you all His promise prove ;
Jesus comes to cast out sin,
And perfect you in love.
- 4 Wait we all in patient hope,
Till Christ, the Judge, shall come ;
We shall soon be all caught up
To meet the general doom :
In an hour to us unknown,
As a thief in deepest night,
Christ shall suddenly come down,
With all His saints in light.
- 5 Happy he whom Christ shall find
Watching to see Him come ;
Him the Judge of all mankind

The' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace.

- 3 To damp our earthly joys,
To' increase our gracious fears,
For ever let the' Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come;
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

- 4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to His word;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we thus ensure
Our lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

139

(150)

C.M.

ADDISON. 1712.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face,
Oh! how shall I appear?

- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;—
- 3 When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh! how shall I appear?
- 4 Oh! may my broken contrite heart
Timely my sins lament,
And early, with repentant tears,
Eternal woe prevent!

- 5 For, never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to secure,
 Who knows Thine only Son has died
 To make that pardon sure.

440

L.M.

SCOTT. 18

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 What power shall be the sinner's stay?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day?

- 2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll;
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.
- 3 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be THOU, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

441

(154)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1

HE comes! He comes! the Judge severe
 The seventh trumpet speaks Him near
 His lightnings flash; His thunders roll:
 How welcome to the faithful soul!

- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
 See the Almighty Jesus crowned!
 Girt with omnipotence and grace;
 And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on His azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for His own;
 The kingdoms all obey His word,
 And hail Him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout, all the people of the sky!
 And all the saints of the Most High;
 Our Lord, who now His right obtains,
 For ever and for ever reigns.

442 (155)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- T**HE great Archangel's trump shall sound,
 (While twice ten thousand thunders roar,)
 Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
 And make the greedy sea restore.
- 2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
 The earth no more her slain conceal ;
 Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
 And shrink to see a yawning hell.
- 3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
 And faithful to the end endure,
 Shall stand in Jesu's righteousness,
 Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure.
- 4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
 And mountains are on mountains hurled,
 Shall stand, unmoved, amidst them all,
 And smile to see a burning world.
- 5 The earth, and all the works therein,
 Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed ;
 While we survey the awful scene,
 And mount above the fiery void.
- 6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
 And on that ruined world look down :
 By love above all height we rise,
 And share the everlasting throne.

443

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- J**ESUS, faithful to His word,
 Shall with a shout descend ;
 All heaven's host their glorious Lord
 Shall pompously attend :
 Christ shall come, with dreadful noise,
 Lightnings swift, and thunders loud ;
 With the great Archangel's voice,
 And with the trump of God.
- 2 First the dead in Christ shall rise ;
 Then we that yet remain

Shall be caught up to the skies,
And see our Lord again :
We shall meet Him in the air,
All rapt up to heaven shall be ;
Find, and love, and praise Him there,
To all eternity.

- 3 Who can tell the happiness
This glorious hope affords ?
Joy unuttered we possess
In these reviving words :
Happy while on earth we breathe,
Mightier bliss ordained to know,
Trampling down sin, hell, and death,
To the third heaven we go.

444 (156) 4-8s & 2-6s. C. WESLEY. 1749.

THOU God of glorious majesty,
To Thee, against myself, to Thee,
A worm of earth, I cry ;

- And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
 To meet a joyful doom ?
- 5 Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear
 Eternal bliss to' ensure :
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all Thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.
- 6 Then, Saviour, then, my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale to live
 And reign with Thee above ;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full supreme delight,
 And everlasting love.

445

87,87,887. *Ringwald & COLLYER.*

- GREAT God, what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 Behold the Judge of man appear,
 On clouds of glory seated !
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
 The dead, which they contained before :
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding :
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.
- 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold His wrath prevailing ;
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing ;
 The day of grace is past and gone ;
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepared to meet Him.
- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !

Behold the Judge of man appear,
 On clouds of glory seated !
 Low at His cross, I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet Him.

446

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1756

STAND the' omnipotent decree :
 Jehovah's will be done !
 Nature's end we wait to see,
 And hear her final groan :
 Let this earth dissolve, and blend
 In death the wicked and the just,
 Let those ponderous orbs descend,
 And grind us into dust :
 2 Rests secure the righteous man !
 At His Redeemer's beck,
 Sure to' emerge, and rise again,
 And mount above the wreck ;
 Lo ! the heavenly spirit towers,
 Like flame, o'er nature's funeral pyre,

147

C.M. P. J. WRIGHT. 1868.

A MID the dark and silent night,
 A trumpet thrills the sky,
 Dread lightnings flash upon the sight,
 Loud thunders roll on high.

- 2 The clouds divide, the Lord appears,
 And lifts His mighty voice ;
 The trembling earth responsive hears,
 And waking saints rejoice.
- 3 The Judge ascends the judgment-seat,
 In glory sits alone,
 And myriad saints and sinners meet,
 Before the great white throne.
- 4 Ten thousand angels waiting stand ;
 The books are opened wide ;
 A fire consumes the sea and land ;
 From judgment none can hide.
- 5 The blest with joy, the lost with fear,
 Behold the Saviour's face ;
 While words of weal and woe declare
 His justice, truth, and grace.
- 6 Great Judge of all ! from sin and hell,
 O save me, I implore !
 That I in perfect bliss may dwell,
 And praise Thee evermore.

148

Old 104th. P.M. MILMAN. (1827.)

THE chariot ! the chariot ! its wheels roll on
 fire,
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of His ire ;
 Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
 And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are
 bowed.

The glory ! the glory ! by myriads are pour'd,
 The hosts of the angels to wait on their Lord ;
 And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
 And all who the palm-wreath of victory wear !

- 3 The trumpet ! the trumpet ! the dead have all
heard ; [stirred ;
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are
From the sea, from the land, from the south and
the north,
The vast generations of men are come forth.
- 4 The judgment ! the judgment ! the thrones are
all set, [are met ;
Where the Lamb and the white-vested Elders
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on His word !
- 5 Oh mercy ! Oh mercy ! look down from above,
Creator ! on us, Thy sad children, with love !
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are
driven,
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in heaven !

449

(149)

8,7,4.

NEWTON. 1779.

DAY of judgment ! day of wonders !
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders

He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow !
 You for ever
 Shall my love and glory know."

450

8.8.8. P.M.

IRONS. 1848.

From the Ancient DIES I.R.M. (Abridged.)

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DAY of Wrath ! O day of mourning !
 See ! fulfilled the prophets' warning—
 Heaven and earth in ashes burning !
 Oh ! what fear man's bosom rendeth,
 When from Heaven the Judge descendeth,
 On whose sentence all dependeth !

2 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
 Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
 All before the throne it bringeth.
 Lo, the Book, exactly worded,
 Wherein all hath been recorded !—
 Thence shall judgment be awarded.

3 What shall I, frail man, be pleading ?
 Who for me be interceding,
 When the just are mercy needing ?
 Faint and weary, Thou hast sought me,
 On the Cross of suffering bought me ;—
 Shall such grace be vainly brought me ?

4 Guilty, now, I pour my moaning,
 All my shame with anguish owning ;
 Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.
 Thou the sinful woman savedst,—
 Thou the dying thief forgavest,—
 And to me a hope vouchsafest.

5 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
 Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
 Rescue me from fires undying !
 With Thy favoured sheep, O place me,
 Nor among the goats abase me,
 But to Thy right hand upraise me.

6 While the wicked are confounded,
 Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
 Call me ! with Thy saints surrounded.
 Ah ! that Day of tears and mourning !
 From the dust of earth returning,
 Man for judgment must prepare him.

451

(147)

S.M.

DODDRIDGE. 175

AND will the Judge descend ?
 And must the dead arise ?
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes ?

2 And from His righteous lips
 Shall the dread sentence sound,
 And through the numerous guilty throng
 Spread black despair around ?

3 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day,
 When earth and heaven, before His face,
 Astonished, shrink away ?

4 But ere that trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead,
 Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound—
 What joyful tidings spread !

5 Ye sinners, seek His grace
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear :
 Fly to the shelter of His cross,
 And find salvation there.

6 So shall that curse remove
 By which the Saviour bled,
 And the last awful day shall pour
 His blessings on your head.

452

4-7s.

SMITH. (1855.)

WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
 When the death-shades o'er thee spread
 When is finished thy career,
 Sinner, where wilt thou appear ?

- 2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O, where wilt thou be found ?
- 3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O where, wilt thou appear ?
- 4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part ?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found ?
- 5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly ;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer ;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

453 (157)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1756.

WOE to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread the' Almighty's frown ;
When God doth all His wrath reveal,
And shower His judgments down !

- 2 Sinners, expect those heaviest showers :
To meet your God prepare !
For, lo ! the seventh angel pours
His vial in the air.
- 3 Lo ! from their seats the mountains leap,
The mountains are not found,
Transported far into the deep,
And in the ocean drowned.
- 4 Who then shall live, and face the throne,
And face the Judge severe ?
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
Oh ! where shall I appear ?
- 5 Now, only now, against that hour
We may a place provide ;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide :

- 6 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene ;
For, lo ! the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in.

454

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1756.

- B**Y faith we find the place above,
The Rock that rent in twain ;
Beneath the shade of dying love,
And in the cleft remain.
- 2 Jesus, to Thy dear wounds we flee,
We sink into Thy side ;
Assured that all who trust in Thee
Shall evermore abide.
- 3 Then let the thundering trumpet sound ;
The latest lightning glare ;
The mountains melt ; the solid ground
Dissolve as liquid air :
- 4 The huge celestial bodies roll,
Amidst that general fire,
And shrivel as a parchment scroll

455

(158)

8,7,4.

C. WESLEY. 1758.

LO! He comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favoured sinners slain;
 Thousand, thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of His train;
 Hallelujah!

God appears on earth to reign.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

- 3 The dear tokens of His passion
 Still His dazzling body bears;
 Cause of endless exultation
 To His ransomed worshippers:
 With what rapture
 Gaze we on those glorious scars!

- 4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thy eternal throne;
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own!
 Jah! Jehovah!
 Everlasting God! come down.

456

(151)

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

YE virgin souls arise,
 With all the dead awake!
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take;
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,
 "Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!"

- 2 He comes, He comes, to call
 The nations to His bar,
 And raise to glory all
 Who fit for glory are:

Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

- 3 Go, meet Him in the sky,
 Your everlasting Friend :
 Your Head to glorify,
 With all His saints ascend :
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, His face!
- 4 Ye that have here received
 The unction from above,
 And in His Spirit lived,
 Obedient to His love,
Jesus shall claim you for His bride :
Rejoice with all the sanctified !
- 5 The everlasting doors
 Shall soon the saints receive,
 Above yon angel powers
 In glorious joy to live ;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

- Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face !
- 3 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night,
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In His Father's glory bright,
Beams the Saviour,
Shines the everlasting Light.
- 4 See the stars from heaven falling,
Hark ! on earth the doleful cry,
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh,
" Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from His eye !"
- 5 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints His banner see !
By the tokens of His passion,
By the marks received for me,
All discern Him,
All with shouts cry out, "'Tis He !"
- 6 Yes, the prize shall now be given,
We His open face shall see ;
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love, our full reward shall be ;
Love shall crown us
Kings through all eternity !

Describing Heaven.

158

2-6s & 4-7s. C. WESLEY. 1750.

HOW weak the thoughts, and vain,
Of self-deluding men ;
Men, who, fixed to earth alone,
Think their houses shall endure,
Fondly call their lands their own,
To their distant heirs secure.

Made ready for

Go forth with

3 Go, m

Yc

Yc

Ye

Tc

4

High on Immanuel's land
We see the fabric stand ;
From a tottering world remove
To our steadfast mansions there :
Our inheritance above
Cannot pass from heir to heir.

5 Those amaranthine bowers

159

(160)

4-8s & 2-6s.

J. WESLEY. 1747.

- H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot !
 How free from every anxious thought,
 From worldly hope and fear !
 Confined to neither court nor cell,
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
 He only sojourns here.
- 2 His happiness in part is mine,
 Already saved from low design,
 From every creature-love ;
 Blest with the scorn of finite good,
 My soul is lightened of its load,
 And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue ;
 A happiness beyond the view
 Of those that basely pant
 For things by nature felt and seen ;
 Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
 I neither have nor want.
- 4 (I have no babes to hold me here ;
 But children more securely dear
 For mine I humbly claim,
 Better than daughters or than sons,
 Temples divine of living stones,
 Inscribed with Jesu's name.)
- 5 (No foot of land do I possess,
 No cottage in this wilderness ;
 A poor wayfaring man,
 I lodge awhile in tents below,
 Or gladly wander to and fro,
 Till I my Canaan gain.)
- 6 Nothing on earth I call my own ;
 A stranger, to the world unknown,
 I all their goods despise ;
 I trample on their whole delight,
 And seek a country out of sight,
 A country in the skies.

- 7 There is my house and portion fair ;
 My treasure and my heart are there,
 And my abiding home ;
 For me my elder brethren stay,
 And angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come.
- 8 (I come,—thy servant, Lord, replies ;—
 I come to meet Thee in the skies,
 And claim my heavenly rest !
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end :
 Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 Receive me to Thy breast !)

460

(170)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign :
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers :
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides

461

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Rev. H. 11-17.

THOU, Lord, on whom I still depend,
 Shalt keep me faithful to the end :
 I trust Thy truth, and love, and power,
 Shall save me till my latest hour ;
 And when I lay this body down,
 Reward with an immortal crown.

- 2 Jesus, in Thy great name I go
 To conquer death, my final foe !
 And when I quit this cumbrous clay,
 And soar on angels' wings away,
 My soul the second death defies,
 And reigns eternal in the skies.
- 3 Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
 What Christ hath for His saints prepared,
 Who conquer through their Saviour's might,
 Who sink into perfection's height,
 And trample death beneath their feet,
 And gladly die their Lord to meet.
- 4 Dost thou desire to know and see,
 What thy mysterious name shall be ?
 Contending for thy heavenly home,
 Thy latest foe in death o'ercome ;
 Till then thou searchest out in vain,
 What only conquest can explain.

462 (161)

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Isa. xxxiii. 17.

I LONG to behold Him arrayed
 With glory and light from above,
 The King in His beauty displayed,
 His beauty of holiest love :
 I languish and sigh to be there,
 Where Jesus hath fixed His abode ;
 O when shall we meet in the air,
 And fly to the mountain of God !

- 2 With Him I on Sion shall stand,
 (For Jesus hath spoken the word,)

The breadth of Immanuel's land
 Survey by the light of my Lord ;
 But when, on Thy bosom reclined,
 Thy face I am strengthened to see,
 My fulness of rapture I find,
 My heaven of heavens, in Thee.

- 3 How happy the people that dwell
 Secure in the city above !
 No pain the inhabitants feel,
 No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
 Physician of souls, unto me
 Forgiveness and holiness give ;
 And then from the body set free,
 And then to the city receive !

463

C.M.

1801.

Rev. xxi. and xxii.

JERUSALEM, my happy home !
 Name ever dear to me !

When shall my labours have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?

2 When shall these ever thy heaven-built walls

And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

- 7 Jerusalem, my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

464

6-7s.

Lange. 1701.

"Hymns from the Land of Luther." (1890).

WHAT no human eye hath seen,
What no mortal ear hath heard,
What on thought hath never been
In its noblest flights conferred,—
This hath God prepared in store
For His people evermore !

- 2 When upon my wearied ear
Earth's last echoes faintly die,
Then shall angel harps draw near,
All the chorus of the sky ;
Long-hushed voices blend again,
Sweetly, in that welcome strain.
- 3 Here were sweet and varied tones,
Bird, and breeze, and fountain's fall,
Yet Creation's travail-groans,
Ever sadly sighed through all ;
There no discord jars the air,
Harmony is perfect there !
- 4 Jesus reigns, the Life, the Sun,
Of that wondrous world above ;
All the clouds and storms are gone,
All is light, and all is love ;
All the shadows melt away
In the blaze of perfect day !

465

(178)

C.M.

STENNETT. 1787.

ON Jordan's stormy bank I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 There generous fruit that never fails,
On trees immortal grow :
There rocks and hills, and brooks and va^l
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God, the Sun, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest ?

466

(175)

L.M.

WATTS.

DESCEND from heaven, immortal De
Stoop down, and take us on Thy w
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things :

- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 Oh for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne !
There sits our Saviour, crowned with lig^t
Clothed in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around Him stand,
And thrones and powers before Him
The God shines gracious through the M^a
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

- 5 O what amazing joys they feel,
 While to their golden harps they sing,
 And sit on every heavenly hill,
 And spread the triumphs of their King !
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
 That I shall mount to dwell above,
 And stand and bow among them there,
 And view Thy face, and sing Thy love ?

467

(162)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- L**EADER of faithful souls, and Guide
 Of all who travel to the sky,
 Come, and with us, e'en us, abide,
 Who would on Thee alone rely ;
 On Thee alone our spirits stay,
 While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 This earth, we know, is not our place,
 But hasten through the vale of woe,
 And, restless to behold Thy face,
 Swift to our heavenly country move,
 Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We have no 'biding city here,
 But seek a city out of sight ;
 Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light,
 Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
 Whose founder is the living God.
- 4 Patient the' appointed race to run,
 This weary world we cast behind ;
 From strength to strength we travel on,
 The New Jerusalem to find :
 Our labour this, our only aim,
 To find the New Jerusalem.
- 5 Through Thee, who all our sins hast borne,
 Freely and graciously forgiven,
 With songs to Sion we return,
 Contending for our native heaven ;

That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

- 6 Raised by the breath of Love Divine,
We urge our way with strength re-
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God ;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

468

L.M. 6 lines. C. WESL

Rev. iii. 12.

SAVIOUR, on me the grace bestow
To trample on my mortal foe ;
Conqueror of death with Thee to rise
And claim my station in the skies,
Fixed as the throne which ne'er can
A pillar in Thy church above.

- 2 As beautiful as useful there,
May I that weight of glory bear,
With all who finally overcome,
Supporters of the heavenly dome ;
Of perfect holiness possessed,
For ever in Thy presence blessed.
- 3 Write upon me the Name divine,
And let Thy Father's nature shine,
His image visibly exprest,
His glory pouring from my breast,
O'er all my bright humanity,
Transformed into the God I see !
- 4 Inscribing with the city's name,
The heavenly New Jerusalem,
To me the victor's title give,
Among Thy glorious saints to live,
And all their happiness to know,
A citizen of heaven below.
- 5 When Thou hadst all Thy foes o'ercon
Returning to Thy glorious home,

Thou didst receive the full reward,
That I might share it with my Lord ;
And thus Thy own new name obtain,
And one with Thee for ever reign.

39

(165)

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

- A**WAY with our sorrow and fear !
We soon shall recover our home,
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come :
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode ;
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.
- 2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord :
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air :
No gloom of affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil is there !
- 3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here ;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear :
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands, as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.
- 4 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is followed by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light :
The Lamb is their Light and their Sun :
And, lo ! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine !

- 5 The saints in His presence receive
Their great and eternal reward ;
In Jesus, in heaven they live ;
They reign in the smile of their Lord ;
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face ;
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

470

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1759.

- H**OW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven !
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven ;
A country far from mortal sight ;—
Yet, O ! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.
- 2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here ;
Nor can its happiness or woe

Shall I regret my parted friends.

Still in the vale confined ?

Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,

They will not stay behind.

5 The race we all are running now ;

And if I first attain,

They too their willing head shall bow,

They too the prize shall gain.

Now on the brink of death we stand ;

And if I pass before,

They all shall soon escape to land,

And hail me on the shore.

6 O what a blessed hope is ours !

While here on earth we stay,

We more than taste the heavenly powers,

And antedate that day :

We feel the resurrection near,

Our life in Christ concealed,

And with His glorious presence here

Our earthen vessels filled.

7 (O would He more of heaven bestow,

And let the vessel break,

And let our ransomed spirits go

To grasp the God we seek :

In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,

Who bought the sight for me :

And shout, and wonder at His grace,

Through all eternity !)

[71

(164)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

WE know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,

This tabernacle, sink below

In ruinous decay,

We have a house above,

Not made with mortal hands ;

And firm, as our Redeemer's love,

That heavenly fabric stands.

- 2 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure ;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure :
O were we entered there,
To perfect heaven restored !
O were we all caught up to share
The triumph of our Lord !
- 3 For this in faith we call,
For this we weep and pray :
O might the tabernacle fall !
O might we 'scape away !
Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallowed up
Of everlasting life.
- 4 Absent, alas ! from God,
We in the body mourn,
And pine to quit this mean abode,
And languish to return.
Jesus, regard our vows,
And change our faith to sight ;
And clothe us with our nobler house
Of empyrean light.
- 5 O let us put on Thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared Thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face !
Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given ;
And now triumphantly come down,
And take our souls to heaven !

472

C.M.

C. WESLEY . 178

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop and die ;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale
And soar to worlds on high ;

- Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long-sought rest,
 (That only bliss for which it pants,)
 In my Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain,
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain :
 I suffer out my three-score years,
 Till my Deliverer come,
 And wipe away His servant's tears,
 And take His exile home.
- 3 Surely He will not long delay :
 I hear His Spirit cry,
 " Arise, My love, make haste away !
 Go, get thee up, and die.
 O'er death, who now has lost his sting,
 I give thee victory ;
 And with Me My reward I bring,
 I bring My heaven for thee."

: 73 (177)

C.M.
PART II.

C. WESLEY. 1759.

- O** WHAT hath Jesus bought for me !
 Before my ravished eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of paradise :
 They flourish in perpetual bloom,
 Fruit every month they give ;
 And to the healing leaves who come
 Eternally shall live.
- 2 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who reap the pleasures there ;
 They all are robed in purest white,
 And conquering palms they bear :
 Adorned by their Redeemer's grace,
 They close pursue the Lamb :
 And every shining front displays
 The' unutterable Name.

- 3 They drink the vivifying stream,
 They pluck the' ambrosial fruit,
 And each records the praise of Him
 Who tuned his golden lute :
 At once they strike the' harmoniou
 And hymn the great Three-One
 He hears ; He smiles ; and all the
 Fall down before His throne.
- 4 O what are all my sufferings here,
 If, Lord, Thou count me meet
 With that enraptured host to' appe
 And worship at Thy feet !
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain
 Take life or friends away :
 I come, to find them all again
 In that eternal day.

474

(172)

C.M.

C. Wren

- COME, let us join our friends ab-
 Who have obtained the prize,
 And on the eagle wings of love
 To joys celestial rise :
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
 With those to glory gone ;
 For all the servants of our King,
 In earth and heaven, are one.
- 3 One family we dwell in Him,
 One church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream
 The narrow stream of death ;
- 4 One army of the living God,
 To His command we bow ;
 Part of His host have crossed the
 And part are crossing now.
- 5 What numbers to their endless ho
 This solemn moment fly !
 And we are to the margin come,
 And we expect to die ;

- 6 His militant embodied host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to see that happy coast,
 And reach that heavenly land.
- 7 Our old companions in distress
 We haste again to see,
 And eager long for our release,
 And full felicity :
- 8 E'en now by faith we join our hands
 With those that went before ;
 And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
 On the eternal shore.
- 9 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,
 Like theirs with glory crowned,
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,
 To hear His trumpet sound.
- 10 O that we now might grasp our Guide !
 O that the word were given !
 Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
 And land us all in heaven !

475

7s. D.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

- L**IFT your eyes of faith, and see
 Saints and angels joined in one :
 What a countless company
 Stand before yon dazzling throne !
 Each before his Saviour stands ;
 All in milk-white robes arrayed,
 Palms they carry in their hands,
 Crowns of glory on their head.
- 2 Saints, begin the endless song,
 Cry aloud in heavenly lays,
 Glory doth to God belong ;
 God, the glorious Saviour, praise :
 All salvation from Him came ;
 Him, who reigns enthroned on high ;
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
 Let the morning stars reply.

- 3 Angel-powers the throne surround,
 Next the saints in glory they ;
 Lulled with the transporting sound,
 They their silent homage pay ;
 Prostrate on their face before
 God and His Messiah fall ;
 Then in hymns of praise adore,
 Shout the Lamb that died for all ♣
- 4 Be it so, they all reply,
 Him let all our orders praise ;
 Him that did for sinners die,
 Saviour of the favoured race !
 Render we our God His right,
 Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power,
 Honour, majesty, and might ;
 Praise Him, praise Him evermore !

476 (165)

7s. D.

C. WESLEY. —

- W**HAT are these arrayed in white,
 Brighter than the noon-day sun
 Foremost of the sons of light,
 Nearest the eternal throne ?
 These are they that bore the cross,
 Nobly for their Master stood ;
 Sufferers in His righteous cause,
 Followers of the dying God.
- 2 Out of great distress they came,
 Washed their robes by faith below —
 In the blood of yonder Lamb,
 Blood that washes white as snow :
 Therefore are they next the throne,
 Serve their Maker day and night =
 God resides among His own,
 God doth in His saints delight.
- 3 More than conquerors at last,
 Here they find their trials o'er ;
 They have all their sufferings past,
 Hunger now and thirst no more :

No excessive heat they feel
 From the sun's director ray ;
 In a milder clime they dwell,
 Region of eternal day.

- 4 He that on the throne doth reign,
 Them the Lamb shall always feed,
 With the tree of life sustain,
 To the living fountain lead :
 He shall all their sorrows chase,
 All their wants at once remove,
 Wipe the tears from every face,
 Fill up every soul with love.

477 (176) 4-8s & 2-6s. C. WESLEY. 1747.

O MIGHT I with Thy saints aspire,
 The meanest of that dazzling choir,
 Who chant Thy praise above ;
 Mixed with the bright musician band,
 May I a heavenly harper stand,
 And sing the song of love !

- 2 What ecstasy of bliss is there,
 While all the' angelic concert share,
 And drink the floating joys !
 What more than ecstasy, when all,
 Struck to the golden pavement, fall
 At Jesu's glorious voice !
- 3 Jesus ! the heaven of heavens He is ;
 The soul of harmony and bliss !
 And while on Him we gaze,
 And while His glorious voice we hear,
 Our spirits are all eye, all ear,
 And silence speaks His praise.
- 4 (O might I die that awe to prove,
 That prostrate awe which dares not move
 Before the great Three-One !
 To shout by turns the bursting joy,
 And all eternity employ
 In songs around the throne.)

478

7.6. D.

NEAL

From the Latin of BERNARD OF CLUNY. Twelfth Century.

- T**O thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.
- 2 O one, O only mansion,
 O Paradise of joy,
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And joys have no alloy!
 Thy ageless walls are radiant
 With precious stones unpriced;
 The saints build up its fabric;
 The corner-stone is Christ.
- 3 I know not—O, I know not
 What social joys are there,
 What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare!
 And when I fain would sing them—
 My spirit fails and faints,
 And vainly would it image
 The assembly of the saints.
- 4 Midst power that knows no limit,
 And wisdom without bound,
 The beatific vision
 Shall gladden saints around:
 There God, my King and Portion—
 In fulness of His grace,
 Shall we behold for ever,
 And worship face to face.
- 5 They stand, those halls of Sion,
 All jubilant with song;
 And bright with many an angel,
 And many a martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them,
 The light is aye serene ;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

- 6 There is the throne of David ;
 And there, from toil released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast :
 And they, beneath their Leader,
 Who conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

- 7 Jerusalem, the glorious,
 The joy of the elect,
 O ! dear and future vision
 That eager hearts expect ;
 E'en now by faith I see thee,
 E'en now thy walls discern,
 To thee my thoughts are kindled
 And strive and pant and yearn.

- 8 And, now, we fight the battle,
 And, then, we wear the crown
 Of full, and everlasting,
 And passionless renown.
 O land that seest no sorrow !
 O state that know'st no strife !
 O princely bowers ! O land of flowers !
 O realm and home of life !

79

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

O WHEN shall we sweetly remove !
 O when shall we enter our rest,
 Return to the Sion above,
 The mother of spirits distress !
 That city of God, the great King,
 Where sorrow and death are no more ;
 But saints our Immanuel sing,
 And cherub and seraph adore.

- 2 Not all the archangels can tell,
 The joys of that holiest place,
 Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
 The light of His heavenly face ;
 When caught in the rapturous flame,
 The sight beatific they prove,
 And walk in the light of the Lamb,
 And bask in the beams of His love
- 3 Thou know'st, in the spirit of prayer,
 We long Thy appearing to see,
 Resigned to the burden we bear,
 But longing to triumph with Thee
 'Tis good at Thy word to be here,
 'Tis better in Thee to be gone,
 And see Thee in glory appear,
 And rise to a share in Thy throne.
- 4 To mourn for Thy coming is sweet,
 To weep at Thy longer delay ;
 But Thou, whom we hasten to meet,
 Shalt chase all our sorrows away.
 The tears shall be wiped from our ey
 When Thee we behold in the clou
 And echo the joys of the skies,
 And shout to the trumpet of God.

480

8s.

C. WESLEY

Rev. xiii. 17.

- THE Church in her militant state
 Is weary, and cannot forbear ;
 The saints in an agony wait
 To see Him again in the air.
 The Spirit invites, in the Bride,
 Her heavenly Lord to descend,
 And place her, enthroned at His side
 In glory that never shall end.
- 2 The news of His coming I hear,
 And join in the catholic cry,
 O Jesus, in triumph appear,
 Appear in the clouds of the sky !

Whom only I languish to love,
 In fulness of majesty come,
 And give me a mansion above,
 And take to my heavenly home.

481

(166)

8s.

Rev. xiii. 17.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

THE thirsty are called to their Lord,
 His glorious appearing to see ;
 And, drawn by the power of His word,
 The promise, I know, is for me :
 I thirst for the streams of Thy grace,
 I gasp for the Spirit of Love ;
 I long for a glimpse of Thy face,
 And then to behold Thee above.

- 2 Thy call I exult to obey,
 And come, in the spirit of prayer,
 Thy joy in that happiest day,
 Thy kingdom of glory, to share ;
 To drink the pure river of bliss,
 With life everlasting o'erflowed ;
 Implunged in the crystal abyss,
 And lost in the ocean of God.

Describing Hell.

482

(415)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1768.

TERRIBLE thought ! shall I alone,
 Who may be saved—shall I—
 Of all, alas ! whom I have known,
 Through sin, for ever die ?

- 2 While all my old companions dear,
 With whom I once did live,
 Joyful at God's right hand appear,
 A blessing to receive :
 3 Shall I,—amidst a ghastly band,—
 Dragged to the judgment-seat,
 Far on the left with horror stand,
 My fearful doom to meet ?

- 4 Ah, no :—I still may turn and live,
 For still His wrath delays ;
 He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
 And offers me His grace.
- 5 I will accept His offers now,
 From every sin depart,
 Perform my oft-repeated vow,
 And render Him my heart.
- 6 I will improve what I receive,
 The grace through Jesus given ;
 Sure, if with God on earth I live,
 To live with Him in heaven.

483

(181)

C.M.

WATTS. 1

- M**Y thoughts on awful subjects roll ;
 Damnation and the dead :
 What horrors seize the guilty soul
 Upon a dying bed !
- 2 Lingering about these mortal shores,
 She makes a long delay,
 Till, like a flood with rapid force,
 Death sweeps the wretch away.
- 3 Then swift and dreadful she descends,
 Down to the fiery coast,
 Amongst abominable fiends,
 Herself for ever lost.
- 4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
 And darkness makes their chains ;
 Tortured with keen despair they cry,
 Yet wait for fiercer pains.
- 5 Not all their anguish and their blood
 For their old guilt atones ;
 Nor the compassion of a God
 Shall hearken to their groans.
- 6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
 Nor bid my soul remove,
 Till I had learned my Saviour's death,
 And well insured His love.

184 (412)

C.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

- R**EPENT, the Voice celestial cries,
 No longer dare delay :
 For he who scorns the mandate, dies,
 And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God
 O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
 His heralds are despatched abroad,
 To warn the world of sin.
- 3 Together in His presence bow,
 And all your guilt confess :
 Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
 Nor trifle with His grace.
- 4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
 And call you to His bar ;
 For mercy knows the appointed bound,
 And turns to judgment there.
- 5 Amazing Love,—that yet will call,
 And yet prolong our days :
 Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
 And weep, and love, and praise.

In the large Hymn-Book 1780, Mr. Wesley closed his INTRODUCTORY HYMNS with a few entitled, *Praying for a Blessing*. These may be found, with similar hymns, (Nos. 51—66,) in the Section on DIVINE WORSHIP.

CONVINCING.

Describing Formal Religion ; See HYMNS 336—338.

Describing Inward Religion ; See HYMNS 383—385.

Praying for Repentance.

185 (425)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

FATHER of Lights, from whom proceeds
 Whate'er Thy every creature needs ;
 Whose goodness, providently nigh,
 Feeds the young ravens when they cry ;
 To Thee I look, my heart prepare,
 Suggest, and hearken to my prayer.

- 2 Since by Thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of Thee,
Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say ;
Thou seest my wants, for help they call,
And, ere I speak, Thou knowest them all.
- 3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind ;
Thou knowest how unsubdued my will,
Averse from good, and prone to ill ;
Thou knowest how wide my passions rove,
Nor checked by fear, nor charmed by love !
- 4 Fain would I know, as known by Thee,
And feel the indigence I see ;
Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burden groan ;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loathe myself and sin.
- 5 Ah ! give me, Lord, myself to feel ;
My total misery reveal :

The darkness of my carnal mind,
My will perverse, my passions blind,
Scattered o'er all the earth abroad,
Immeasurably far from God !

- 3 Jesu ! my heart's desire obtain ;
My earnest suit present, and gain ;
My fulness of corruption show,
The knowledge of myself bestow ;
A deeper displacence at sin,
A sharper sense of hell within,
A stronger struggling to get free,
A keener appetite for Thee !
- 4 O Sovereign Love, to Thee I cry ;
Give me Thyself, or else I die ;
Save me from death ; from hell set free ;
Death, hell, are but the want of Thee.
Quickened by Thy imparted flame,
Saved, when possess'd of Thee, I am ;
My life, my only heaven Thou art ;
O might I feel Thee in my heart !

487

8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

GIVER of unfeign'd repentance,
Unto us Thy blessing give,
That we may the mortal sentence
In our guilty selves receive ;
Sensible of our demerit,
May from every sin depart,
Offering up a troubled spirit,
Rendering Thee a broken heart.

- 2 Let Thy dying love constrain us,
Our ingratitude to mourn,
Let Thine unknown anguish pain us,
Till the wanderers return ;
Fill our souls with sacred trouble,
Give us bitterly to weep,
All our burdens, Lord, redouble,
Sink us in the lowest deep.

- 3 From the pit of condemnation,
 When to Thee for help we cry,
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Show the open fountain nigh ;
 Show Thyself our bleeding Jesus,
 All our sufferings to remove,
 With Thy pardoning mercy bless us,
 Bless us with Thy perfect love.


488

(427)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 

O THAT I could repent,
 With all my idols part,
 And to Thy gracious eye present
 A humble, contrite heart :
 A heart with grief opprest,
 For having grieved my God,
 A troubled heart that cannot rest,
 Till sprinkled with Thy blood.

- 2 Jesus, on me bestow
 The penitent desire ;
 With true sincerity of woe
 My aching breast inspire :
 With softening pity look,
 And melt my hardness down ;
 Strike with Thy love's effectual stroke 
 And break this heart of stone !

489

(426)

6-7s.

C. WESLEY.

- S**AVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,
 See me from Thy lofty throne ;
 Give the sweet relenting grace,
 Soften this obdurate stone !
 Stone to flesh, O God, convert ;
 Cast a look, and break my heart !
- 2 By Thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,
 All my inmost sins reveal ;
 Sins against Thy light and love
 Let me see, and let me feel ;

- Sins that crucified my God,
Spilt again Thy precious blood.
- 3 Jesu, seek Thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return ;
Bid me look on Thee, and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn,
Till I say, by grace restored,
" Now, Thou know'st I love Thee, Lord !"
- 4 Might I in Thy sight appear,
As the Publican distrest ;
Stand, not daring to draw near,
Smite on my unworthy breast,
Groan the sinner's only plea,
" God be merciful to me !"
- 5 O remember me for good,
Passing through the mortal vale ;
Show me Thy atoning blood,
When my strength and spirit fail ;
Give my gasping soul to see
Jesus crucified for me !

490

(428)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- O THAT I could revere
My much-offended God !
O that I could but stand in fear
Of Thy afflicting rod !
If mercy cannot draw,
Thou by Thy threatenings move ;
And keep an abject soul in awe,
That will not yield to love.
- 2 Show me the naked sword,
Impending o'er my head :
O let me tremble at Thy word,
And to my ways take heed ;
With sacred horror fly
From every sinful snare ;
Nor ever, in my Judge's eye,
My Judge's anger dare.

- 3 Thou great, tremendous God,
 The conscious awe impart ;
The grace be now on me bestowed,
 The tender fleshly heart ;
 For Jesu's sake alone,
 The stony heart remove ;
And melt, at last, O melt me down,
 Into the mould of Love !

491

(429)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

- O** FOR that tenderness of heart,
 Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just Thou art,
 And trembles at Thy word !
- 2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
 Which from repentance flow ;
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
 The long-suspended blow !
- 3 Saviour, to me in pity give
 The sensible distress ;

Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go :
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove ;
Wound, and pour in my wounds to heal,
The balm of pardoning love.

3 For Thy own mercy's sake,
The cursed thing remove ;
And into Thy protection take
The prisoner of Thy love :
In every trying hour,
Stand by my feeble soul,
And screen me from my nature's power,
Till Thou hast made me whole.

4 This is Thy will, I know,
That I should holy be,
Should let my sin this moment go,
This moment turn to Thee :
O might I now embrace
Thy all-sufficient power ;
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve Thee more !

493

(465)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

JESUS, let Thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep !
False to Thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep :
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown !
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through Thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart :
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of Thy grief unknown ;

Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
For Thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show ;
Cast my sins behind Thy back,
And wash me white as snow :
If Thy bowels now are stirred,
If now I would myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die :
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from Thy gracious eye :
Speak the reconciling word,
And let Thy mercy melt me down ;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
Look, as when Thine eye pursued
The first apostate man,

Vile, like her, and self-abhorred,
I at Thy feet for mercy groan :
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

- 8 Look, as when Thy languid eye
Was closed, that we might live !
"Father," (at the point to die,
My Saviour gasped,) "forgive !"
Surely, with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done !"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone !

194

8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Acts v. 31. xvi. 31.

IN Thy state of exaltation,
Answer, Lord, its end on me,
Thou, the God of my salvation,
Thou my Prince and Ruler be ;
Let me, first, the true repentance,
Self-condemn'd, from Thee receive,
Then reverse the fearful sentence,
Bid Thy pardoned rebel live.

- 2 Author of our sure salvation,
Author of our faith Thou art,
Call me out of condemnation,
Sprinkle with Thy blood my heart,
Give the faith that moves the mountain,
Pardoned, saved by faith alone,
Lead me through that open fountain
To Thine everlasting throne.

For Mourners convinced of Sin.

195

L.M.

WATTS. 1719.

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy book.

- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin ;
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight :
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford ;
And let a wretch come near Thy throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just :
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 6 Then will I teach the world Thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

3 O then impute, impart
 To me Thy righteousness,
 And let me taste how good Thou art,
 How full of truth and grace :
 That Thou canst here forgive,
 Grant me to testify,
 And justified by faith to live,
 And in that faith to die.

17 (481) 7s & 6s. C. WESLEY. 1742.
 CONFESSION — Wretched, and poor, and blind, and naked.

WRETCHED, helpless, and distress,
 Ah ! whither shall I fly ?
 Ever gasping after rest,
 I cannot find it nigh :
 Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
 Fast bound in sin and misery,
 Friend of sinners, let me find
 My help, my all, in Thee !
 I am all unclean, unclean,
 Thy purity I want ;
 My whole heart is sick of sin,
 And my whole head is faint :
 Full of putrefying sores,
 Of bruises, and of wounds, my soul
 Looks to Jesus, help implores,
 And gasps to be made whole.
 In the wilderness I stray,
 My foolish heart is blind ;
 Nothing do I know ; the way
 Of peace I cannot find :
 Jesu, Lord, restore my sight,
 And take, O take the veil away :
 Turn my darkness into light,
 My midnight into day.
 Naked of Thine image, Lord,
 Forsaken, and alone,
 Unrenewed, and unrestored,
 I have not Thee put on :

Over me Thy mantle spread,
Send down Thy likeness from above,
Let Thy goodness be displayed,
And wrap me in Thy love.

- 5 Poor, alas ! Thou know'st I am,
And would be poorer still ;
See my nakedness and shame,
And all my vileness feel :
No good thing in me resides,
My soul is all an aching void,
Till Thy Spirit here abides,
And I am filled with God.

- 6 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
In Thee is all I want ;
Be the wanderer's resting-place
A cordial to the faint ;
Make me rich, for I am poor,
In Thee may I my Eden find,
To the dying health restore,
And eye-sight to the blind !

- 7 Clothe me with Thy holiness

- 3 But, O ! forgiveness is with Thee,
That sinners may adore ;
With filial fear, Thy goodness see,
And never grieve Thee more.
- 4 My soul, while still to Him it flies,
Prevents the morning ray :
O that His mercy's beams would rise,
And bring the gospel day !
- 5 Ye faithful souls, confide in God,
Mercy with Him remains ;
Plenteous redemption through His blood,
To wash out all your stains.
- 6 His Israel Himself shall clear,
From all their sins redeem ;
The Lord our Righteousness is near,
And we are just in Him.

199

C.M.

NEWTON. 1779.

- A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea ;
With this I venture nigh,
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
 - 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.
 - 4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place ;
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died !"
 - 5 O wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name !

500

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1

The Good Samaritan.

WOE is me ! what tongue can tell
My sad afflicted state !
Who my anguish can reveal,
Or all my woes relate !

Fallen among thieves I am,
And they have robbed me of my God ;
Turned my glory into shame,
And left me in my blood.

- 2 O Thou good Samaritan !
In Thee is all my hope ;
Only Thou canst succour man,
And raise the fallen up :
Hearken to my dying cry,
My wounds compassionately see ;
Me, a sinner, pass not by,
Who gasp for help to Thee.

- 3 Still Thou journeyest where I am,
And still Thy bowels move :
Pity is with Thee the same.

Now, ev'n now, I see Thy face ;
The balm of Gilead I receive :
Thou hast saved me by Thy grace,
And bade the sinner live.

6 Surely now the bitterness
Of second death is past ;
O my Life, my Righteousness !
On Thee my soul is cast :
Thou hast brought me to Thine inn,
And I am of Thy promise sure ;
Thou shalt cleanse me from all sin,
And all my sickness cure.

7 Perfect, then, the work begun,
And make the sinner whole ;
All Thy will on me be done,
My body, spirit, soul :
Still preserve me safe from harms,
And kindly for Thy patient care ;
Take me, Jesus, to Thine arms,
And keep me ever there.

11

87,87,887.

Luther. 1524.

Psalm cxxx.

OUT of the depths I cry to Thee,
Lord God, O hear my wailing !
Thy gracious ear incline to me,
And make my prayer availing :
On my misdeeds in mercy look,
O deign to blot them from Thy book,
Or who can stand before Thee ?

2 Thy sovereign grace and boundless love
Make Thee, O Lord, forgiving ;
My purest thoughts and deeds but prove
Sin in my heart is living :
None guiltless in Thy sight appear,
All who approach Thy throne must fear,
And humbly trust Thy mercy.

3 Thou canst be merciful while just,
This is my hope's foundation ;

On Thy redeeming grace I trust,
 Grant me, then, Thy salvation ;
 Shielded by Thee, I stand secure,
 Thy word is firm, Thy promise sure,
 And I rely upon Thee.

- 4 Like those who watch for midnight's
 To hail the dawning morrow,
 I wait for Thee, I trust Thy power,
 Unmoved by doubt or sorrow.
 So thus let Israel hope in Thee,
 And he shall find Thy mercy free,
 And Thy redemption plenteous.
- 5 Where'er the greatest sins abound,
 By grace they are exceeded ;
 Thy helping hand is always found
 With aid, where aid is needed :
 Thy hand, the only hand to save,
 Will rescue Israel from the grave,
 And pardon his transgressions.

502

L.M. 6 lines. C. WESLEY.

O THOU, whom fain my soul would know,
 Whom I would gladly die to know,
 This veil of unbelief remove,
 And show me, all Thy goodness show
 Jesus, Thyself in me reveal,
 Tell me Thy name, Thy nature tell.

- 2 Hast Thou been with me, Lord, so long,
 Yet Thee, *my* Lord, have I not known
 I claim Thee with a faltering tongue ;
 I pray Thee, in a feeble groan,
 Tell me, O tell me, who Thou art,
 And ~~speak~~ Thy name into my heart !
- 3 If now Thou talkest by the way
 With such an abject worm as me,
 Thy mystery of grace display ;
 Open mine eyes that I may see !
 That I may understand Thy word,
 And now cry out,—“ It is the Lord !”

503

(467)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

JESUS, in whom the weary find
 Their late, but permanent repose,
 Physician of the sin-sick mind,
 Relieve my wants, assuage my woes ;
 And let my soul on Thee be cast,
 Till life's fierce tyranny be past.

2 Loosed from my God, and far removed,
 Long have I wandered to and fro ;
 O'er earth in endless circles roved,
 Nor found whereon to rest below :
 Back to my God at last I fly,
 For O, the waters still are high !

3 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
 The things of earth, for Thee I leave :
 Put forth Thy hand, Thy hand of grace ;
 Into the ark of love receive !
 Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
 And lodge it, Saviour, in Thy breast !

4 Fill with inviolable peace,
 'Stablish and keep my settled heart ;
 In Thee may all my wanderings cease,
 From Thee no more may I depart ;
 Thy utmost goodness called to prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love !

504

(432)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

LET the world their virtue boast,
 Their works of righteousness ;
 I, a wretch undone and lost,
 Am freely saved by grace :
 Other title I disclaim,
 This, only this, is all my plea,
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound,
 Like Jordan's swelling stream,

Who their heaven in Christ have found
 And give the praise to Him :
 Meanest follower of the Lamb,
 His steps I at a distance see ;
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

3 I, like Gideon's fleece, am found
 Unwatered still, and dry,
 While the dew on all around
 Falls plenteous from the sky.
 Yet my Lord I cannot blame,
 The Saviour's grace for all is free ;
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

4 Surely He will lift me up,
 For I of Him have need !
 I cannot give up my hope,
 Though I am cold and dead :
 To bring fire on earth He came ;
 O that it now might kindled be !
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

5 Jesus, Thou for me hast died,
 And Thou in me wilt live ;
 I shall feel Thy death applied,
 I shall Thy life receive :
 Yet, when melted in the flame
 Of love, this shall be all my plea,
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus died for me.

505

(438)

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749

SAVIOUR, cast a pitying eye,
 Bid my sins and sorrows end :
 Whither should a sinner fly ?
 Art not Thou the sinner's Friend ?
 Rest in Thee I gasp to find,
 Wretched I, and poor, and blind.

- 2 Didst Thou ever see a soul
 More in need of help than mine ?
 Then refuse to make me whole ;
 Then withhold the balm divine :
 But, if I do want Thee most,
 Come, and seek, and save the lost.
- 3 Haste, O haste, to my relief,
 From the iron furnace take,
 Rid me of my sin and grief,
 For Thy love and mercy's sake :
 Set my heart at liberty,
 Show forth all Thy power in me.
- 4 Me, the vilest of the race,
 Most unholy, most unclean ;
 Me,—the farthest from Thy face,
 Full of misery and sin ;
 Me with arms of love receive,
 Me, of sinners chief, forgive.
- 5 Jesus, on Thine only name
 For salvation I depend !
 In Thy gracious hands I am,
 Save me, save me, to the end ;
 Let the utmost grace be given,
 Save me quite from hell to heaven.
- 16 (484) C.M. C. WESLEY. 1749.
 GOD is in this, in every place ;
 Yet Oh ! how dark and void
 To me !—'tis one great wilderness,
 This earth without my God.
- 2 Empty of Him, who all things fills,
 Till He His light impart,
 Till He His glorious Self reveals,
 The veil is on my heart.
- 3 O Thou, who seest and know'st my grief,
 Thyself Unseen, Unknown,
 Pity my helpless unbelief,
 And take away the stone !

- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give ;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold Thy face and live.
- 5 Now, Jesus, now, the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad ;
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me into God.

507

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1

FATHER, I stretch my hands to Thee,
No other help I know ;
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah ! whither shall I go ?

- 2 What did Thy only Son endure
Before I drew my breath ;
What pain, what labour, to secure
My soul from endless death !
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel Thy power ;
Now all my wants Thou would'st relieve
In this, the' accepted hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes :
O let me now receive that gift !
My soul, without it, dies.
- 5 Surely, Thou canst not let me die ;
O speak, and I shall live !
For here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.
- 6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see Thy face ;
Now let me hear Thy quickening voice,
And taste Thy pardoning grace !

508

(435)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY.

AUTHOR of faith, to Thee I cry,
To Thee, who would'st not have me
But know the truth and live :

- Open mine eyes to see Thy face,
 Work in my heart the saving grace,
 The life eternal give.
- 2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,
 And blindly serve a God unknown,
 Till Thou the veil remove,
 The gift unspeakable impart,
 And write Thy name upon my heart,
 And manifest Thy love.
- 3 I know the work is only Thine,
 The gift of faith is all divine ;
 But, if on Thee we call,
 Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
 And give us hearts to feel and know
 That Thou hast died for all.
- 4 Thou bidst us knock and enter in,
 Come unto Thee, and rest from sin,
 The blessing seek and find :
 Thou bidst us ask Thy grace, and have ;
 Thou canst, Thou would'st, this moment save
 Both me, and all mankind.
- 5 Be it according to Thy word !
 Now let me find my pardoning Lord ;
 Let what I ask be given ;
 The bar of unbelief remove,
 Open the door of faith and love,
 And take me into heaven !

509

L.M. 6 lines. C. WESLEY. 1762.

- E**XPAND Thy wings, celestial Dove,
 And, brooding o'er my nature's night,
 Call forth the ray of heavenly love ;
 Let there in my dark soul be light ;
 And fill the' illustrated abyss
 With glorious beams of endless bliss.
- 2 "Let there be light," again command,
 And light there in our hearts shall be ;
 We then through faith shall understand
 Thy great mysterious Majesty ;

And, by the shining of Thy grace,
Behold in Christ Thy glorious face.

3 Father of everlasting grace,
Be mindful of Thy changeless word ;
We worship toward that Holy Place,
In which Thou dost Thy name record,
Dost make Thy gracious nature known,
That living Temple of Thy Son.

4 Thou dost with sweet complacence see
That Temple fill'd with light Divine ;
And art Thou not well-pleased with me,
Who, turning to that heavenly Shrine,
Through Jesus to Thy throne apply,
Through Jesus for acceptance cry ?

5 With all who for redemption groan,
Father, in Jesu's name I pray !
And still we cry and wrestle on
Till mercy take our sins away :
Hear from Thy dwelling-place in heaven,
And now pronounce our sins forgiven.

510 (518) L.M. 6 lines. C. WESLEY. 1742

COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort my people, saith your God !
Ye soon shall see His smiling face,
His golden sceptre, not His rod ;
And own, when now the cloud's removed,
He only chastened whom He loved.

2 Who sow in tears, in joy shall reap ;
The Lord shall comfort all that mourn ;
Who now go on their way and weep,
With joy they doubtless shall return,
And bring their sheaves with vast increase,
And have their fruit to holiness.

511 (436) 4-8s & 2-6s. C. WESLEY. 1756

0 THOU who hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on Thee and mourn,-
On Thee whom we have slain ;

Have pierced a thousand, thousand times,
And by reiterated crimes
Renewed Thy mortal pain.

- 2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see
The Man transfix'd on Calvary,
To know Thee, who Thou art,
The One Eternal God and True !
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.
- 3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine,
That suffered in my stead ;
That made Thy soul a sacrifice,
And quenched in death those flaming eyes,
And bowed that sacred head.
- 4 The veil of unbelief remove,
And by Thy manifested love,
And by Thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get Thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God.
- 5 Now by Thy dying love constrain
My soul to love its God again,
Its God to glorify :
And, lo ! I come Thy cross to share,
Echo Thy sacrificial prayer,
And with my Saviour die !

512 (437)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

LET the redeemed give thanks and praise.
To a forgiving God !
My feeble voice I cannot raise,
Till washed in Jesu's blood :

- 2 Till, at Thy coming from above,
My mountain-sins depart,
And fear gives place to filial love,
And peace o'erflows my heart.

- 3 Prisoner of Hope, I still attend
The' appearance of my Lord,
These endless doubts and fears to end,
And speak my soul restored :
- 4 Restored by reconciling grace ;
With present pardon blest ;
And fitted by true holiness
For my eternal rest.
- 5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown,
Now, Father, to Thy servant give,
And claim me for Thine own.
- 6 My God, in Jesus pacified,
My God, Thyself declare,
And draw me to His open side,
And plunge the sinner there !

513

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

REGARDLESS now of things below,
Jesus, to Thee my heart aspires,
Determined Thee alone to know,

Take Thou, Oh take this guilty heart !
 Thy blood will wash out every stain ·
 No cross, no sufferings I decline,
 Only let all my heart be Thine !

514

8.7.4.

Neander. 1679.

ISA. IV. 6.

Hymns from the LAND of LUTHER. 1854.

BEHOLD me here, in grief draw near,
 Pleading at Thy throne, O King ;
 To Thee each tear, each trembling fear,
 Jesus ! Son of Man ! I bring ;

Let me find Thee,—

Me, a vile and worthless thing !

- 2 Look down in love, and from above,
 With Thy Spirit satisfy ;
 Thou hast sought me, Thou hast bought me,
 And Thy purchase, Lord, am I ;
 Let me find Thee,—

Here on earth, and then on high !

- 3 Hear the broken, scarcely spoken
 Utterance of my heart to Thee ;
 All the crying, all the sighing
 Of Thy child accepted be.

Let me find Thee,—

Thus my soul longs vehemently !

- 4 Worldly pleasures, earthly treasures,
 Joys and honours will not stay ;
 They often pain, and, Oh ! how vain,
 Looking to eternity !

Let me find Thee—

Find Thee, O my God, this day.

515

(438)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,
 Who did the world redeem !
 Who gave His life, that I might live
 A life concealed in Him.

- 2 O that I could the blessing prove,
 My heart's extreme desire ;

- Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in His arms expire !
- 3 Mercy I ask, to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve Thee more !
- 4 Now, if Thy gracious will it be,
Ev'n now, my sins remove ;
And set my soul at liberty,
By Thy victorious love.
- 5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pardoning God, descend !
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end !
- 6 Nothing I ask or want beside
Of all in earth or heaven,
But let me feel Thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

- 5 Great God, unknown, invisible,
Appear, my confidence to' abase :
To make me all my vileness feel,
And blush at my own righteousness.
- 6 Thy glorious face in Christ display,
That, silenced by Thy mercy's power,
My mouth I in the dust may lay,
And never boast or murmur more.

- 517 ⁽⁴⁸⁹⁾ L.M. C. WESLEY. 1740.
- W**HEREWITH, O God, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before Thy face ?
How in Thy purer eyes appear ?
What shall I bring to gain Thy grace ?
- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord Most High ?
Will multiplied oblations please ?
Thousands of rams His favour buy,
Or slaughtered hecatombs appease ?
 - 3 Can these avert the wrath of God ?
Can these wash out my guilty stain ?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas ! they all must flow in vain.
 - 4 Whoe'er to Thee themselves approve,
Must take the path Thy word hath showed ;
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.
 - 5 But though my life henceforth be Thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone :
Though I to Thee the whole resign,
I only give Thee back Thine own.
What have I, then, wherein to trust ?
I nothing have, I nothing am ;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallowed up in shame.
Guilty I stand before Thy face ;
On me I feel Thy wrath abide ;
'Tis just the sentence should take place ;
'Tis just ;—but, O ! Thy Son hath died !

- 8 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled ;
 He bore our sins upon the tree ;
 Beneath our curse He bowed His head ;
 'Tis finished ! He hath died for me !
- 9 See where before the throne He stands,
 And pours the all-prevailing prayer !
 Points to His side, and lifts His hands,
 And shows that I am graven there !
- 10 He ever lives for me to pray ;
 He prays that I with Him may reign ;
 Amen to what my Lord doth say !
 Jesus, Thou canst not pray in vain.

518

(440)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

WITH glorious clouds encompassed round
 Whom angels dimly see,
 Will the Unsearchable be found,
 Or God appear to me ?

- 2 Will He forsake His throne above,
 Himself to worms impart ?

Answer. Thou Man of Grief and Love !

- 7 Jehovah, in Thy Person show,
 Jehovah crucified !
 And then the pardoning God I know,
 And feel the blood applied.
- 8 I view the Lamb in His own light,
 Whom angels dimly see ;
 And gaze, transported at the sight,
 To all eternity.

519

(441)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

- A**DAM, descended from above !
 Federal Head of all mankind ;
 The covenant of redeeming love
 In Thee let every sinner find !
- 2 Its Surety, Thou alone hast paid
 The debt we to Thy Father owed ;
 For the whole world atonement made,
 And sealed the pardon with Thy blood.
- 3 Thee, the Paternal Grace Divine
 A universal blessing gave ;
 A Light in every heart to shine,
 A Saviour every soul to save.
- 4 Light of the Gentile world, appear,
 Command the blind Thy rays to see ;
 Our darkness chase, our sorrows cheer,
 And set the plaintive prisoner free.
- 5 Me, me who still in darkness sit,
 Shut up in sin and unbelief,
 Bring forth out of this hellish pit,
 This dungeon of despairing grief.
- 6 Open mine eyes the Lamb to know,
 Who bears the general sin away ;
 And to my ransomed spirit show
 The glories of eternal day.

520

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

THOU God unsearchable, unknown,
 Who still conceal'st Thyself from me ;

- Hear an apostate spirit groan,
Broke off, and banished far from Thee ;
But conscious of my fall I mourn,
And fain I would to Thee return.
- 2 Send forth one ray of heavenly light,
Of gospel hope, or humble fear,
To guide me through the gulph of night,
My poor desponding soul to cheer,
Till Thou my unbelief remove,
And show me all Thy glorious love.
- 3 A hidden God indeed Thou art :
Thy absence I this moment feel :
Yet must I own it from my heart,
Conceal'd, Thou art a Saviour still ;
And though Thy face I cannot see,
I know Thine eye is fixed on me.
- 4 My Saviour Thou, not yet revealed,
Yet will I Thee my Saviour call ;
Adore Thy hand, from sin withheld ;
Thy hand shall save me from my fall.

Here then to Thee, I all resign ;
Thine is the work, and only Thine.

- 5 What shall I say Thy grace to move ?
Lord, I am sin,—but Thou art love :
I give up every plea beside,—
“ Lord, I am lost,—but Thou hast died ! ”

522

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1789.

- L**ORD, I despair myself to heal :
I see my sin, but cannot feel ;
I cannot, till Thy Spirit blow,
And bid the' obedient waters flow.
- 2 'Tis Thine a heart of flesh to give ;
Thy gifts I only can receive ;
Here, then, to Thee, I all resign ;
To draw, redeem, and seal—is Thine.
- 3 With simple faith on Thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All :
I wait the moving of the pool ;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.
- 4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure :
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour Thyself into my heart !

523

88,86.

C. ELLIOTT. 1836.

- J**UST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose Blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come !

- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 6 Just as I am—(Thy Love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;)
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 7 Just as I am—of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come !

524

7.6. D.

BONAR. 1856.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;

He bears them all, and frees me

I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

- 4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild :
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng ;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

525

(443)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

From the German of W. C. DRESLER. 1692.

- J**ESUS, whose glory's streaming rays,
Though duteous to Thy high command,
Not seraphs view with open face,
But veiled before Thy presence stand !
2 How shall weak eyes of flesh, weighed down
With sin, and dim with error's night,
Dare to behold Thy awful throne,
Or view Thy unapproached light ?
3 Restore my sight ! let Thy free grace
An entrance to the holiest give ;
Open mine eyes of faith :—Thy face
So shall I see ; yet seeing live.
4 Thy golden sceptre from above
Reach forth ; lo ! my whole heart I bow ;
Say to my soul, " Thou art My love ;
My chosen, 'midst ten thousand, thou."
5 O Jesus, full of grace ! the sighs
Of a sick heart with pity view !
Hark ! how my silence speaks, and cries,
" Mercy, Thou God of mercy, show !"
6 I know Thou canst not but be good ! [restrain ?
How shouldst Thou, Lord, Thy grace
Thou, Lord, whose blood so freely flowed,
To save me from all guilt and pain.

526

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

The Dying Malefactor's Prayer.

- O** THOU that hangedst on the tree,
Our curse and sufferings to remove,
Pity the souls that look to Thee,
And save us by Thy dying love.
- 2 We have no outward righteousness,
No merits, or good works, to plead ;
We only can be saved by grace ;
Thy grace will here be free indeed.
- 3 Save us by grace, through faith alone,
A faith Thou must Thyself impart ;
A faith that would by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart.
- 4 A faith that doth the mountains move,
A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.
- 5 This is the faith we humbly seek,

- 4 O might we, with believing eyes,
Thee in Thy bloody vesture see ;
And cast us on Thy sacrifice !
Jesus, my Lord, remember me !

528 (444)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

Mat. v. 3—6.

- J**ESUS, if still the same Thou art,
If all Thy promises are sure,
Set up Thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor.
To me be all Thy treasures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven.
- 2 Thou hast pronounced the mourners blest ;
And, lo ! for Thee I ever mourn :
I cannot,—no, I will not rest,
Till Thou, my only Rest, return ;
Till Thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.
- 3 Where is the blessedness, bestowed
On all that hunger after Thee ?
I hunger now, I thirst for God ;
See the poor fainting sinner, see,
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with Thy righteousness !
- 4 Ah Lord !—if Thou art in that sigh,
Then hear Thyself within me pray ;
Hear in my heart Thy Spirit's cry,
Mark what my labouring soul would say ;
Answer the deep, unuttered groan,
And show that Thou and I are one.
- 5 Shine on Thy work, disperse the gloom !
Light in Thy light I then shall see ;
Say to my soul, "Thy light is come ;
Glory divine is risen on thee :
Thy warfare's past ; thy mourning's o'er :
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."
- 6 Lord, I believe the promise sure,
And trust Thou wilt not long delay .

Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon Thy word myself I stay ;
Into Thine hands my all resign,
And wait till all Thou art is mine.

529

(445)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740

WHEN shall Thy love constrain,
And force me to Thy breast ?

When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest ?

2 Ah ! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro ?
Thou hast the words of endless life :
Ah ! whither should I go ?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move ;
It calls me still to seek Thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at Thy feet I fall ;
I groan to be set free ;
I fain would now obey the call

- 9 Though late, I all forsake,
 My friends, my all resign ;
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever Thine !
- 10 Come, and possess me whole :
 Nor hence again remove :
 Settle and fix my wavering soul
 With all Thy weight of love.
- 11 My one desire be this,
 Thy only love to know ;
 To seek and taste no other bliss,
 No other good below.
- 12 My Life, my Portion Thou,
 Thou all-sufficient art ;
 My hope, my heavenly Treasure, now
 Enter, and keep my heart.

530 ⁽⁴⁴⁶⁾ C.M. C. WESLEY. 1740.

- O** THAT Thou wouldst the heavens rent,
 In majesty come down ;
 Stretch out Thine arm omnipotent,
 And seize me for Thine own !
- 2 Descend, and let Thy lightning burn
 The stubble of Thy foe ;
 My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
 And make the mountains flow !
 - 3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
 And curb my headstrong will ;
 Thou only canst drive back the tide,
 And bid the sun stand still.
 - 4 What though I cannot break my chain,
 Or e'er throw off my load,
 The things impossible to men,
 Are possible to God.
 - 5 Is there a thing too hard for Thee,
 Almighty Lord of all !
 Whose threatening looks dry up the sea,
 And make the mountains fall ?

- 6 Who, who shall in Thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence?
Ungrasp the hold of Thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence?
- 7 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail;
Nearer to save Thou art:
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.
- 8 Lo! to the hills I lift mine eye;
Thy promised aid I claim:
Father of Mercies, glorify
Thy favourite Jesu's name.
- 9 Salvation in that Name is found,
Balm of my grief and care;
A medicine for my every wound,
All, all I want is there.

531

(447)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740

PART II.

- J**ESU! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's Friend;
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.
- 2 Deliverance to my soul proclaim,
And life, and liberty:
Shed forth the virtue of Thy name,
And Jesus prove to me!
- 3 Faith to be healed Thou know'st I have,
For Thou that faith hast given:
Thou canst, Thou wilt the sinner save,
And make me meet for heaven.
- 4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine;
Thou wilt victorious prove;
For everlasting strength is Thine,
And everlasting love.
- 5 Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue
Unconquerable sin;
Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,
And write Thy law within.

- 6 Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,
Yet let me hear Thy call,
My soul in confidence shall rise,
Shall rise and break through all.
- 7 Speak, and the deaf shall hear Thy voice ;
The blind his sight receive ;
The dumb in songs of praise rejoice ;
The heart of stone believe.
- 8 The Ethiop then shall change his skin ,
The dead shall feel Thy power ;
The loathsome leper shall be clean,
And I shall sin no more.

532

(448)

L.M. 6 lines.
Wrestling Jacob.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee :
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell Thee who I am ;
My misery or sin declare ;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on Thy hands, and read it there :
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou ?
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold !
Art Thou the Man that died for me ?
The secret of Thy love unfold :
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy nature know.
- 4 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name ?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell :
To know it now, resolved I am :
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy Name, Thy nature know.

- 5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long ?
 I rise superior to my pain,
 When I am weak, then I am strong,
 And when my all of strength shall fail,
 I shall with the God-Man prevail.

533

(448)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 174

PART II.

- Y**IELD to me now, for I am weak ;
 But confident in self-despair :
 Speak to my heart, in blessings speak :
 Be conquered by my instant prayer :
 Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
 And tell me if Thy name is Love.
- 2 'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! Thou diedst for me :
 I hear Thy whisper in my heart !
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
 Pure, Universal Love Thou art :
 To me, to all, Thy bowels move,
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 3 My prayer hath power with God : the grace
 Unspeakable I now receive ;
 Through faith I see Thee face to face :
 I see Thee face to face, and live !
 In vain I have not wept and strove ;
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 4 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend :
 Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
 But stay and love me to the end ;
 Thy mercies never shall remove ;
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 5 The Sun of Righteousness on me
 Hath rose, with healing in His wings :
 Withered my nature's strength, from Thee
 My soul its life and succour brings ;
 My help is all laid up above ;
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh
 I halt, till life's short journey end ;
 All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On Thee alone for strength depend ;
 Nor have I power from Thee to move ;
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
 Lame as I am, I take the prey ;
 Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome ;
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And, as a bounding hart, fly home ;
 Through all eternity to prove
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

34

7s D.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- D**ROOPING soul, shake off thy fears,
 Fearful soul, be strong, be bold ;
 Tarry till the Lord appears,
 Never, never quit thy hold !
 Murmur not at His delay,
 Dare not set thy God a time,
 Calmly for His coming stay,
 Leave it, leave it all to Him.
- 2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong ;
 Wait the leisure of thy Lord :
 Though it seem to tarry long,
 True and faithful is His word !
 On His word my soul I cast ;
 (He cannot Himself deny)
 Surely it shall speak at last ;
 It shall speak, and shall not lie.
- 3 Every one that seeks shall find,
 Every one that asks shall have
 Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
 Willing, able, all to save ;
 I shall His salvation see ;
 I in faith on Jesus call ;
 I from sin shall be set free,
Perfectly set free from all.

- 4 Lord, my time is in Thine hand,
Weak and helpless as I am,
Surely Thou canst make me stand ;
I believe in Jesu's name :
Saviour in temptation Thou,
Thou hast saved me heretofore ;
Thou from sin dost save me now ;
Thou shalt save me evermore.

535

(449)

7s. D.

C. WESLEY. 1740

- JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high !
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;

Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity !

536

(450)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- T**HEE Jesu, Thee, the Sinner's Friend,
 I follow on to apprehend,
 Renew the glorious strife ;
 Divinely confident and bold,
 With faith's strong arm on Thee lay hold,
 Thee, my eternal life.
- 2 Thy heart, I know, Thy tender heart
 Doth in my sorrows feel its part,
 And at my tears relent !
 My powerful sighs Thou canst not bear,
 Nor stand the violence of my prayer,
 My prayer omnipotent.
- 3 Give me the grace, the love I claim :
 Thy Spirit now demands Thy Name !
 Thou know'st the Spirit's will :
 He helps my soul's infirmity,
 And strongly intercedes for me
 With groans unspeakable.
- 4 Answer, O Lord, Thy Spirit's groan !
 O make to me Thy nature known,
 Thy hidden name impart !
 (Thy name and nature is the same :)
 Tell me Thy nature and Thy name,
 And write it on my heart.
- 5 Prisoner of hope, to Thee I turn,
 And, calmly confident, I mourn,
 And pray, and weep for Thee :
 Tell me Thy Love, Thy secret tell ;
 Thy mystic name in me reveal,
 Reveal Thyself in me.
- 6 Descend, pass by me, and proclaim,
 O Lord of Hosts, Thy glorious Name,—
 "The Lord, the gracious Lord,

... pardoning grace for
Transgression, sin, iniqui-

He freely doth forg

8 Mercy He doth for thou

He goes and seeks the o

And brings His wa

And every soul that shee

Come then, my Lord, an

My Jesus, quickly c

9 (Take me into Thy people

O come, and with my sol

My one desire, comp

Make me partaker of my

Then bid me get me quick

And on Thy bosom c

537

(80)

L.M.

JESUS, my All, to heav

He whom I fix my ho

His track I see, and I'll p

The narrow way, till Him

2 The way the holy prophets

The road that leads from b

The

...

- 5 Lo ! glad I come ; and, Thou, blest Lamb !
 Shalt take me to Thee as I am :
 Nothing but sin to Thee I give ;
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found ;
 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
 And say—"Behold the Way to God !"

538 ⁽⁴⁵²⁾ 4-8s & 2-6s. C. WESLEY. 1749.

- S**TILL, Lord, I languish for Thy grace,
 Reveal the beauties of Thy face,
 The middle wall remove :
 Appear, and banish my complaint ;
 Come, and supply my only want,
 Fill all my soul with love !
- 2 O ! conquer this rebellious will :
 Willing Thou art, and ready still,
 Thy help is always nigh :
 The stony from my heart remove,
 And give me, Lord, O give me love,
 Or at Thy feet I die.
- 3 To Thee I lift my mournful eye :
 Why am I thus ?—O, tell me why
 I cannot love my God ?
 The hindrance must be all in me ;
 It cannot in my Saviour be ;
 Witness that streaming blood !
- 4 It cost Thy blood my heart to win,
 To buy me from the power of sin,
 And make me love again :
 Come, then, my Lord, Thy right assert,
 Take to Thyself my ransomed heart,
 Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

539 ⁽⁴⁵¹⁾ 4-8s & 2-6s. C. WESLEY. 1749.

- O** JESUS, let me bless Thy name !
 All sin, alas ! Thou know'st I am,
 But Thou all pity art :

Turn into flesh my heart of stone,
Such power belongs to Thee alone ;
Turn into flesh my heart.

- 2 A poor, unloving wretch, to Thee
For help against myself I flee !

Thou only canst remove
The hindrances out of the way,
And soften my unyielding clay,
And mould it into love.

- 3 O let Thy Spirit shed abroad
The love, the perfect love of God,
In this cold heart of mine :
O might He now descend, and rest,
And dwell for ever in my breast,
And make it all divine.

- 4 What shall I do my suit to gain ?
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
I plead what Thou hast done !
Didst Thou not die the death for me ?

Jesus, remember Calvary

Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God :

O that it now were shed abroad

In this poor stony heart !

For love I sigh, for love I pine :

This only portion, Lord, be mine,

Be mine this better part !

4 O that I could for ever sit

With *Mary* at the Master's feet !

Be this my happy choice :

My only care, delight, and bliss,

My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,

To hear the Bridegroom's voice !

5 O that I could with favoured *John*,

Recline my weary head upon

The dear Redeemer's breast ;

From care, and sin, and sorrow free,

Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee

My everlasting rest.

541

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, the Just,
My Friend and Advocate with Thee,

Pity a soul that fain would trust

In Him who lov'd and died for me :

But only Thou canst make Him known,

And in my heart reveal Thy Son.

2 If, drawn by Thine alluring grace,

My want of living faith I feel,

Show me in Christ Thy smiling face ;

What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal,

Thy co-eternal Son, display,

And call my darkness into day.

3 The gift unspeakable impart ;

Command the light of faith to shine ;

To shine in my dark drooping heart,
And fill me with the life divine :
Now bid the new creation be ;
O God, let there be faith in me !

542

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- T**HOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
Till Thou Thyself declare,
God inaccessible, unknown ;
Regard a sinner's prayer !
- 2 A sinner weltering in his blood,
Unpurged and unforgiven ;
Far distant from the living God,
As far as hell from heaven.
- 3 An unregenerate child of man,
On Thee for faith I call ;
Pity Thy fallen creature's pain,
And raise me from my fall.
- 4 The darkness, which through Thee I feel,
Thou only canst remove ;

- 9 Now, Lord, if Thou art power, descend ;
 The mountain sin remove ;
 My unbelief and troubles end,
 If Thou art Truth and Love :
 10 Speak, Jesu, speak into my heart
 What Thou for me hast done ;
 One grain of living faith impart,
 And God is all my own !

543

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- OUT of the deep I cry,
 Just at the point to die :
 Hastening to infernal pain,
 Jesus, Lord, I cry to Thee ;
 Help a feeble child of man ;
 Show forth all Thy power in me.
 2 On Thee I ever call,
 Saviour and Friend of all ;
 Well Thou know'st my desperate case ;
 Thou my curse of sin remove ;
 Save me by Thy richest grace,
 Save me by Thy pardoning love.
 3 How shall a sinner find
 The Saviour of mankind ?
 Canst Thou not accept my prayer ?
 Not bestow the grace I claim ?
 Where are Thy old mercies ? Where
 All the powers of Jesu's Name ?
 4 What shall I say to move
 The bowels of Thy love ?
 Are they not already stirred ?
 Have I in Thy death no part ?
 Ask Thy own compassions, Lord,
 Ask the yearnings of Thy heart !
 5 I will not let Thee go,
 Till I Thy mercy know ;
 Let me hear the welcome sound !
 Speak, if still Thou canst forgive ;

Speak, and let the lost be found ;
 Speak, and let the dying live.

- 6 Thy love is all my plea ;
 Thy passion speaks for me :
 By Thy pangs and bloody sweat,
 By Thy depth of grief unknown,
 Save me, gasping at Thy feet ;
 Save, O save, Thy ransomed one !
- 7 What hast Thou done for me !
 O, think on Calvary !
 By Thy mortal groans and sighs,
 By Thy precious death, I pray,
 Hear my dying spirit's cries,
 Take, O take my sins away !

544 (454)

S.M.

C. WESLEY.

- AH ! whither should I go,
 Burden'd, and sick, and faint ;
 To whom should I my troubles show,
 And pour out my complaint ?
 My Saviour bids me come ;
 Ah ! why do I delay ?
 He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from Him I stay !
- 2 What is it keeps me back,
 From which I cannot part ?
 Which will not let my Saviour take
 Possession of my heart ?
 Some cursed thing unknown
 Must surely lurk within ;
 Some idol, which I will not own,
 Some secret bosom-sin.
- 3 Jesus, the hindrance show,
 Which I have feared to see ;
 Yet let me now consent to know
 What keeps me out of Thee :

Searcher of Hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display ;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

- 4 I now believe, in Thee
Compassion reigns alone ;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done !
In me is all the bar,
Which Thou wouldst fain remove,
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only Love.

45

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

L O ! in Thy hand I lay,
And wait Thy will to prove ;
My Potter, stamp on me, Thy clay,
Thy only stamp of love !
Be this my whole desire ;
I know that it is Thine ;
Then kindle in my soul a fire,
Which shall for ever shine.

- 2 Thy gracious readiness
To save mankind assert ;
Thy image, love—Thy name impress,
Thy nature on my heart.
Bowels of mercy, hear !
Into my soul come down !
Let it throughout my life appear,
That I have Christ put on.
- 8 O plant in me Thy mind !
O fix in me Thy home !
So shall I cry to all mankind,
Come to the waters, come,
Jesus is full of grace,
To all His bowels move,
Behold in me, ye fallen race,
That God is only Love !

546 (455)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1 — 3

- G**OD of my life, what just return
 Can sinful dust and ashes give!
 I only live my sin to mourn;
 To love my God I only live.
- 2 To Thee, benign and saving Power,
 I consecrate my lengthened days;
 While, marked with blessings, every ho— u
 Shall speak Thy co-extended praise.
- 3 Be all my added life employed
 Thine image in my soul to see;
 Fill with Thyself the mighty void:
 Enlarge my heart to compass Thee.
- 4 O give me, Saviour, give me more:
 Thy mercies to my soul reveal:
 Alas! I see their endless store;
 But, O! I cannot, cannot *feel*.
- 5 The blessing of Thy love bestow:
 For this my cries shall never fail;
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
 I will not, till my suit prevail.
- 6 I'll weary Thee with my complaint;
 Here at Thy feet for ever lie,
 With longing, sick; with groaning, faint:
 O give me love, or else I die!
- 7 Come then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,
 And fix in me Thy lasting home:
 Be mindful of Thy gracious word;
 Thou, with Thy promised Father, come.
- 8 Prepare, and then possess, my heart;
 O take me, seize me from above;
 Thee may I love; for God Thou art:
 Thee may I feel; for God is Love.

547 (456)

6-7s.

C. WESLEY

CHRIST, whose glory fills the sk
 Christ the true, the only Lig^t

- Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
 Day-spring from on high, be near :
 Day-star, in my heart appear !
- 2 O disclose Thy lovely face ;
 Quickened all my drooping powers :
 Gasps my fainting soul for grace,
 As a thirsty land for showers :
 Haste, my Lord, no more delay,
 Come, my Saviour, come away.
- 3 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unaccompanied by Thee :
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;
 Till Thou inward light impart.
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 4 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
 Fill me, Radiancy Divine ;
 Scatter all my unbelief :
 More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

548 (457)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

- M**Y sufferings all to Thee are known,
 Tempted in every point like me ;
 Regard my grief, regard Thy own ;
 Jesus, remember Calvary !
- 2 O call to mind Thy earnest prayers,
 Thy agony, and sweat of blood,
 Thy strong and bitter cries and tears,
 Thy mortal groan, " My God ! my God ! "
- 3 For whom didst Thou the cross endure ?
 Who nailed Thy body to the tree ?
 Did not Thy death my life procure ?
 O let Thy bowels answer me !
- 4 Art Thou not touched with human woe ?
 Hath pity left the Son of Man ?

- Dost Thou not all my sorrows know,
And claim a share in all my pain ?
- 5 Have I not heard, have I not known,
That Thou, the everlasting Lord,
Whom heaven and earth Their Maker own,
Art always faithful to Thy word ?
- 6 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,
Till through the soul Thy power is spread,
Thy all-victorious righteousness.
- 7 The day of small and feeble things
I know Thou never wilt despise ;
I know, with healing in His wings,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.
- 8 With labour faint, Thou wilt not fail,
Or, wearied, give the sinner o'er,
Till in this earth Thy judgments dwell,
And, born of God, I sin more.

Turn my nature's rapid tide,
Stem the torrent of my pride ;
Stop the whirlwind of my will ;
Speak, and bid the sun stand still,
Now Thy love almighty show,
Make ev'n me a creature new.

- 4 Arm of God, Thy strength put on,
Bow the heavens, and come down,
All my unbelief o'erthrow,
Lay the' aspiring mountain low :
Conquer Thy worst foe in me,
Get Thyself the victory,
Save the vilest of the race,
Force me to be saved by grace.

50

L.M. 6 lines. C. WESLEY. 1742.

LAY to Thy hand, O God of Grace !
O God, the work is worthy Thee ;
See at Thy feet, of all the race
The chief, the vilest sinner see ;
And let me all Thy mercy prove,
Thine utmost miracle of love.

- 2 Speak, and a holy thing and clean
Shall strangely be brought out of me ;
My Ethiop-soul shall change her skin,
Redeem'd from all iniquity ;
I, even I, shall then proclaim
The wonders wrought by Jesu's Name.
- 3 Thee I shall then for ever praise
In spirit and in truth adore ;
While all I am declares Thy grace,
And, born of God, I sin no more ;
Thy pure and heavenly nature share,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

51

5,5,11, or 10s & 11s. C. WESLEY. 1749.

-) JESUS, my hope, for me offered up,
Who with clamour pursued Thee to Calvary's
top ;

The blood Thou hast shed, for me let it plead,
And declare Thou hast died in Thy murderer's
stead.

- 2 Come then from above, the stony remove,
And vanquish my heart with the sense of Thy love.
Thy love on the tree display unto me,
And the servant of sin in a moment is free.

- 3 Neither passion nor pride Thy cross can abide,
But melt in the fountain that streams from Thy
side :

Let Thy life-giving blood remove all my load,
And purge my foul conscience, and bring me to
God.

- 4 Now, now let me know its virtue below !
Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow ;
Let it hallow my heart, and thoroughly convert,
And make me, O Lord, in the world as Thou art.

- 5 Each moment applied, my weakness to hide,
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide ;
My Advocate prove, with the Father above,

Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
To' exclude me from Thy people's rest.

5 This only woe I deprecate,
This only plague, I pray, remove,
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Up-raise me with Thy gracious hand,
And guide into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the Promised Land.

553

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

O MY offended God,
If now at last I see
That I have trampled on Thy blood,
And done despite to Thee ;
If I begin to wake
Out of my deadly sleep ;—
Into Thy arms of mercy take,
And there for ever keep.

2 No other right have I
Than what the world may claim,
All, all may to their God draw nigh,
Through faith in Jesu's name :
Thou all the debt hast paid ;
This is my only plea ;
The covenant, God in Thee hath made
With all mankind, and me.

3 Thou hast obtained the grace
That all may turn and live ;
And lo ! Thy offer I embrace,
Thy mercy I receive.
Whene'er the wicked man
Turns from his sin to Thee,
His late repentance is not vain,
He shall accepted be.

4 Thy death hath bought the power
For every sinful soul,

That all may know the gracious hour,
And be by faith made whole :
Thou hast for sinners died,
That all might come to God ;
The covenant Thou hast ratified,
And sealed it with Thy blood.

- 5 He that believes in Thee,
And doth till death endure,
He shall be saved eternally ;
The covenant is sure ;
The mountains shall give place,
Thy covenant cannot move,
The covenant of Thy general grace
Thy all-redeeming love.

554

(459)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1745

WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in Thee ?
The fulness of Thy promise prove ;
The seal of Thine eternal Love ?

Under Thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the abject sinner up !

- 7 Lord, I am blind,—be Thou my sight :
Lord, I am weak,—be Thou my might :
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my All in Thee !

555

C.M.

STEELE. 1760.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye ;

- 2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn ;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face ?
Hast Thou not said, Return ?

- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet ?
Oh ! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat !

- 4 Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !

- 5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine !
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine !

- 6 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy :
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy !

556 (480)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

The Woman of Canaan.

LORD, regard my earnest cry ;
A potsherd of the earth,
A poor guilty worm am I,
A Canaanite by birth :

That all men

And

Th

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tyranny ;
 of Satan save ;
 upon me,
 of David, have !
 sheep of Israel's fold
 Thou in Thy flesh wast sent ;
 for the Gentiles now behold
 In Thee their Covenant :
 See me then, with pity see,
 A sinner whom Thou camest to save !
 Mercy, mercy upon me,
 Thou Son of David, have !
 Still I cannot part with Thee !
 I will not let Thee go .
 Mercy, mercy upon me,
 Thou Son of David, show !
 Vilest of the sinful race,
 On Thee, importunate, I call ;
 Help me, Jesus, show Thy grace ;

Show this token upon me,
 And bring salvation near :
 Now the gracious word repeat,
 The word of healing to my soul,
 "Canaanite, thy faith is great !
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."

557

(469)

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1746.

- COME, holy, celestial Dove,
 To visit a sorrowful breast,
 My burden of guilt to remove,
 And bring me assurance and rest !
- 2 Thou only hast power to relieve
 A sinner o'erwhelmed with his load ;
 The sense of acceptance to give,
 And sprinkle his heart with the blood.
- 3 With me if of old Thou hast strove,
 And strangely withheld from my sin,
 And tried by the lure of Thy love,
 My worthless affections to win,—
- 4 The work of Thy mercy revive ;
 Thy uttermost mercy exert ;
 And kindly continue to strive,
 And hold, till I yield Thee my heart.
- 5 Thy call if I ever have known,
 And sigh'd from myself to get free,
 And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
 And long'd to be happy in Thee,—
- 6 Fulfil the imperfect desire,
 Thy peace to my conscience reveal,
 The sense of Thy favour inspire,
 And give me my pardon to feel !
- 7 If when I had put Thee to grief,
 And madly to folly returned,
 Thy pity hath been my relief,
 And lifted me up as I mourned,—
- 8 Most pitiful Spirit of Grace,
 Relieve me again, and restore ;

My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to suffer no more !

9 If now I lament after God,
And gasp for a drop of Thy love,
If Jesus hath bought Thee with blood,
For me to receive from above,—

10 Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
True Witness of mercy Divine,
And make me Thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally Thine !

558

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

The Pool of Bethesda.

JESUS, take my sins away,
And make me know Thy Name !
Thou art now as yesterday,
And evermore the same ;
Thou my true Bethesda be ;
I know within Thine arms is room :

- 4 Mercy then there is for ME,
 (Away my doubts and fears !)
 Plagued with an infirmity
 For many tedious years.
 Jesus, cast a pitying eye !
 Thou long hast known my desperate case :
 Poor and helpless here I lie,
 And wait the healing grace.
- 5 Long hath Thy good Spirit strove
 With my distemper'd soul ;
 But I still refused Thy love,
 And would not be made whole :
 Hardly now at last I yield,
 I yield with all my sins to part ;
 Let my soul be fully healed,
 And thoroughly cleansed my heart.
- 6 Pain and sickness, at Thy word,
 And sin, and sorrow flies :
 Speak to me, Almighty Lord,
 And bid my spirit rise ;
 Bid me bear the hallowed cross,
 Which Thou, my Lord, hast borne before ;
 Walk in all Thy righteous laws,
 And go and sin no more.

9

8.7.4.

F. 1787.

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary !
 See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky !
 " It is finished ! "

Hear the dying Saviour cry.

- 2 " It is finished ! "—O what pleasure
 Do these gracious words afford !
 Heavenly blessings without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord :
 " It is finished ! "
 Let our joyful songs record.

- 3 Now redemption is completed,
 Sin atoned, the curse removed,
 Satan, Death, and Hell defeated,
 As His rising fully proved ;
 ' All is finished !'
 Here our hopes may rest unmoved.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Sound aloud Immanuel's fame ;
 All creation, swell the chorus,
 These delightful words proclaim,
 " It is finished !"
 Glory to His worthy Name !

560

664,6664. RAY PALMER. 1840.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour Divine !
 Now hear me while I pray ;
 Take all my guilt away ;
 O let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine !

Blest Saviour ! then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove ;
 O bear me safe above—
 A ransomed soul !

31

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
 To Thee I feebly pray :
 Heal me of my grief and pain,
 O take my sins away !
 From this bondage, Lord, release ;
 No longer let me be opprest :
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to Thy breast.

2 Wilt Thou cast a sinner out,
 Who humbly comes to Thee ?
 No, my God, I cannot doubt,
 Thy mercy is for me :
 Let me then obtain the grace,
 And be of paradise possess :
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to Thy breast !

3 Worldly good I do not want,
 Be that to others given ;
 Only for Thy love I pant,
 My all in earth and heaven ;
 This the crown I fain would seize,
 The good wherewith I would be blest.
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to Thy breast !

4 (This delight I fain would prove,
 And then resign my breath :
 Join the happy few whose love
 Was mightier than death !
 Let it not my Lord displease,
 That I would die to be Thy guest !
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to Thy breast !)

C. WESLEY. 1740.

3 Now redemption

Sin at

Satan

A

my Righteousness,

were Thine ;

bought of God my peace,

made Him mine.

and just in Thee I am ;

4

my sins forgiven ;

salvation in Thy Name,

And antedate my heaven.

For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side ;This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died !

4 My dying Saviour, and my God,

Fountain for guilt, and sin,

Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,

And cleanse, and keep me clean.

5 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own :

Wash me, and mine Thou art ;

Wash me, but not my feet alone,

Convinced of Backsliding.

34

(470)

8-7s.

C. WESLEY, 1740.

DEPTH of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me !
Can my God His wrath forbear,
Me, the chief of sinners, spare !
I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face ;
Would not hearken to His calls ;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

2 I have spilt His precious blood,
Trampled on the Son of God ;
Filled with pangs unspeakable !
I, who yet am not in hell !
Whence to me this waste of love ?
Ask my Advocate above ;
See the cause in Jesu's face,
Now before the throne of grace.

3 Lo ! I cumber still the ground :
Lo ! an Advocate is found !
" Hasten not to cut him down ;
Let this barren soul alone :"
Jesus speaks, and pleads His blood !
He disarms the wrath of God !
Now my Father's bowels move :
Justice lingers into Love.

4 Kindled His relentings are :
Me He now delights to spare ;
Cries, " How shall I give thee up ?"
Let the lifted thunder drop.
There for me the Saviour stands ;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands !
God is Love ! I know, I feel ;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still !

- 5 Jesus, answer from above :
Is not all Thy nature Love ?
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget ?
Suffer me to kiss Thy feet ?
If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow !
Pardon and accept me now.
- 6 Pity from Thine eye let fall ;
By a look my soul recall ;
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.
Now incline me to repent ;
Let me now my fall lament ;
Now my foul revolt deplore ;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

565

(479)

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

I^N trouble, I seek Thee, O God,
Compelled by the burden I bear,

His passion alone is my plea,
 His free inexhaustible grace :
 My Advocate answered for me,
 And Jesus hath died in my place.

4 O Father of mercies ! restore,
 For Jesus's merits alone,
 And heal a backslider once more,
 And give me again to Thy Son :
 If still Thou art able to spare,
 If Infinite Mercy Thou art,
 Reply to my penitent prayer,
 And whisper Thy peace to my heart.

66

(466)

7s & 6s.

O. WESLEY. 1742.

JESUS, Friend of sinners, hear,
 Yet once again I pray :
 From my debt of sin set clear,
 For I have nought to pay :
 Speak, O speak, the kind release,
 A poor backsliding soul restore ;
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.
 For my selfishness and pride,
 Thou hast withdrawn Thy grace ;
 Left me long to wander wide,
 An outcast from Thy face ;
 But I now my sins confess,
 And mercy, mercy, I implore :
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.
 Though my sins as mountains rise,
 And swell and reach to heaven,
 Mercy is above the skies,
 I may be still forgiven :
 Infinite my sins' increase,
 But greater is Thy mercy's store :
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me sin no more.

- 4 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread
A hardness o'er my heart ;
But if Thou Thy Spirit shed,
The stony shall depart :
Shed Thy love, Thy tenderness,
And let me feel Thy softening power ;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.
- 5 From the' oppressive power of sin
My struggling spirit free ;
Perfect righteousness bring in,
Unspotted purity :
Speak, and all this war shall cease,
And sin shall give its raging o'er ;
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.
- 6 For this only thing I pray,
And this will I require,
Take the power of sin away,

- 4 Fill me with all the life of love ;
In mystic union join
Me to Thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.
- 5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and Thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

568

L.M. 6 lines. C. WESLEY. 1741.

- O** 'TIS enough, my God, my God !
Here let me give my wanderings o'er ;
No longer trample on Thy blood,
And grieve Thy gentleness no more ;
No more Thy lingering anger move,
Or sin against Thy light and love.
- 2 O Lord, if mercy is with Thee,
Now let it all on me be shown ;
On me, the chief of sinners, me,
Who humbly for Thy mercy groan :
Me to Thy Father's grace restore ;
Nor let me ever grieve Thee more !
- 3 Fountain of unexhausted love,
Of infinite compassion, hear !
My Saviour, and my Prince above,
Once more in my behalf appear ;
Repentance, faith, and pardon give ;
O let me turn again and live !

569

(472)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- O** UNEXHAUSTED Grace !
O Love unsearchable !
I am not gone to my own place ;
I am not yet in hell !
Earth doth not open yet,
My soul to swallow up ;
And, hanging o'er the burning pit,
I still am forced to hope.

- 2 I hope at last to find
The kingdom from above ;
The settled peace, the constant mind,
The everlasting love ;
The sanctifying grace,
That makes me meet for home :
I hope to see Thy glorious face,
Where sin can never come.
- 3 What shall I do to keep
The blessed hope I feel ?
Still let me pray, and watch, and weep,
And serve Thy pleasure still :
O may I never grieve
My kind, long-suffering Lord,
But steadfastly to Jesus cleave,
And answer all His word.
- 4 Lord, if Thou hast bestowed
On me this gracious fear,
This horror of offending God,

- 3 Yet, for Thy own mercy's sake,
 Patience with Thy rebel have ;
 Me, Thy mercy's witness make,
 Witness of Thy power to save .
 Make me willing to be free,
 Restless to be saved by Thee.
- 4 Now the gracious work begin ;
 Now for good some token give ;
 Give me now to feel my sin,
 Give me now my sin to leave :
 Bid me look on Thee and mourn,
 Bid me to Thy arms return.
- 5 Take this heart of stone away,
 Melt me into gracious tears,
 Grant me power to watch and pray,
 Till Thy lovely face appears,
 Till Thy favour I retrieve,
 Till by faith again I live.

571

(474)

8s.

O. WESLEY. 1749.

HOW shall a lost sinner in pain
 Recover his forfeited peace ?
 When brought into bondage again,
 What hope of a second release ?
 Will mercy itself be so kind
 To spare such a rebel as me ?
 And O ! can I possibly find
 Such plenteous redemption in Thee ?

- 2 O Jesus ! of Thee I inquire,
 If still Thou art able to save,
 The brand to pluck out of the fire,
 And ransom my soul from the grave ?
 The help of Thy Spirit restore,
 And show me the life-giving blood,
 And pardon a sinner once more,
 And bring me again unto God.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

O Jesus ! in pity draw near,
Come quickly to help a lost soul ;
To comfort a mourner appear,
And make a poor Lazarus whole !
The balm of Thy mercy apply ;
(Thou seest the sore anguish I feel ;)
Save, Lord, or I perish, I die !
O save, or I sink into hell !
4 I sink, if Thou longer delay
Thy pardoning mercy to show ;
Come quickly, and kindly display
The power of Thy passion below !
By all Thou hast done for my sake,
One drop of Thy blood I implore !
Now, now let it touch me, and make
The sinner—a sinner no more !

ALEXANDER, 1

C.M.

572

WHEN wounded sore, the stricken
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.
2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.
3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.
4 'Tis Jesu's blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touched with all our joy—
And feeleth for our grief.
5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord ;
Unseal that cleansing tide ;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in Thy wounded side.

573

C.M.

COWPER. 1779.

- O** FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame ;
 A light, to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus, and His word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
 How sweet their memory still !
 But they have left an aching void,
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove ! return,
 Sweet messenger of rest !
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
 And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
 And worship only Thee !
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

574

(475)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- G**OD of my salvation, hear,
 And help me to believe !
 Simply do I now draw near,
 Thy blessing to receive.
 Full of guilt, alas ! I am ;
 But to Thy wounds for refuge flee.
 Friend of sinners ! spotless Lamb !
 Thy blood was shed for me.
- 2 Standing now as newly slain,
 To Thee I lift mine eye !

Balm of all my grief and pain,
 Thy blood is always nigh :
 Now, as yesterday, the same
 Thou art, and wilt for ever be ;
 Friend of sinners ! spotless Lamb !
 Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
 Nor can Thy grace procure ;
 Empty send me not away,
 For I, Thou know'st, am poor :
 Dust and ashes is my name,
 My all is sin and misery ;
 Friend of sinners ! spotless Lamb !
 Thy blood was shed for me.

4 No good word, or work, or thought,
 Bring I to gain Thy grace ;
 Pardon I accept, unbought,
 Thy proffer I embrace :
 Coming, as at first I came,
 To take, and not bestow on Thee ;
 Friend of sinners ! spotless Lamb !
 Thy blood was shed for me.

5 Saviour ! from Thy wounded side
 I never will depart ;
 Here will I my spirit hide,
 When I am pure in heart :
 Till my place above I claim,
 This only shall be all my plea,
 Friend of sinners ! spotless Lamb !
 Thy blood was shed for me.

575

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1740

JESUS, Thou know'st my sinfulness,
 My faults are not concealed from Thee ;
 A sinner in my last distress,
 To Thy dear wounds I fain would flee,
 And never, never thence depart,
 Close sheltered in Thy loving heart.

- 2 How shall I find the living Way,
 Lost, and confused, and dark, and blind ?
 Ah ! Lord, my soul is gone astray :
 Ah ! Shepherd, seek my soul, and find,
 And in Thy arms of mercy take,
 And bring the weary wanderer back.
- 3 Weary and sick of sin I am ;
 I hate it, Lord, and yet I love :
 When wilt Thou rid me of my shame ?
 When wilt Thou all my load remove,
 Destroy the fiend that lurks within,
 And speak the word of power, " Be clean ?"
- 4 O Lord, if I at last discern
 That I am sin, and Thou art love,
 If now o'er me Thy bowels yearn,
 Give me a token from above ;
 And conquer my rebellious will,
 And bid my murmuring heart be still.
- 5 Sin only let me not commit,
 (Sin never can advance Thy praise,)
 And, lo ! I lay me at Thy feet,
 And wait unwearied all my days,
 Till my appointed time shall come,
 And Thou shalt call Thine exile home.

576

L.M. 6 lines.
 Jer. iii. 4, 5.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

- Y**ES, from this instant, now I will
 To my offended Father cry ;
 My base ingratitude I feel,
 Vilest of all Thy children, I,
 Not worthy to be called Thy son ;
 Yet will I thee my Father own.
- 2 Guide of my youth hast Thou not been,
 And rescued me from passion's power ?
 Ten thousand times preserved from sin,
 Nor let the greedy grave devour ?
 And wilt Thou now Thy wrath retain,
 Nor ever love Thy child again ?

- 3 Ah ! canst Thou find it in Thy heart
To give me up, so long pursued !
Ah ! canst Thou finally depart,
And leave Thy creature in his blood !
Leave me,—out of Thy presence cast,
To perish in my sins at last !
- 4 If Thou hast will'd me to return,
If weeping at Thy feet I fall,
The prodigal Thou wilt not spurn,
But pity, and forgive me all,
In answer to my Friend above,
In honour of His bleeding love !

577

(463)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Isa. lvii. 17—19.

SAVIOUR, I now with shame confess
My thirst for creature happiness ;
By base desires I wronged Thy love,
And forced Thy mercy to remove.

2 Yet would I not regard Thy stroke :

- Till Thou repeat my sins forgiven,
As far from God as hell from heaven.
- 7 But, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
My comfort Thou wilt give me back ;
And lead me on from grace to grace,
In all the paths of righteousness :
- 8 Till, throughly saved, my new-born soul,
And perfectly by faith made whole,
Doth bright in Thy full image rise,
To share Thy glory in the skies.

578 (476)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Heb. v. 7.

- T**HOU Man of Griefs, remember me,
Who never canst Thyself forget,
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat :
- 2 When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load !
Thy feeble flesh abhorred to bear
The wrath of an Almighty God !
- 3 Father, if I may call Thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire ;
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire !
- 4 I tremble lest the wrath Divine,
Which bruises now my sinful soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.
- 5 To Thee my last distress I bring ;
The heightened fear of death I find :
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind !
- 6 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from Thee !
O save, and give me to Thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me !

Recovered.

579

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742

- I WILL hearken what the Lord
Will say concerning me !
Hast Thou not a gracious word
For one who waits on Thee ?
Speak it to my soul, that I
May in Thee have peace and power ;
Never from my Saviour fly,
And never grieve Thee more.
- 2 How have I Thy Spirit grieved,
Since first with me He strove !
Obstinately disbelieved,
And trampled on Thy love !
I have sinned against the light ;
I have broke from Thy embrace !
No, I would not, when I might,
Be freely saved by grace.

Unto Thee, my bleeding Lord,
 However late, I turn :
 Yes, I yield, I yield at last,
 Listen to Thy speaking blood,
 Me, with all my sins, I cast
 On my atoning God !

(477)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

MY God, my God, to Thee I cry ;
 Thee only would I know ;
 Thy purifying blood apply,
 And wash me white as snow.
 Touch me, and make the leper clean,
 Purge my iniquity :
 Unless Thou wash my soul from sin,
 I have no part in Thee.
 But art Thou not already mine ?
 Answer, if mine Thou art !
 Whisper within, Thou Love Divine,
 And cheer my drooping heart.
 Tell me again, my peace is made,
 And bid the sinner live :
 The debt's discharged, the ransom's paid,
 My Father must forgive.
 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,
 His wounds are opened wide :
 For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
 And speaks me justified.
 Why did I my Saviour leave,
 So soon unfaithful prove,
 How could I Thy good Spirit grieve,
 And sin against Thy love !
 I forced Thee first to disappear ;
 I turned Thy face aside :
 Ah, Lord ! if Thou hadst still been here,
 Thy servant had not died.
 But O, how soon Thy wrath is o'er,
 And *pardoning* love takes place !

- Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of Thy grace.
9 O could I lose myself in Thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love !
10 My humbled soul, when Thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies :
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet Thy purer eyes ?
11 I loathe myself, when God I see,
And into nothing fall ;
Content, if Thou exalted be,
And Christ be *All in All*.

581

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- A**FTER all that I have done,
Saviour, art Thou pacified ?
Whither shall my vileness run ?
Hide me, earth, the sinner hide !
2 Let me sink into the dust,

- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 More full of grace than I of sin ;
 Yet once again I seek Thy face,
 Open Thine arms, and take me in ;
 And freely my backslidings heal,
 And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
 My fallen spirit to restore ;
 O ! for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more,
 The ruins of my soul repair,
 And make my heart a house of prayer.
- 4 The stone to flesh again convert :
 The veil of sin again remove :
 Sprinkle Thy blood upon my heart,
 And melt it by Thy dying love !
 This rebel heart by love subdue,
 And make it soft, and make it new.
- 5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
 And kindle my relentings now ;
 Fill all my soul with filial fears ;
 To Thy sweet yoke my spirit bow ;
 Bend by Thy grace, O bend, or break,
 The iron sinew in my neck !
- 6 Ah ! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
 That trembles at the' approach of sin :
 A godly fear of sin impart ;
 Implant, and root it deep within ;
 That I may dread Thy gracious power,
 And never dare to' offend Thee more.

583

(800)

7s & 6s.

O. WESLEY. 1742.

SON of God, if Thy free grace
 Again hath raised me up,
 Called me still to seek Thy face,
 And given me back my hope ;
 Still Thy timely help afford,
 And all Thy lovingkindness show :

- Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go !
- 2 By me, O my Saviour, stand,
In sore temptation's hour ;
Save me with Thine outstretched hand,
And show forth all Thy power ;
O be mindful of Thy word ;
Thy all-sufficient grace bestow ;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.
- 3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart ;
That I may from evil near
With timely care depart :
Sin be more than hell abhorred,
Till Thou destroy the tyrant foe,
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.
- 4 Never let me leave Thy breast,
From Thee my Saviour stray :

- Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way :
Force my violence to be still,
And captivate my every thought ;
Charm, and melt, and change my will,
And bring me down to nought.
- 3 If I have begun once more
Thy sweet return to feel,
If e'en now I find Thy power
Present my soul to heal,—
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor struggle out of Thine embrace ;
Never more resist or fly
From Thy pursuing grace.
- 4 To the cross, Thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love ;
Freedom let me never find
From Thee, my Lord, to move :
That I never, never more,
May with my much-loved Master part,
To the posts of mercy's door
O nail my willing heart !
- 5 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone ;
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for Thine own :
More and more Thyself reveal,
Thy presence let me always find :
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble, sin-sick mind.
- 6 As the apple of an eye
Thy weakest servant keep ;
Help me at Thy feet to lie,
And there for ever weep ;
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven ;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

For Believers Rejoicing.

585 (27)

L.M. 6 lines.

J. WESLEY, 1740

From the German of J. A. ROTH. 1638—1758.

NOW I have found the ground, wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain :
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain ;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

- 2 Father, Thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far :
Thy heart still melts with tenderness ;
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

- 6 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away ;
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love.

586

(99)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1740.

From the German of Count Zinzendorf, 1700—1760.

- J**ESUS, Thy Blood and Righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
 For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
 Fully absolved through these I am,
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
 Who from the Father's bosom came,
 Who died for me, e'en me to' atone,
 Now for my Lord and God I own.
- 4 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
 Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
 For ever doth for sinners plead,
 For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.
- 5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
 Than sands upon the ocean shore,
 Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
 For all a full atonement made.
- 6 When from the dust of death I rise,
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 E'en then,—this shall be all my plea,
 Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.
- 7 Thus *Abraham*, the Friend of God,
 Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood,
 Saviour of sinners Thee proclaim !
 Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

- 8 Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me, and all Thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.
- 9 Ah ! give to all Thy servants, Lord,
With power to speak Thy quick'ning word ;
That all, who to Thy wounds will flee,
May find eternal life in Thee.
- 10 Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove !
Now let Thy word o'er all prevail ;
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

587

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

THEE, O my God and King,
My Father, Thee I sing !
Hear, well-pleased, the joyous sound,
Praise from earth and heaven receive ;
Lost—I now in Christ am found,
Dead—by faith in Christ I live.

88

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Rom. x. 6-8.

OFT I in my heart have said,
 Who shall ascend on high,
 Mount to Christ, my glorious Head,
 And bring Him from the sky ?
 Borne on contemplation's wing,
 Surely I shall find Him there,
 Where the angels praise their King,
 And gain the Morning Star.

2 Oft I in my heart have said,
 Who to the deep shall stoop,
 Sink with Christ among the dead,
 From thence to bring Him up ?
 Could I but my heart prepare,
 By unfeigned humility,
 Christ would quickly enter there,
 And ever dwell with me.

3 But the righteousness of faith
 Hath taught me better things :
 "Inward turn thine eyes," it saith,
 (While Christ to me it brings,)
 "Christ is ready to impart
 Life to all, for life who sigh :
 In thy mouth, and in thy heart,
 The word is ever nigh."

89

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1789.

O FILIAL Deity,
 Accept my new-born cry ;
 See the travail of Thy soul,
 Saviour, and be satisfied ;
 Take me now, possess me whole,
 Who for me, for me, hast died !

2 Of life Thou art the Tree ;
 My immortality !
 Feed this tender branch of Thine,
 Ceaseless influence derive :

- Thou the true, the heavenly Vine,
Grafted into Thee I live.
- 3 Of life the Fountain Thou,
I know,—I feel it now !
Faint and dead no more I droop ;
Thou art in me ; Thy supplies,
Every moment springing up,
Into life eternal rise.
- 4 Thou the good Shepherd art,
From Thee I ne'er shall part :
Thou my Keeper and my Guide,
Make me still Thy tender care ;
Gently lead me by Thy side,
Sweetly in Thy bosom bear.
- 5 Thou art my daily Bread,
O Christ, Thou art my Head !
Motion, virtue, strength, to me,
Me Thy living member, flow :
Nourished I, and fed, by Thee,
Up to Thee in all things grow.

590

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1789.

From the German of W. C. DRESELER. 1802.

- I**NTO Thy gracious hands I fall,
 And with the arms of faith embrace,
 O King of Glory, hear my call ;
 O raise me, heal me, by Thy grace !
- 2 Now righteous through Thy wounds I am ;
 No condemnation now I dread ;
 I taste salvation in Thy name,
 Alive in Thee, my living Head.
- 3 Still let Thy wisdom be my guide,
 Nor take Thy light from me away ;
 Still with me let Thy grace abide,
 That I from Thee may never stray :
- 4 Let Thy word richly in me dwell ;
 Thy peace and love my portion be ;
 My joy to' endure and do Thy will,
 Till perfect I am found in Thee.
- 5 Arm me with Thy whole armour, Lord !
 Support my weakness with Thy might ;
 Gird on my thigh Thy conquering sword,
 And shield me in the threatening fight :
- 6 From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
 So in Thy strength shall I go on ;
 Till heaven and earth flee from Thy face,
 And glory end what grace begun.

591

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1789.

- H**EAR, Holy Spirit, hear,
 My inward Comforter !
 Loos'd by Thee, my stammering tongue
 First essays to praise Thee now,
 This the new, the joyful song,
 Hear it in Thy temple, Thou !
- 2 Long o'er my formless soul
 The dreary waves did roll ;
 Void I lay, and sunk in night :
 Thou, the overshadowing Dove,

- Call'dst the chaos into light,
Bad'st me be, and live, and love.
- 3 Thee I exult to feel,
Thou in my heart dost dwell :
There Thou bear'st Thy witness true,
Shed'st the love of God abroad ;
I, in Christ, a creature new,
I, e'en I, am born of God !
- 4 Pledge of the promise given,
My antepast of heaven ;
Earnest Thou of joys divine,
Joys divine on me bestowed,
Heaven, and Christ, and all are mine
All the plenitude of God.
- 5 Thou art my inward Guide,
I ask no help beside :
Arm of God, on Thee I call,
Weak as helpless infancy !
Weak I am—yet cannot fall,
Stav'd by Faith. and led by Thee !

- 3 Strong I am, for He is strong ;
 Just in righteousness divine :
 He is my triumphal song ;
 All He has, and is, is mine ;
Mine—and *yours*, whoe'er believe ;
 On His Name whoe'er shall call,
 Freely shall His grace receive ;
 He is full of grace for all.
- 4 Therefore shall ye draw with joy
 Water from Salvation's well ;
 Praise shall your glad tongues employ
 While His streaming grace ye feel.
 Each to each, ye then shall say,
 "Sinners, call upon His Name ;
 O rejoice to see His day ;
 See it, and His praise proclaim !"
- 5 Glory to His Name belongs,
 Great, and marvellous, and high :
 Sing unto the Lord your songs,
 Cry, to every nation, cry !
 Wondrous things the Lord hath done,
 Excellent His Name we find ;
 This to all mankind is known,
 Be it known to all mankind !
- 6 Sion, shout Thy Lord and King,
 Israel's HOLY ONE is He !
 Give Him thanks, rejoice, and sing,
 Great is He, and dwells in thee.
 O the grace unsearchable !
 While eternal ages roll,
 God delights in man to dwell,
 Soul of each believing soul !

593

(493)

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

O WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise,
 So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace,
 So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
 The weakest believer that hangs upon Him !

- 2 How happy the man whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in Thee !
Their joy is to walk in the light of Thy face ;
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight shall be in Thy name ;
They shall as their right Thy righteousness claim :
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed by Thy
blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.
- 4 For Thou art their boast, their glory and power,
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation, that lifts up my head.
- 5 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my defence ;
I trust in His word, none plucks me from thence :
Since I have found favour, He all things will do ;
My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.
- 6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of Thine own,
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known ;
For sorrow and sadness I now shall receive

- 3 There we shall see His face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in :
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below :
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow :
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry :
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

595

88,886. or L.M. J. F. Oberlin. 1830.

- O** LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail inconstant heart ;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee,
To Thee, my God, to Thee !
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee,
On Thee, my God, on Thee !
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place ;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee,
To Thee, my God, to Thee !
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee,
In Thee, my God, in Thee !

596

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY, 1742.

- M**Y Father, my God, I long for Thy love ;
O shed it abroad ; send Christ from above !
My heart, ever fainting, He only can cheer ;
And all things are wanting, till Jesus is here.
- 2 O when shall my tongue be fill'd with Thy praise !
While all the day long I publish Thy grace,
Thy honour and glory to sinners forth show,
Till sinners adore Thee, and own Thou art true.
- 3 Thy strength and Thy power I now can proclaim,
Preserved every hour through Jesus's Name ;
For Thou art still by me, and holdest my hand ;
No ill can come nigh me, by faith while I stand.
- 4 My God is my Guide : Thy mercies abound ;
On every side they compass me round :
Thou sav'st me from sickness, from sin dost
retrieve, [believe.
And strength'nest my weakness, and bidst me
- 5 Thou holdest my soul in spiritual life,
My foes dost control and quiet their strife :

- 2 'Tis mystery all ! The' Immortal dies !
 Who can explore His strange design !
 In vain the first-born Seraph tries
 To sound the depths of Love Divine.
 'Tis mercy all ! let earth adore,
 Let angel-minds inquire no more.
- 3 He left His Father's throne above ;
 (So free, so infinite His grace !)
 Emptied Himself of all but Love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race :
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
 For, O my God, it found out *me* !
- 4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night ;
 Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray ;
 I woke ; the dungeon flamed with light ;
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,
 I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.
- 5 No condemnation now I dread ;
 Jesus, and all in Him, is mine !
 Alive in Him, my living Head,
 And clothed in righteousness divine,
 Bold I approach the' eternal throne,
 And claim the crown, through Christ, my own

598

(59)

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- A**RISE, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears ;
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears ;
 Before the throne my Surety stands ;
 My name is written on His hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede,
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood, to plead ;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

- 3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
 Received on Calvary ;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me ;
 " Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
 " Nor let that ransomed sinner die !"
- 4 The Father hears Him pray,
 His dear Anointed One ;
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of His Son :
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconciled,
 His pardoning voice I hear,
 He owns me for His child,
 I can no longer fear ;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And, Father, Abba, Father, cry !

For this the hosts above rejoice,—
We raise the happiness of heaven.

- 6 For this, (no longer sons of night,) To Thee our thankful hearts we give;
To Thee, who call'dst us into light,
To Thee we die, to Thee we live.
- 7 (We bless the power of grace Divine!)
In hymns we now our voices raise,
Loudly in strange hosannas join,
And blasphemies are turned to praise !)

600

(333)

8s. & 7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749

I will sing with the Spirit.—1 Cor. xiv. 15.

JESUS, Thou Soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our strength exert,
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim,
Compose into a thankful frame,
And tune Thy people's heart.

- 2 While in the heavenly work we join,
Thy glory be our sole design,—
Thy glory, not our own :
Still let us keep our end in view,
And still the pleasing task pursue,
To please our God alone.
- 3 The secret pride, the subtle sin,
O let it never more steal in,
To' offend Thy glorious eyes ;
To desecrate our hallowed strain,
And make our solemn service vain,
And mar our sacrifice.
- 4 To magnify Thy awful Name,
To spread the honours of the Lamb,
Let us our voices raise ;
Our souls' and bodies' powers unite,
Regardless of our own delight,
And dead to human praise.

- 5 Still let us on our guard be found,
And watch against the power of sound,
With sacred jealousy ;
Lest, haply, sense should damp our zeal,
And music's charms bewitch and steal
Our hearts away from Thee.
- 6 With calmly-reverential joy,
O let us all our lives employ
In setting forth Thy love ;
And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing, with all the heavenly choir,
That endless song above !

601

(504)

5,5,12.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

MY God, I am Thine, what a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus
mine !
In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the sound of His
name.

Wept o'er my soul Thy pitying eye ;
 Thy bowels yearn'd, and sounded, " Live !"
 Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
 And pardon in Thy mercy found.

- 3 Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise,
 I render to my pardoning God ;
 Extol the riches of Thy grace,
 And spread Thy saving name abroad ;
 That only name to sinners given,
 Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.
- 4 Jesus, I bless Thy gracious power,
 And all within me shouts Thy Name :
 Thy Name let every soul adore,
 Thy power let every tongue proclaim ;
 Thy grace let every sinner know,
 And find with me their heaven below.

603

L.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
 On Thee, my Saviour and my God !
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love ;
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine ;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice Divine.
- 4 Now rest my long-divided heart ;
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest :
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With Him of every good possess.
- 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

604

8s & 7s.

LYTE. 1825.

Mark x. 28.

- JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me:
Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,—
"Twill but drive me to Thy breast.

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise !

605

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

JESUS is our common Lord,
 He our loving Saviour is :
 By His death to life restored,
 Misery we exchange for bliss ;

2 Bliss to carnal minds unknown :
 O 'tis more than tongue can tell !
 Only to believers shown,
 Glorious and unspeakable !

3 Christ, our Brother and our Friend,
 Shows us His eternal love :
 Never shall our triumphs end,
 Till we take our seats above.

4 Let us walk with Him in white,
 For our bridal day prepare,
 For our partnership in light,
 For our glorious meeting there !

606

(314)

L.M. 6 lines.

J. WESLEY. 1789.

From the German of JOHN ANGELUS. 1634—1677.

THREE will I love, my strength, my tower ;
 Thee, will I love, my joy, my crown ;
 Thee will I love, with all my power,
 In all Thy works, and Thee alone :
 Thee will I love, till the pure fire
 Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Ah ! why did I so late Thee know,
 Thee, lovelier than the sons of men !
 Ah ! why did I no sooner go
 To Thee, the only ease in pain !
 Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn,
 That I so late to Thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I strayed ;
 I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved ;

- Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread;
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved :
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee !
- 4 I thank Thee, Uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined ;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind ;
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.
- 5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray ;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way ;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate with Thy heavenly light.
- 6 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears ;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires ;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires ;

608

(216)

8s & 7s. Lady HUNTINGDON. 1764.

- COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
 O Tune my heart to sing Thy grace !
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some celestial measure,
 Sung by ransomed hosts above ;
 O ! the vast, the boundless treasure
 Of my Lord's unchanging love !
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer ;
 Hither, by Thy help, I'm come ;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 O ! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be :
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee !
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love ;
 Take my heart,—O take and seal it,
 Seal it from Thy courts above.

609

(494)

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- LET all men rejoice, by Jesus restored :
 L We lift up our voice, and call Him our Lord :
 His joy is to bless us, and free us from thrall ;
 From all that oppress us, He rescues us all.
- 2 Him Prophet, and King, and Priest we proclaim ;
 We triumph and sing of Jesus's name :
 Poor sinners He teaches to show forth His praise,
 And tell of the riches of Jesus's grace.
- 3 No matter how dull the scholar whom He
 Takes into His school, and gives him to see ;

- A wonderful fashion of teaching He hath,
And wise to salvation He makes us through faith.
- 4 The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not stray,
His method so plain, so easy His way :
The simplest believer His promise may prove,
And drink of the river of Jesus's love.
- 5 Poor outcasts of men, whose souls were despised,
And left with disdain, by Jesus are prized ;
His gracious creation in us He makes known,
And brings us salvation, and calls us His own.

610

88,86, or L.M. C. ELLIOTT. 1836.

- O** HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean :
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee !
- 2 Blest with communion so Divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee ?

- 7 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall ;
What can disturb me, who appal,
While as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour ! I cling to Thee ?

611

77,87. D.

C. WESLEY. 1745

- H** EAD of Thy Church triumphant !
We joyfully adore Thee ;
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy Love we praise, which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands exulting
In Thine Almighty favour ;
The Love Divine, which made us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine for ever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation ;
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes ;
By Thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory,
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise for that high prize,
Which Thou hast set before us ;
And, if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

612

(491)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709

- M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights !
- 2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun :
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And Thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And whispers I am His.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word ;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love and arms of faith

To' attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.

- 5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

614 (229) C.M. C. WESLEY. 1742.

JESUS, to Thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid :
Oppressed by sins, I lift my eye,
And see the shadows fade.

- 2 Soon as I find myself forsook,
The grace again is given :
A sigh can reach Thy heart, a look
Can bring Thee down from heaven.

- 3 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid :
On Thee alone my constant mind
Is every moment stayed.

- 4 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim :
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

- 5 Jesus, my Strength, my Life, my Rest,
On Thee will I depend,
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

615 7s & 6s. C. WESLEY. 1741.

GLORIOUS Saviour of my soul,
G I lift it up to Thee ;
Thou hast made the sinner whole,
Hast set the captive free !
Thou my debt of death hast paid ;
Thou hast raised me from my fall ;
Thou hast full atonement made :
My Saviour died for all.

- 2 What could my Redeemer move
To leave His Father's breast ?
Pity drew Him from above,
And would not let Him rest :
Swift to succour sinking man,
Sinking into endless woe,
Jesus to our rescue ran,
And God appear'd below.
- 3 God, in this dark vale of tears,
A Man of Grievs was seen :
Here for three and thirty years
He dwelt with sinful men.
Did they know the Deity ?
Did they own Him, who He was ?
See the Friend of Sinners, see !
He hangs on yonder cross !
- 4 Yet Thy wrath I cannot fear,
Thou gentle, bleeding Lamb !
By Thy judgment I am clear ;
Heal'd by Thy stripes I am :

- 4 I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great ;
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.
- 5 Father, I wait Thy daily will,
Thou shalt divide my portion still ;
Grant me on earth what seems Thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

617

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

Mat. vi. 33.

THE earth is the Lord's, and all it contains,
The truth of His words for ever remains,
The saints have a mountain of blessings in Him :
His grace is the fountain, His peace is the stream.

- 2 To Him our request we now have made known,
Who sees what is best for each of His own :
Our heathenish care, we cast it aside ;
He heareth the prayer, and God will provide.
- 3 The modest and meek the earth shall possess :
The kingdom who seek of Jesus's grace,
The power of His Spirit shall joyfully own,
And all things inherit, in virtue of One.

618 (569)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

Psalm cxxv

WHO in the Lord confide,
And feel His sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide,
Firm as the mount of God :
Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,
His Zion cannot move ;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesu's guardian love.

- 2 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them,
From all their enemies.

On every side He stands,
And for His Israel cares ;
And safe in His Almighty hands
Their souls for ever bears.

- 3 But let them still abide
In Thee, all-gracious Lord,
Till every soul is sanctified,
And perfectly restored :
The men of heart sincere
Continue to defend ;
And do them good, and save them here,
And love them to the end.

619

C.M.

O. WESLEY. 1831.

ANGELS, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide,
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.

- 2 Myriads of bright cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,

620

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

Psalm cxxi.

- T**O the hills I lift mine eyes,
 The everlasting hills ;
 Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
 My soul the Spirit feels :
 Will He not His help afford ?
 Help, while yet I ask, is given ;
 God comes down ; the God and Lord
 That made both earth and heaven.
- 2 Faithful soul, pray always ; pray,
 And still in God confide ;
 He thy feeble steps shall stay,
 Nor suffer thee to slide :
 Lean on thy Redeemer's breast ;
 He thy quiet spirit keeps ;
 Rest in Him, securely rest ;
 Thy Watchman never sleeps.
- 3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell
 Thy Keeper can surprise ;
 Careless slumber cannot steal
 On His all-seeing eyes ;
 He is Israel's sure defence ;
 Israel all His care shall prove,
 Kept by watchful providence,
 And ever-waking Love.
- 4 See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
 Omnipotently near !
 Lo ! He holds thee by thy hand,
 And banishes thy fear ;
 Shadows with His wings thy head ;
 Guards from all impending harms :—
 Round thee, and beneath are spread
 The everlasting arms.
- 5 Christ shall bless thy going out,
 Shall bless thy coming in ;
 Kindly compass thee about,
 Till thou art saved from sin ;

Are lost eternally.

- 2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
 Upon the cross embrace ;
 For me didst bear the nails and spear,
 And manifold disgrace,
- 3 And griefs, and torments numberless,
 And sweat of agony ;
 E'en death itself,—and all for one
 Who was Thine enemy.
- 4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
 Should I not love Thee well ?
 Not for the sake of winning heaven,
 Or of escaping hell.
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
 Nor seeking a reward ;
 But as Thyself hast loved me,
 O ever-loving Lord.
- 6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
 And in Thy praise will sing,
 Because Thou art my loving God,
 And my redeeming King

- 3 Yet through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on Thee, my God !
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where Thou hast trod
- 4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head
- 5 Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with Thee ?
- 6 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all Thy mercy I will give ;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

623

C.M.

BONAR. 1856.

- I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
“ Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast ! ”
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
“ Behold ! I freely give
The living water,—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live ! ”
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
“ I am this dark world’s Light,
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.”

- The grace appeared so great.
 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
 And did Thy hand confess :
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
 And sung Thy wondrous grace.
 3 Great is the work, my neighbours cried,
 And owned the power Divine ;
 Great is the work, my heart replied,
 And be the glory Thine.

625

C.M.

S. STENNETT. 1787

- M**AJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
 Upon the Saviour's brow ;
 His head with radiant glories crowned,
 His lips with grace o'erflow.
 2 No mortal can with Him compare
 Among the sons of men :
 Fairer is He than all the fair
 Who fill the heavenly train.
 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
 He flew to my relief ;
 For me, J

6 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of Love Divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

626

L.M. 6 lines.

J. WESLEY. 1789.

From the German of PAUL GERHARDT.

- O** DRAW me, Saviour, after Thee,
So shall I run and never tire :
With gracious words still comfort me ;
Be Thou my hope, my sole desire :
Free me from every weight : nor fear,
Nor sin can come, if Thou art here.
- 2 My Health, my Light, my Life, my Crown,
My Portion and my Treasure Thou !
O take me, seal me for Thine own ;
To Thee alone my soul I bow ;
Without Thee all is pain ; my mind
Repose in nought but Thee can find.
- 3 What in Thy love possess I not ?
My Star by night, my Sun by day ;
My spring of life when parched with drought,
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,
My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
My All before the throne of God !

627

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- P**RAISE the Lord, ye blessed ones,
Your glorious Lord and ours,
Principalities, and Thrones,
And all the heavenly powers !
Angels, that in strength excel,
Here your utmost strength employ,
Let your ravished spirits swell
With endless praise and joy.
- 2 Worms of earth, on God we call,
And challenge you to sing,
Sing the Sovereign Cause of all,
The universal King ;

While eternal ages last,
The transporting theme repeat,
Shout, and gaze, and fall, and cast
Your crowns before His seat.

- 3 There, with you, we trust to lie,
With you to rise again,
Nearest Him who rules the sky,
And foremost of His train :
We shall lead the heavenly choir,
We shall give the key to you,
Singing to our golden lyre,
The song for ever new.

628

11,12,12,10.

HEBER. 1827.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
Thee ;

Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and Mighty !
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,

For Believers Fighting.

629

(224)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

O MAY Thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm
To rush into Thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm !

- 2 O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven !

630

(506)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son :
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

- 2 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God :
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

- 3 Stand then against your foes,
In close and firm array :
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day :
But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design,
Armed in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

- 4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul ;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole :
Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed ;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.

631

(506)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

PART II.

- B**UT, above all, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield ;
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field :
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued ;
Repelled his every fiery dart,
And quenched with Jesu's blood.
- 2 Jesus hath died for you !
What can His love withstand ?

To God your every want
 In instant prayer display ;
 Pray always ; pray, and never faint ;
 Pray, without ceasing pray !

632

S.M.

O. WESLEY. 1749.

PART III.

- I**N fellowship,—alone,
 To God with faith draw near :
 Approach His courts, besiege His throne
 With all the powers of prayer :
 Go to His temple, go,
 Nor from His altar move ;
 Let every house His worship know,
 And every heart His love.
- 2 To God your spirits dart ;
 Your souls in words declare ;
 Or groan, to Him who reads the heart,
 The' unutterable prayer.
 His mercy now implore,
 And now show forth His praise ;
 In shouts, or silent awe, adore
 His miracles of grace.
- 3 Pour out your souls to God,
 And bow them with your knees ;
 And spread your heart and hands abroad,
 And pray for Zion's peace :
 Your guides and brethren bear
 For ever on your mind ;
 Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
 In grasping all mankind.
- 4 From strength to strength go on,
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray :
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day :
 Still let the Spirit cry
 In all His soldiers, " Come ;"
 Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
 And takes the conquerors home.

633

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

SURROUNDED by a host of foes,
Stormed by a host of foes within,
Nor swift to flee, nor strong to' oppose,
Single against hell, earth, and sin,
Single, yet undismayed, I am ;
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

- 2 What though a thousand hosts engage,
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake ?
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back ;
Portrayed it bears a bleeding Lamb ;
I dare believe in Jesu's name.
- 3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
Me from this evil world to free,
To purge my sins, and loose my bands,
And save from all iniquity,
My Lord and God, from heaven He came ;
I dare believe in Jesu's name.

And let my knowing zeal be joined
 To fervent charity :
 With calm and tempered zeal
 Let me enforce Thy call ;
 And vindicate Thy gracious will,
 Which offers life to all.

3 O do not let me trust
 In any arm but Thine !
 Humble, O humble to the dust,
 This stubborn soul of mine !
 A feeble thing of nought,
 With lowly shame I own,
 The help which upon earth is wrought
 Thou dost it all alone.

4 O may I love like Thee !
 In all Thy footsteps tread !
 Thou hatest all iniquity,
 But nothing Thou hast made.
 O may I learn Thy art,
 With meekness to reprove ;
 To hate the sin with all my heart,
 But still the sinner love.

35 (308) 7s & 6s. C. WESLEY. 1742.

O ALMIGHTY God of Love,
 Thy holy arm display ;
 Send me succour from above,
 In this my evil day :
 Arm my weakness with Thy power,
 Woman's seed, appear within ;
 Be my Safeguard and my Tower
 Against the face of sin.

2 Could I of Thy strength take hold,
 And always feel Thee near,
 Confident, divinely bold,
 My soul would scorn to fear :
 Nothing should my firmness shock ;
 Though the gates of hell assail,

- Were I built upon the Rock,
They never could prevail.
- 3 Rock of my salvation, haste,
Extend Thy ample shade ;
Let it over me be cast,
And screen my naked head :
Save me from the trying hour,
Thou my sure protection be,
Shelter me from Satan's power,
Till I am fixed on Thee.
- 4 Set upon Thyself my feet,
And make me surely stand ;
From temptation's rage and heat
Cover me with Thy hand :
Let me in the cleft be placed,
Never from my fence remove ;
In Thine arms of love embraced,
Of everlasting love.

636

(557)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1739

Isa. xliii. 2.

- 4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour stand !
 And guard in fierce temptation's hour ;
 Hide in the hollow of Thy hand ;
 Show forth in me Thy saving power ;
 Still be Thy arms my sure defence ;
 Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.
- 5 Since Thou hast bid me come to Thee,
 (Good as Thou art, and strong to save,)
 I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
 Upborne by the unyielding wave,
 Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near,
 And yawning whirlpools of despair.
- 6 When darkness intercepts the skies,
 And sorrow's waves around me roll,
 When high the storms of passion rise,
 And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul,
 My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
 And hear a whisper, " Peace, be still !"
- 7 Though in affliction's furnace tried,
 Unhurt, on snares and deaths I'll tread ;
 Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,
 Pour all its flames upon my head,
 Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,
 And flourish, unconsumed, in fire.

637

(509)

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- O**MNIPOTENT Lord, my Saviour and King,
 Thy succour afford, Thy righteousness bring :
 Thy promises bind Thee compassion to have ;
 Now, now let me find Thee almighty to save.
- 2 Rejoicing in hope, and patient in grief,
 To Thee I look up for certain relief ;
 I fear no denial, no danger I fear,
 Nor start from the trial, while Jesus is near.
- 3 I every hour in jeopardy stand ;
 But Thou art my power, and holdest my hand :
 While yet I am calling, Thy succour I feel ;
 It saves me from falling, or plucks me from hell.

- 4 O who can explain this struggle for life !
This travail and pain, this trembling and strife !
Plague, earthquake, and famine, and tumult, and
The wonderful coming of Jesus declare ! [war,
- 5 For every fight is dreadful and loud !
The warrior's delight is slaughter and blood,
His foes overturning, till all shall expire ;
But this is with burning, and fuel of fire.
- 6 Yet God is above men, devils, and sin :
My Jesus's love the battle shall win :
So terribly glorious His coming shall be,
His love all-victorious shall conquer for me.
- 7 He all shall break through ; His truth and His
Shall bring me into the plentiful place, [grace
Through much tribulation, through water and fire,
Through floods of temptation, and flames of desire.
- 8 On Jesus, my power, till then I rely ;
All evil before His presence shall fly :
When I have my Saviour, my sin shall depart,
And Jesus for ever shall reign in my heart.

- 5 Come, then, and claim me for Thine own ;
 Saviour, Thy right assert !
 Come, gracious Lord, set up Thy throne,
 And reign within my heart !
- 6 So shall I bless Thy pleasing sway ;
 And, sitting at Thy feet,
 Thy laws with all my heart obey,
 With all my soul submit.
- 7 So shall I do Thy will below
 As angels do above ;
 The virtue of Thy passion show,
 The triumphs of Thy love.
- 8 Thy love the conquest more than gains ;
 To all I shall proclaim,
 "Jesus, the King, the Conqueror reigns ;
 Bow down to Jesu's Name."
- 9 To Thee shall earth and hell submit,
 And every foe shall fall,
 Till death expires beneath Thy feet,
 And God is all in all.

339

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- A**WAY, my needless fears,
 And doubts no longer mine ;
 A ray of heavenly light appears,
 A messenger divine.
- 2 Thrice comfortable hope,
 That calms my troubled breast ;
 My Father's hand prepares the cup,
 And what He wills is best.
- 3 If what I wish is good,
 And suits the Will Divine ;
 By earth and hell in vain withstood,
 I know it shall be mine.
- 4 Still let them counsel take
 To frustrate His decree,
 They cannot keep a blessing back,
 By Heaven designed for me.

- 5 Here then I doubt no more,
But in His pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest.
- 6 To' accomplish His design
The creatures all agree ;
And all the attributes Divine
Are now at work for me.

640 (551) C.M. TURNER. (1787.)

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares ;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares ;—

- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God, and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power,
The healing balm to give ;

- His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.
Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesu's mighty love ;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To Him who rules above.
- 2 Extol His Kingly power ;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives, to die no more,
High on His Father's throne :
Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of His cross.
- 3 That bloody banner see,
And, in your Captain's sight,
Fight the good fight of faith with me,
My fellow-soldiers, fight !
In mighty phalanx joined,
Undaunted all proceed ;
Armed with the' unconquerable mind
Which was in Christ your Head.
- 4 Urge on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands ;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force ;
'Tis seized by violent hands :
See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies !
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,
And take the glorious prize !
- 5 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain ;
Yet O! disdain to fear!
"Courage," your Captain cries,
Who all your toil foreknew,
"Toil ye shall have ; yet all despise,
I have o'ercome for you."

- 6 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror ;
The world must sink beneath that hand
Which arms us for the war :
This is the victory !
Before our faith they fall ;
Jesus hath died for you and me,
Believe, and conquer all.

- 642⁽¹⁰⁹⁾ L.M. GRIGG. 1765.
JESUS ! and shall it ever be !
A mortal man ashamed of Thee ?
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor ;
Oh may I scorn it more and more.
2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star.
Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight blush to think of noon.
3 'Tis evening with my soul till He,
That Morning Star, bids darkness flee ;
He sheds the beams of noon divine.

- Overlooks the crowd below,
In brazen armour strong ?
Loudly of his strength he boasts,
On his sword and spear relies ;
Meets the God of Israel's hosts,
And all their force defies.
- 2 Tallest of the earth-born race,
They tremble at his power,
Flee before the monster's face,
And own him conqueror.
Who this mighty champion is,
Nature answers from within ;
He is my own wickedness,
My own besetting sin.
- 3 In the strength of Jesu's Name,
I with the monster fight ;
Feeble and unarmed I am,
But Jesus is my might :
Mindful of His mercies past,
Still I trust the same to prove ;
Still my helpless soul I cast
On His redeeming love.
- 4 With my sling and stone I go
To fight the Philistine ;
God hath said it shall be so,
And I shall conquer sin ;
On His promise I rely,
Trust in an Almighty Lord ;
Sure to win the victory,
For He hath spoke the word.
- 5 In the strength of God I rise,
I run to meet my foe ;
Faith the word of power applies,
And lays the giant low :
Faith in Jesu's conquering Name
Slings the sin-destroying stone ;
Points the word's unerring aim,
And brings the monster down.

- 6 Rise, ye men of Israel, rise !
 Your routed foe pursue ;
 Shout His praises to the skies,
 Who conquers sin for you.
 Jesus doth for you appear,
 He His conquering grace affords ;
 Saves you, not with sword and spear,
 The battle is the Lord's.
- 7 Every day the Lord of Hosts,
 His mighty power displays,
 Stills the proud Philistine's boast,
 The threatening Gittite slays :
 Israel's God let all below
 Conqueror over sin proclaim ;
 O that all the earth might know
 The power of Jesu's Name !

644 ⁽⁵¹³⁾ 4-8s & 2-6s. C. WESLEY. 1749.
 ARE there not in the labourer's day
 Twelve hours, in which he safely may
 His calling's work pursue ?

Regardless of the pains I feel,
Close by the gates of death and hell,
I urge my way to heaven.

- 5 Still will I strive, and labour still,
With humble zeal, to do Thy will,
And trust in Thy defence :
My soul into Thy hands I give,
And, if he can obtain Thy leave,
Let Satan pluck me thence !

345

(558)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

BUT can it be, that I should prove
For ever faithful to Thy love,
From sin for ever cease ?

I thank Thee for the blessed hope ;
It lifts my drooping spirit up,
It gives me back my peace.

- 2 In Thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Mighty, and merciful, and just ;
Thy sacred word is past ;
And I, who dare Thy word receive,
Without committing sin shall live,
Shall live to God at last.

- 3 I rest in Thine Almighty power ;
The Name of Jesus is a tower,
That hides my life above :
Thou canst, Thou wilt my Keeper be ;
My confidence is all in Thee,
The faithful God of Love.

- 4 While still to Thee for help I call,
Thou wilt not suffer me to fall,
Thou canst not let me sin ;
And Thou shalt give me power to pray,
Till all my sins are purged away,
And all Thy mind brought in.

- 5 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
My soul to Thy continual care
I faithfully commend !

Assured that Thou through life shalt save,
And show Thyself beyond the grave
My everlasting Friend.

646

(230)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

I beseech Thee, shew me Thy glory.—Ex. xxxiii. 18.

O GOD, my hope, my heavenly rest,
My all of happiness below,
Grant my importunate request,
To me, to me, Thy goodness show :
Thy beatific face display,
The brightness of eternal day.

- 2 Before my faith's enlightened eyes
Make all Thy gracious goodness pass ;
Thy goodness is the sight I prize ;
O may I see Thy smiling face !
Thy nature in my soul proclaim,
Reveal Thy Love, Thy glorious Name !
- 3 There, in the Place, beside Thy throne,
Where all that find acceptance stand,
Receive me up into Thy Son :

- 2 The fulness of my vast reward
 A blest eternity shall be :
 But hast Thou not on earth prepared
 Some better thing than this for me ?
 What,—but one drop !—one transient sight !
 I want a sun,—a sea of light.
- 3 Moses Thy backward parts might view,
 But not a perfect sight obtain :
 The Gospel doth Thy fulness show,
 To us, by the commandment slain :
 The dead to sin shall find the grace ;
 The pure in heart shall see Thy face.
- 4 More favoured than the saints of old,—
 Who now by faith approach to Thee,
 Shall all with open face behold
 In Christ the glorious Deity ;
 Shall see and put the Godhead on,
 The nature of Thy sinless Son !
- 5 This, this is our high calling's prize !
 Thine image in Thy Son I claim ;
 And still to higher glories rise,
 Till all transformed I know Thy Name,
 And glide to all my heaven above,
 My highest heaven of Jesu's Love.

648 (232)

L.M.
From the FRENCH.J. WESLEY. 1789.
(Or J. BYRON.)

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above !
 Assist me with Thy heavenly grace ;
 Empty my heart of earthly love,
 And for Thyself prepare the place.

- 2 O let Thy sacred presence fill,
 And set my longing spirit free,
 Which pants to have no other will,
 But day and night to feast on Thee.
- 3 While in this region here below,
 No other good will I pursue ;
 I'll bid this world of noise and show,
 With all its glittering snares, adieu !

- 4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine ;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but Thine.
- 5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul ;
Possess it Thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 6 Wealth, honour, pleasure, and what else
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,
To Christ alone resolved to live.
- 7 Thee I can love, and Thee alone,
With pure delight and inward bliss :
To know Thou tak'st me for Thine own,
O what a happiness is this !
- 8 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But Thy pure love within my breast ;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

- 5 Is there a thing than life more dear,
 A thing from which we cannot part ?
 We can ; we now rejoice to tear
 The idol from our bleeding heart.
- 6 Jesus, accept our sacrifice ;
 All things for Thee we count but loss ;
 Lo ! at Thy word our Isaac dies,
 Dies on the altar of Thy cross.
- 7 For what to Thee, O Lord, we give,
 A hundred-fold we here obtain ;
 And soon with Thee shall all receive,
 And loss shall be eternal gain.

650

(234)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- O** GOD, Thy faithfulness I plead !
 My present help in time of need,
 My great Deliverer Thou !
 Haste to my aid, Thine ear incline,
 And rescue this poor soul of mine !
 I claim the promise now !
- 2 Where is the way ? ah, show me where,
 That I Thy mercy may declare,
 The power that sets me free :
 How can I my destruction shun ?
 How can I from my nature run ?
 Answer, O God, for me !
- 3 One only way the erring mind
 Of man, short-sighted man, can find,
 From inbred sin to fly :
 Stronger than love, I fondly thought,
 Death, only death, can cut the knot,
 Which love cannot untie.
- 4 But Thou, O Lord, art full of grace ;
 Thy love can find a thousand ways
 To foolish man unknown :
 My soul upon Thy love I cast ;
 I rest me, till the storm is past,
 Upon Thy love alone.

5 Thy faithful, wise, and mighty love
 Shall every stumbling-block remove,
 And make an open way :
 Thy love shall burst the shades of death,
 And bear me, from the gulf beneath,
 To everlasting day.

651

(32)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
 Through varied deaths my soul hath led
 Or turned aside the fatal hour,
 Or lifted up my sinking head.

- 2 In all my ways Thy hand I own,
 Thy ruling Providence I see :
 Assist me still my course to run,
 And still direct my paths to Thee.
- 3 Oft hath the sea confessed Thy power,
 And given me back at Thy command :
 It could not, Lord, my life devour,
 Safe in the hollow of Thine hand.
- 4 Oft from the margin of the grave
 Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head ;
 Sudden, I found Thee near to save ;
 The fever own'd Thy touch, and fled.
- 5 Whither, O whither should I fly !
 But to my loving Saviour's breast ;
 Secure within Thine arms to lie,
 And safe beneath Thy wings to rest.
- 6 I have no skill the snare to shun,
 But Thou, O Christ, my Wisdom art ;
 I ever into ruin run,
 But Thou art greater than my heart.
- 7 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
 Lead me a way I have not known ;
 Bring me, where I my heaven may find,
 The heaven of loving Thee alone.

- 8 Enlarge my heart to make Thee room ;
 Enter, and in me ever stay :
 The crooked then shall straight become ;
 The darkness shall be lost in day.

352

(461)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1789.

- M**Y God, if I may call Thee mine,
 From heaven and Thee removed so far ;
 Draw nigh ; Thy pitying ear incline,
 And cast not out my languid prayer.
- 2 Gently the weak Thou lov'st to lead,
 Thou lov'st to prop the feeble knee ;
 O break not then a bruised reed,
 Nor quench the smoking flax in me.
- 3 Buried in sin, Thy voice I hear,
 And burst the barriers of my tomb,
 In all the marks of death appear,—
 Forth at Thy call, though bound, I come.
- 4 Give me, O give me fully, Lord,
 Thy resurrection's power to know ;
 Free me indeed ; repeat the word,
 And loose my bands, and let me go.
- 5 Fain would I go to Thee, my God,
 Thy mercies and my wants to tell ;
 To feel my pardon sealed in blood,
 Saviour, Thy love I wait to feel.
- 6 Freed from the power of cancelled sin,
 When shall my soul triumphant prove ?
 Why breaks not out the fire within
 In flames of joy, and praise, and love ?
- 7 Jesus, to Thee my soul aspires ;
 Jesus, to Thee I plight my vows ;
 Keep me from earthly, base desires,
 My God, my Saviour, and my Spouse.
- 8 Fountain of all-sufficient bliss,
 Thou art the good I seek below ;
 Fulness of joy in Thee there is,
 Without,—'tis misery all, and woe.

653

(538)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

- F**ONDLY my foolish heart essays
To' augment the source of perfect bliss,
Love's all-sufficient sea to raise
With drops of creature-happiness.
- 2 O Love! Thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gift Thyself hast given:
My portion, Thou, my treasure, art,
And life, and happiness, and heaven.
- 3 Would aught on earth my wishes share,
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'll tear,
Resolved to seek my all in Thee.
- 4 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To Thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all to Thee resign;
Give me Thyself, I ask no more.

654

(82)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

TO the haven of Thy breast,
O Son of Man, I fly!

O how swiftly didst Thou move,
To save me in the trying hour !
Still protect me with Thy love,
And shield me with Thy power.

- 4 First and Last, in me perform
The work Thou hast begun ;
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun :
Weary, parch'd with thirst, and faint,
Till Thou the' abiding Spirit breathe,
Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of Thy death.

- 5 Never shall I want it less,
When Thou the gift hast given,
Fill'd me with Thy righteousness,
And seal'd the heir of heaven :
I shall hang upon my God,
Till I Thy perfect glory see ;
Till the sprinkling of Thy blood
Shall speak me up to Thee.

355 (73)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Fight the Good Fight of Faith !

JESUS, my King, to Thee I bow,
Enlisted under Thy command ;
Captain of my salvation, Thou
Shalt lead me to the promised land.

- 2 Thou hast a great deliverance wrought,
The staff from off my shoulder broke ;
Out of the house of bondage brought,
And freed me from the' Egyptian yoke.
- 3 O'er the vast howling wilderness,
To Canaan's bounds Thou hast me led ;
Thou bidst me now the land possess,
And on Thy milk and honey feed.
- 4 I see an open door of hope ;
Legions of sins in vain oppose ;
Bold I with Thee, my Head, march up,
And triumph o'er a world of foes.

- 5 Gigantic lusts come forth to fight,
I mark, disdain, and all subdue ;
I tread them down in Jesu's might,
Through Jesus I can all things do.
- 6 Lo ! the tall sons of Anak rise !
Who can the sons of Anak meet ?
Captain, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
And, lo ! they fall beneath my feet.
- 7 Passion, and appetite, and pride,
(Pride, my old, dreadful, tyrant-foe,)
I see cast down on every side,
And, conquering, I to conquer go.
- 8 My Lord, in my behalf appears ;
Captain, Thy strength-inspiring eye
Scatters my doubts, dispels my fears,
And makes the hosts of aliens fly.
- 9 Who can before my Captain stand ?
Who is so great a King as mine ?
High over all is Thy right hand,

- 3 Jesus, regard the joint complaint
 Of all Thy tempted followers here !
 And now supply the common want,
 And send us down the Comforter :
 The Spirit of ceaseless prayer impart,
 And fix Thy Agent in our heart.
- 4 To help our soul's infirmity,
 To heal Thy sin-sick people's care,
 To urge our God-commanding plea,
 And make our hearts a house of prayer,
 The promised Intercessor give,
 And let us now Thyself receive.
- 5 Come in Thy pleading Spirit down
 To us, who for Thy coming stay ;
 Of all Thy gifts we ask but one,
 We ask the constant power to pray :
 Indulge us, Lord, in this request,
 Thou canst not then deny the rest.

357

(526)

7s & 6s.
 Luke xviii. 1.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- COME, ye followers of the Lord,
 In Jesu's service join :
 Jesus gives the sacred word,
 The ordinance divine ;
 Let us His command obey,
 And ask, and have whate'er we want ;
 Pray we, every moment pray,
 And never, never faint.
- 2 Place no longer let us give
 To the old Tempter's will ;
 Never more our duty leave,
 While Satan cries, " Be still :"
 Stand we in the ancient way,
 And here with God ourselves acquaint ;
 Pray we, every moment pray,
 And never, never faint.
- 3 Be it weariness and pain
 To slothful flesh and blood,

- Yet we will the cross sustain,
 And bless the welcome load ;
 All our griefs to God display,
 And humbly pour out our complaint :
 Pray we, every moment pray,
 And never, never faint.
- 4 Let us patiently endure,
 And still our wants declare ;
 All the promises are sure
 To persevering prayer :
 Till we see the perfect day,
 And each wakes up a sinless saint,
 Pray we, every moment pray,
 And never, never faint.
- 5 Pray we on, when all renewed,
 And perfected in love ;
 Till we see the Saviour-God
 Descending from above,
 All His heavenly charms survey,
 Beyond what angel minds can paint,
 Pray we, every moment pray,
 And never, never faint.

658

(528)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 17.

- S**HEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve
 In this our evil day :
 To all Thy tempted followers give
 The power to watch and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,
 Long as the cross we bear,
 O let our souls on Thee be cast
 In never-ceasing prayer.
- 3 The Spirit of interceding grace
 Give us in faith to claim ;
 To wrestle, till we see Thy face,
 And know Thy hidden Name.
- 4 Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,
 Till Thou Thyself bestow,

Be this the cry of every heart,

“ I will not let Thee go.

5 “ I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell Thy Name to me ;
With all Thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like Thee.

6 Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold Thy open face ;
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

9 ⁽⁵²⁷⁾ S.M. C. WESLEY. 1749.

THE praying Spirit breathe,
The watching power impart ;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my anxious heart :
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts opprest,
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come,
Thy own this moment seize ;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace :
Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of Thy love,
And shut me up in God.

10 S.M. C. WESLEY. 1762.

JAMES v. 17, 18.

O THAT the power were mine,
To saints and prophets given,
The power of faithful prayer divine,
Which shuts and opens heaven !
Then would I wrestle on,
And more than conqueror prove,
And bring the hallowing Spirit down
In showers of purest love.

- 2 Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
 Thy glory to display,
 Remove this unbelieving bar,
 And teach me how to pray :
 Author of faith Thou art ;
 Help my infirmity,
 And put Thy Spirit within my heart,
 And pray Thyself in me.

661

(529)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1747

- O WONDROUS power of faithful prayer
 What tongue can tell the' almighty grace
 God's hands or bound or open are,
 As Moses or Elijah prays :
 Let Moses in the spirit groan,
 And God cries out, " Let Me alone !
- 2 " Let Me alone, that all My wrath
 May rise the wicked to consume !
 While Justice hears thy praying faith,
 It cannot seal the sinner's doom :
 My Son is in My servant's prayer,
 And Jesus forces Me to spare."
- 3 O blessed word of gospel grace !
 Which now we for our Israel plead ;
 A faithless and backsliding race,
 Whom Thou hast out of Egypt freed :
 O do not then in wrath chastise,
 Nor let Thy whole displeasure rise.
- 4 Father, we ask in Jesu's name ;
 In Jesu's power and Spirit pray,
 Divert Thy vengeful thunder's aim !
 O turn Thy threat'ning wrath away !
 Our guilt and punishment remove,
 And magnify Thy pardoning love.
- 5 Father, regard Thy pleading Son !
 Accept His all-availing prayer ;

And send a peaceful answer down,
 In honour of our Spokesman there ;
 Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
 And speaks Thy rebels up to heaven.

562

(590)

7s & 6s.
 Luke xviii.

C. WESLEY, 1742.

- J**ESUS, Thou hast bid us pray,
 Pray always, and not faint ;
 With the word a power convey
 To utter our complaint :
 Quiet shalt Thou never know,
 Till we from sin are fully freed ;
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head !
- 2 We have now begun to cry,
 And we will never end,
 Till we find salvation nigh,
 And grasp the sinner's Friend :
 Day and night we'll speak our woe,
 With Thee importunately plead :
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head !
- 3 Speak the word, and we shall be
 From all our bands released ;
 Only Thou canst set us free,
 By Satan long oppress'd :
 Now Thy power almighty show ;
 Arise the Woman's conquering Seed !
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head !
- 4 To destroy his work of sin,
 Thyself in us reveal ;
 Manifest Thyself within
 Our flesh, and fully dwell
 With us, in us, here below ;
 Enter, and make us free indeed :
 O avenge us of our foe,
 And bruise the Serpent's head !

5 Stronger than the strong man, Thou
His fury canst control :
Cast him out, by entering now,
And keep our ransom'd soul ;
Satan's kingdom overthrow,
On all the powers of darkness tread ;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head !

6 To the never-ceasing cries
Of Thine elect attend ;
Send deliverance from the skies,
The mighty Spirit send :
Though to man Thou seemest slow,
Our cries Thou seemest not to heed ;
O avenge us of our foe,
And bruise the Serpent's head !

663

(531)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look on

A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

- 4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on Thee to call,
And never, never faint.

- 5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
(Unmoved by threatening or reward,)
To Thee and Thy great Name ;
A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify Thy grace.

- 6 I rest upon Thy word ;
The promise is for me ;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee :
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

34

(579)

7s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

ISA. XXVIII. 9.

LORD, that I may learn of Thee,
Give me true simplicity ;
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing Thee alone to know.

- 2 Let me cast my reeds aside,
All that feeds my knowing pride ;
Not to man, but God submit,
Lay my reasonings at Thy feet:

- 3 Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,
Docile, helpless as a child ;
Only seeing in Thy light,
Only walking in Thy might.
- 4 Then infuse the teaching grace,
Spirit of truth and righteousness ;
Knowledge, love divine, impart,
Life eternal, to my heart.

665

(580)

7s.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

Psalm cxxxi.

- L**ORD, if Thou the grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Rooted in humility.
- 2 From the time that Thee I know,
Nothing shall I seek below,
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both my heart and eye.
- 3 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Awed into a little child,

- Looking for God my soul to keep,
And watching unto prayer !
- 2 O could I always pray,
And never, never faint,
But simply to my God display
My every care and want !
I know that Thou wouldst give
More than I can request ;
Thou still art ready to receive
My soul to perfect rest.
- 3 I feel Thee willing, Lord,
A sinful world to save :
All may obey Thy gracious word,
May peace and pardon have.
Not one of all the race
But may return to Thee,—
But at the throne of sovereign grace
May fall and weep, like me.
- 4 Here let me ever lie,
And tell Thee all my care,
And " Father, Abba, Father," cry,
And pour a ceaseless prayer ;
Till Thou my sins subdue,
Till Thou my sins destroy,
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.
- 5 Messiah, Prince of Peace,
Into my soul bring in
Thine everlasting righteousness,
And make an end of sin.
Into all those that seek
Redemption through Thy blood,
The sanctifying Spirit speak,
The plenitude of God.
- 6 Let us in patience wait
Till faith shall make us whole ;
Till Thou shalt all things new create,
In each believing soul.

Who can resist Thy will ?
Speak, and it shall be done !
Thou shalt the work of faith fulfil,
And perfect us in one.

667

(534)

L.M.

COWPER. 1779.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat !
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?

- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw ;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love ;
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;

- For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin :—
Lord, remove this load of sin !
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt !
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest ;
Take possession of my breast ;
There, Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end !
- 6 Show me what I have to do ;
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

39

(235)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

The Beatitudes.

- S**AVIOUR, on me the want bestow,
Which all who feel shall surely know
Their sins on earth forgiven ;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste, in holiness divine,
The happiness of heaven.
- 2 Meeken my soul, Thou heavenly Lamb,
That I in the new earth may claim
My hundred-fold reward ;
My rich inheritance possess,
Co-heir with the great Prince of Peace,
Co-partner with my Lord.
- 3 Me with that restless thirst inspire,
That sacred, infinite desire ;
And feast my hungry heart :
Less than Thyself cannot suffice :
My soul for all Thy fulness cries,
For all Thou hast, and art.

- 4 Mercy who show shall mercy find ;
Thy pitiful and tender mind
 Be, Lord, on me bestowed ;
So shall I still the blessing gain,
And to eternal life retain
 The mercy of my God.
- 5 Jesus, the crowning grace impart,
Bless me with purity of heart,
 That now beholding Thee,
I soon may view Thy open face,
On all Thy glorious beauties gaze,
 And God for ever see !
- 6 Not for my fault, or folly's sake,
The name, or mode, or form, I take,—
 But for true holiness,
Let me be wronged, reviled, abhorred ;
And Thee, my sanctifying Lord,
 In life and death confess.
- 7 Called to sustain the hallowed cross,
And suffer for Thy righteous cause,

- 2 Give me on Thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.
For each assault prepared
And ready may I be ;
For ever standing on my guard,
And looking up to Thee.
- 3 O ! do Thou always warn
My soul of evil near !
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear :
" Come back ! this is the way ;
Come back, and walk herein !"
O may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin !
- 4 Thou seest my feebleness ;
Jesus, be Thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.
Give me to trust in Thee ;
Be Thou my sure abode ;
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour, and my God.
- 5 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep ;
But strength in Thee I surely have,
Whose eye-lids never sleep :
My soul to Thee alone
Now therefore I commend ;
Thou, Jesus, love me as Thy own,
And love me to the end.

1 (483) L.M. 6 lines. C. WESLEY. 1749.

FATHER, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
My longing eyes, and restless heart :
Before the morning watch I rise,
And wait to taste how good Thou art,

- 3 O wouldst Thou, Lord,]
'Gainst every known o
A mind for all assaults p
A sober, vigilant mind
Ever apprised of danger
And when to fight, and
4 O never suffer me to slee
Secure within the verg
But still my watchful spi
In lowly awe, and lovi
And bless me with a god
And plant that guardian
5 Attended by the sacred c
And wise from evil to
Let me from strength to
And rise to purity of h
Through all the paths of
From humble faith to pe

672

C.M.

GOD of all grace and

- Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
Or sin against Thy love :
- 4 This choicest fruit of faith bestow
On a poor sojourner ;
And let me pass my days below
In humbleness and fear.
- 5 Rather I would in darkness mourn
The absence of Thy peace,
Than e'er by light irreverence turn
Thy grace to wantonness.
- 6 Rather I would, in painful awe,
Beneath Thine anger move,
Than sin against the gospel law
Of liberty and love.
- 7 But, O ! Thou would'st not have me live
In bondage, grief, or pain ;
Thou dost not take delight to grieve
The helpless sons of men :
- 8 Thy will is my salvation, Lord ;
And let it now take place !
And let me tremble at Thy word
Of reconciling grace.
- 9 Still may I walk as in Thy sight,
My strict Observer see ;
And Thou by reverent love unite
My child-like heart to Thee :
- 10 Still let me, till my days are past,
At Jesu's feet abide ;
So shall He lift me up at last,
And seat me by His side.

373

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- I** WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear ;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.
- 2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire ;

- To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 That I from Thee no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
- 4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make !
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.
- 5 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove ;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved Thy love.
- 6 O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul ;
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole !

- 4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
 Before I wholly fall away,
 The keen conviction dart !
 Recall me by that pitying look,
 That kind, upbraiding glance, which broke
 Unfaithful *Peter's* heart.
- 5 In me Thine utmost mercy show,
 And make me like Thyself below,
 Unblamable in grace ;
 Ready prepared, and fitted here,
 By perfect holiness, to' appear
 Before Thy glorious face.

375

(514)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- J**ESUS, my Master, and my Lord,
 I would Thy will obey,
 Humbly receive Thy warning word,
 And always watch and pray.
- 2 The lion seeks my soul to slay,
 In some unguarded hour ;
 And waits to tear his sleeping prey,
 And watches to devour.
- 3 But worse than all my foes, I find
 The enemy within,
 The evil heart, the carnal mind,
 Mine own insidious sin.
- 4 My nature every moment waits
 To render me secure,
 And all my paths with ease besets,
 To make my ruin sure.
- 5 But Thou hast given a loud alarm ;
 And Thou shalt still prepare
 My soul for all assaults, and arm
 With never-ceasing prayer.
- 6 O do not suffer me to sleep,
 Who on Thy love depend ;
 But still Thy faithful servant keep,
 And save me to the end !

676

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741

- J**ESUS, bestow the power,
Who gavest the command:
Unwearied on Thyself, my Tower,
Enable me to stand ;
- 2 Bid me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed ;
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread.
- 3 O may I calmly wait
Thy succours from above ;
And stand against their open hate,
And well-dissembled love !
- 4 My spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join ;
'Gainst all the powers of Satan arm,
In panoply divine :
- 5 But, above all, afraid
Of my own bosom-foe,
Still let me sue to Thee for aid,
To Thee my weakness show ;
- 6 Hang on Thy arm alone,
With self-distrusting care,
And deeply in the spirit groan
The never-ceasing prayer.
- 7 Give me a sober mind,
A quick-discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all occasions fly.
- 8 Still may I cleave to Thee,
And never more depart,
But watch, with godly jealousy,
Over my evil heart.
- 9 Thus may I pass my days
Of sojourning beneath,
And languish to conclude my race,
And render up my breath ;

- 10 In humble love and fear,
Thine image to regain,
And see Thee in the clouds appear,
And rise with Thee to reign !

377

(488)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- J**ESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend ;
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer ;
- 2 If I have tasted of Thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings ;
If with me now Thy Spirit stays,
And hovering hides me in His wings ;—
- 3 Still let Him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart ;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till He renews my heart.
- 4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,—
“Return, and walk in Christ thy Way ;
Fly back to Christ ; for sin is near.”
- 5 His sacred unction from above
Be still my comforter and guide ;
Till all the stony He remove,
And in my loving heart reside.
- 6 Jesus, I fain would walk in Thee,
From nature's every path retreat ;
Thou art my Way, my Leader be,
And set upon the Rock my feet.
- 7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall ;
O reach me out Thy gracious hand !
Only on Thee for help I call :
Only by faith in Thee I stand.

378

(591)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

PIERCE, fill me with an humble fear
My utter helplessness reveal !

- Satan and sin are always near ;
Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 2 O that to Thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire,
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire !
- 3 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorred approach of ill ;
Quick as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel !
- 4 Till Thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.

679

(599)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Mat. v. 13.

A H, Lord, with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace ;
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, never find it more !

His standard-bearer, I
To all the nations call :
Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh !
He bore the cross for all.

- 3 Go up with Christ your Head ;
Your Captain's footsteps see ;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to Him is given ;
He ever reigns the same ;
Salvation, happiness, and heaven
Are all in Jesu's name.
- 4 Only have faith in God ;
In faith your foes assail ;
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the powers of hell :
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurled,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule the lower world.

31

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- A**NGELS your march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible :
With rage that never ends,
Their hellish arts they try,
Legions of dire, malicious fiends,
And spirits enthroned on high.
- 2 On earth the' usurpers reign,
Exert their baleful power ;
O'er the poor fallen sons of men
They tyrannize their hour :
But shall believers fear ?
But shall believers fly ?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their powers defy ?

- 3 Jesu's tremendous name
 Puts all our foes to flight :
 Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
 A Lion is in fight.
 By all hell's host withstood,
 We all hell's host o'erthrow ;
 And conquering them, through Jesu's blood,
 We still to conquer go.
- 4 Our Captain leads us on ;
 He beckons from the skies,
 And reaches out a starry crown,
 And bids us take the prize :
 " Be faithful unto death ;
 Partake My victory ;
 And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
 And thou shalt reign with Me."

682

(592)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Lev. viii. 35.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify ;

A never dying soul to save

Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

- 2 O may I still from sin depart !
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given ;
And let me through Thy Spirit know,
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

384 (598)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Neh. v. 9.

WATCHED by the world's malignant eye;
Who load us with reproach and shame ;
As servants of the Lord Most High,
As zealous for His glorious name,
We ought in all His paths to move,
With holy fear, and humble love.

- 2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart ;
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While, upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And show them how the Christians live.

For Believers Working.

385

(617)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1789.

SUMMONED my labour to renew,
And glad to act my part,
Lord, in Thy Name my work I do,
And with a single heart.

- 2 End of my every action Thou !
In all things Thee I see :
Accept my hallowed labour now ;
I do it unto Thee.
- 3 What'er the Father views as Thine,
He views with gracious eyes ;

Jesus, this mean oblation join
To Thy great Sacrifice.

- 4 Stamped with an infinite desert,
My work He then shall own ;
Well pleased with me, when mine Thou art
And I His favoured son.

686

C.M.

C. WESLEY, 1739.

SERVANT of all, to toil for man
Thou didst not, Lord, refuse ;
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employed for us !

- 2 Thy bright example I pursue,
To Thee in all things rise ;
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is one great sacrifice.
- 3 Careless through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free ;
My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with Thee.

- 3 Spirit of Faith, inspire
 My consecrated heart ;
 Fill me with pure, celestial fire,
 With all Thou hast, and art :
 My feeble mind transform,
 And, perfectly renewed,
 Into a saint exalt a worm,
 A worm exalt to God !

688 ⁽⁶¹⁶⁾ L.M. C. WESLEY. 1749.

- F**ORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
 My daily labour to pursue ;
 Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
 In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,
 O let me cheerfully fulfil !
 In all my works Thy presence find,
 And prove Thy acceptable will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
 Whose eyes my inmost substance see ;
 And labour on at Thy command,
 And offer all my works to Thee.
- 4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
 And every moment watch and pray ;
 And still to things eternal look,
 And hasten to Thy glorious day.
- 5 For Thee delightfully employ
 Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
 And run my course with even joy,
 And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

689 ⁽⁶¹⁹⁾ 7s & 6s. C. WESLEY. 1747.

- L**O ! I come with joy to do
 The Master's blessed will ;
 Him in outward works pursue,
 And serve His pleasure still.
 Faithful to my Lord's commands,
 I still would choose the better part ;
 Serve with careful *Martha's* hands,
 And loving *Mary's* heart.

- 2 Careful, without care, I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jesu's name,
Supported by His smile :
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find His service my reward ;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.
- 3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love,
Dost all my burdens bear !
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there !
Calm on tumult's wheel I sit,
'Midst busy multitudes alone,
Sweetly waiting at Thy feet,
Till all Thy will be done.
- 4 Thou, O Lord, my portion art,
Before I hence remove !
Now my treasure and my heart
Are all laid up above :
Far above all earthly things

Our strength, Thy grace ; our rule, Thy word ;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

- 2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray ;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way ;
As far from danger as from fear,
While Love, Almighty Love, is near.

691 (615)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Lev. vi. 13.

O THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

- 2 There let it for Thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze ;
And, trembling, to its Source return,
In humble prayer, and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus ! confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee ;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me.
- 4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

692 (596)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Rev. iii. 19.

JESUS, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me,
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.

- 2 In me Thy Spirit dwell !
In me Thy bowels move !
So shall the fervour of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love.

693

S.M.

BOYAL. 100

- M**AKE use of me, my God !
 Let me not be forgot ;
 A broken vessel cast aside,
 One whom Thou needest not.
- 2 I am Thy creature, Lord ;
 And made by hands Divine ;
 And I am part, however mean,
 Of this great world of Thine.
- 3 Thou usest all Thy works,
 The weakest things that be ;
 Each has a service of its own,
 For all things wait on Thee.
- 4 Thou usest the high stars,
 The tiny drops of dew,
 The giant peak and little hill ;—
 My God, Oh use me too !
- 5 All things do serve Thee here,
 All creatures, great and small ;
 Make use of me, of me, my God,
 The meanest of them all !

694

S.M.

BOYAL. 1

- M**AKE haste, O man, to live,
 For thou so soon must die ;
 Time hurries past thee like the breeze ;
 How swift its moments fly.
 Make haste, O man, to live !
- 2 To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
 To smile, to sigh, to grieve ;
 To move in idleness through earth,
 This, this is not to live !
 Make haste, O man, to live !
- 3 Make haste, O man, to do
 Whatever must be done ;
 Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
 Thy day will soon be gone.
 Make haste, O man, to live !

- 4 Up, then, with speed, and work ;
 Fling ease and self away ;
 This is no time for thee to sleep,
 Up, watch, and work, and pray !
 Make haste, O man, to live !
- 5 The useful, not the great,
 The thing that never dies ;
 The silent toil that is not lost,—
 Set these before thine eyes.
 Make haste, O man, to live !
- 6 Make haste, O man, to live,
 Thy time is almost o'er ;
 O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
 The Judge is at the door.
 Make haste, O man, to live !

695

L.M.

(1861).

IF grief in heaven might find a place,
 And shame the worshippers bow down,
 Who meet the Saviour face to face,
 'Twould be to wear a starless crown ;

- 2 Nor find in all that countless host,
 We meet before th' eternal throne,
 Who once like us were sinners lost,
 Any to say we led them home.
- 3 The Son, to do His Father's will,
 Could lay His own bright crown aside,
 The law's stern mandate to fulfil,
 Poured out His blood for us, and died !
- 4 Shall we, who know His wondrous love,
 While here below, sit idly down ?
 Ah ! then,—if we reach heaven above,
 'Twill be to wear a starless crown.
- 5 O may it ne'er of me be said,
 No soul that's saved by grace Divine,
 Has called for blessings on my head,
 Or linked its destiny with mine !

696

L.M.

BONAR. 1856.

GO labour on ; spend, and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will ;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still ?

2 Go labour on ; 'tis not for nought ;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain ;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;
The Master praises,—what are men ?

3 Go labour on, while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on ;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away ;
It is not thus that souls are won.

4 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb ;
Take up the torch, and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray ;
Be wise the erring soul to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway

We now Thy guardian presence own,
And walk unburn'd in fire.

3 Thee, Son of Man, by faith we see,
And glory in our Guide ;
Surrounded and upheld by Thee,
The fiery test abide.

4 The fire our graces shall refine,
Till, moulded from above,
We bear the character divine,
The stamp of perfect love.

698

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

THOU very present Aid
In suffering and distress ;
The soul, which still on Thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.
The soul, by faith reclined
On his Redeemer's breast,
Midst raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.

2 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears :
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears :
It hallows every cross ;
It sweetly comforts me,
Makes me forget mine every loss,
And find my all in Thee.

3 Peace to the troubled heart,
Health to the sin-sick mind,
The wounded spirit's balm Thou art,
The Healer of mankind :
In deep affliction blest
With Thee I mount above,
And sing, triumphantly distrest,
Thine all-sufficient love.

4 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill,

What though created streams are dry,
I have the Fountain still.
Stripp'd of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One :
And peace, and joy, that never ends,
And heaven, in Christ alone !

699

7s.

MILMAN. 1827.

- W**HEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of David, hear !
- 2 Thou, our throbbing flesh hast worn ;
Thou, our mortal grief hast borne ;
Thou hast shed the bitter tear ;
Jesus, Son of David, hear !
- 3 Thou hast bowed the dying head ;
Thou Thy precious blood hast shed ;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;
Jesus, Son of David, hear !

- Thou hast for me a ransom paid,
 To change my human to divine ;
 To cleanse from all iniquity,
 And make the sinner all like Thee.
- 3 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,
 My bleeding SACRIFICE expired ;
 But didst Thou not my PATTERN die,
 That, by Thy glorious Spirit fired,
 Faithful to death I might endure,
 And make the crown by suffering sure ?
- 4 Thou didst the meek example leave,
 That I might in Thy footsteps tread ;
 Might, like the Man of Sorrows, grieve,
 And groan and bow with Thee my head ;
 Thy dying in my body bear,
 And all Thy state of suffering share.
- 5 Thy every suffering servant, Lord,
 Shall as his perfect Master be ;
 To all Thy inward life restored,
 And outwardly conform'd to Thee ;
 Out of Thy grave the saint shall rise,
 And grasp, through death, the glorious prize.
- 6 This is the straight and royal way,
 That leads us to the courts above ;
 Here let me ever, ever stay,
 Till, on the wings of perfect love,
 I take my last triumphant flight,
 From Calvary's to Sion's height.

701

(236)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

- T**HOU, Lord, hast blest my going out ;
 O bless my coming in !
 Compass my weakness round about,
 And keep me safe from sin.
- 2 Still hide me in Thy secret place,
 Thy tabernacle spread ;
 Shelter me with preserving grace,
 And screen my naked head.

- 3 To Thee, for refuge, may I run,
From sin's alluring snare ;
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.
- 4 O that I never, never more
Might from Thy ways depart !
Here let me give my wanderings o'er,
By giving Thee my heart.
- 5 Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release ;
I ask not life, but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

702

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 174

Luke ix. 23.

MASTER, I own Thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly Thine, I long to be !
Thou seest, at last, I willing am,
Where'er Thou goest, to follow Thee ;
Myself in all things to deny ;
Thine, wholly Thine, to live and die.

- 5 Wherefore to Thee I all resign ;
 Being Thou art, and Love, and Power ;
 Thy only will be done, not mine !
 Thee, Lord, let heaven and earth adore !
 Flow back the rivers to the sea,
 And let our all be lost in Thee !

703

(562)

S.M.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

Trust in Providence.

From the German of PAUL GERHARDT.

- COMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into His hands,
 To His sure truth and tender care,
 Who earth and heaven commands.
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey ;
 He shall direct thy wandering feet,
 He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely,
 So safe shalt thou go on ;
 Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care ;
 To Him commend thy cause, His ear
 Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 Thy everlasting truth,
 Father, Thy ceaseless love,
 Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
 What best for each will prove.
- 6 And whatsoe'er Thou will'st,
 Thou dost, O King of kings ;
 What Thy unerring wisdom chose,
 Thy power to being brings.
- 7 Thou everywhere hast sway,
 And all things serve Thy might ;
 Thy every act pure blessing is,
 Thy path unsullied light.

- 3 When Thou arisest, Lord,
 What shall Thy work withstand?
 Whate'er Thy children want, Thou giv'st;
 Who, who shall stay Thy hand?

704

563)

S.M.
PART II

J. WESLEY. 17

- G**IVE to the winds thy fears;
 Hope, and be undismayed:
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
 God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears thy way:
 Wait thou His time, so shall this night!
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Still heavy is thy heart?
 Still sink thy spirits down?
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
 Bid every care be gone.
- 4 What though thou rulest not?
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
 Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well!
- 5 Leave to His sovereign sway
 To choose, and to command;
 So shalt thou wondering own, His way
 How wise, how strong His hand!
- 6 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully He the work hath wrought
 That caused thy needless fear.
- 7 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to Thee;
 O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee!
- 8 Let us in life, in death,
 Thy steadfast truth declare,
 And publish, with our latest breath,
 Thy Love, and Guardian Care!

705

(520)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel ;
A while forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode :
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before His face appear,
And by His side sit down :
To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope ;
It lifts the fainting spirits up ;
It brings to life the dead :
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see ;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.
- 6 The Father shining on His throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete ;
And, lo ! we fall before His feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

- 7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at Thy footstool fall ;
Till Thou our hidden life reveal,
Till Thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God is All in All !

706

(167)

C.M.

WATTS. 17

- W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled ;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
3 Should cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all !

Credence to His word I give ;
 My Saviour in distresses past
 Will not now His servant leave,
 But bring me through at last.

2 Better than my boding fears
 To me Thou oft hast proved ;
 Oft observed my silent tears,
 And challenged Thy beloved :
 Mercy to my rescue flew,
 And Death ungrasped his fainting prey ;
 Pain before Thy face withdrew,
 And Sorrow fled away.

3 Now, as yesterday, the same ;
 In all my troubles nigh,
 Jesus, on Thy Word and Name
 I steadfastly rely ;
 Sure as now the grief I feel,
 The promised joy I soon shall have ;
 Saved again, to sinners tell
 Thy power and will to save.

4 To Thy blessed will resigned,
 And stayed on Thee alone,
 I Thy perfect strength shall find,
 Thy faithful mercies own ;
 Compassed round with songs of praise,
 My all to my Redeemer give ;
 Spread Thy miracles of grace,
 And to Thy glory live.

709

(522)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

FATHER, in the Name, I pray
 Of Thy Incarnate Love ;
 Humbly ask, that as my day
 My suffering strength may prove :
 When my sorrows most increase,
 Let Thy strongest joys be given :
 Jesus, come with my distress,
 And agony is heaven !

2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 For good remember me !
 Me, whom Thou hast caused to trust
 For more than life in Thee :
 With me in the fire remain,
 Till, like burnished gold, I shine,
 Meet, through consecrated pain,
 To see the Face Divine.

710

.5231

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 173

ETERNAL Beam of Light Divine,
 Fountain of unexhausted love,
 In whom the Father's glories shine,
 Through earth beneath, and heaven above

- 2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
 Give me Thy easy yoke to bear ;
 With steadfast patience arm my breast,
 With spotless love, and lowly fear.
- 3 Thankful I take the cup from Thee,
 Prepared and mingled by Thy skill,
 Though bitter to the taste it be,
 Powerful the wounded soul to heal.
- 4 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh !
 So shall each murmuring thought be gone
 And grief, and fear, and care, shall fly,
 As clouds before the mid-day sun.
- 5 Speak to my warring passions, " Peace !"
 Say to my trembling heart, " Be still !"
 Thy power my strength and fortress is,
 For all things serve Thy sovereign will.
- 6 O Death ! where is thy sting ? Where no
 Thy boasted victory, O Grave ?
 Who shall contend with God ? or who
 Can hurt whom God delights to save ?

711

(524)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1'

From the German of C. F. RICHTER—1676-1711.

THOU Lamb of God, Thou Prince of Peace,
 For Thee my thirsty soul doth pine.

- My longing heart implores Thy grace ;
O make me in Thy likeness shine !
- 2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see ;
In love be every wish resigned,
And hallowed my whole heart to Thee.
- 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast ;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by Thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow ;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow Thee where'er Thou go.
- 5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won ;
Alone Thou hast the winepress trod :
In me Thy strength'ning grace be shown ;
O may I conquer through Thy blood !
- 6 So, when on Sion Thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at Thy right hand,
And free from pain Thy glories sing.

712 (525)

L.M

J. WESLEY. 1789.

FROM THE GERMAN.

- O** THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart ; it pants for Thee ;
O burst these bonds, and set it free !
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought ; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean !
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way !
No foes, no violence, I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, My God, art near.

- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
 Jesus Thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 So true : where'er Thy steps I see,
 Fearless, untired, I follow Thee :
 O let Thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to Thy holy hill !
- 6 Though rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day ;
 All toil and grief, and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

713

SSS.4. or L.M.

C. ELLIOTT. 168

- M**Y God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, on life's rough way
 O teach me from my heart to say,—
 Thy will be done !
- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
 Let me be still, and murmur not,
 Or breathe the prayer Divinely taught,
 Thy will be done !
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
 Submissive still would I reply,
 Thy will be done !
- 4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine ;
 I only yield Thee what was Thine ;
 Thy will be done !
- 5 Should pining sickness waste away
 My life in premature decay,
 My Father ! still I strive to say,—
 Thy will be done !
- 6 Let but my fainting heart be blest
 With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest ;
 Thy will be done !

- 7 Renew my will from day to day ;
 Blend it with Thine ; and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say,
 Thy will be done !
- 8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
 The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,—
 Thy will be done !

[4

6s D.

*Schmolk. cb. 1737.**Hymns from the LAND of LUTHER. 1854.*

- M**Y Jesus, as Thou wilt !
 Oh, may Thy will be mine !
 Into Thy hand of love
 I would my all resign.
 Through sorrow, or through joy
 Conduct me as Thine own,
 And help me still to say,
 My Lord, Thy will be done !
- 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt !
 If needy here and poor,
 Give me Thy people's bread,
 Their portion rich and sure.
 The manna of Thy word
 Let my soul feed upon ;
 And if all else should fail—
 My Lord, Thy will be done !
- 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt !
 If loved ones must depart,
 Suffer not sorrow's flood
 To overwhelm my heart :
 For they are blest with Thee,
 Their race and conflict won,
 Let me but follow them—
 My Lord, Thy will be done !
- 4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt !
 All shall be well for me,
 Each changing future scene,
 I gladly trust with Thee.

Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done !

715

(588)

C.M.

BEDDOME. 1787.

MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in Thy hand !
My choicest comforts come from Thee,
And go at Thy command.

2 If Thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine :

Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely Thine.

3 What is the world with all its store ?
'Tis but a bitter sweet :

When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.

4 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mixed with gall ;

'Midst changing scenes and dying friends

- That leads to it be Thine ;
 Else I must surely stray.
- 5 Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee may seem ;
 Choose Thou my good and ill ;
- 6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health ;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.
- 7 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small ;
 Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
 My Wisdom, and my All !

717

(572)

10s & 11s.

NEWTON. 1779.

- B**EKGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
 And for my relief will surely appear ;
 By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform ;
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since He is my Guide,
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide :
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
 The word He has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past forbids me to think
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;
 Each sweet Ebenezer, I have in review,
 Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite
 through.
- 4 Why should I complain of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain ? He told me no less ;
 The heirs of salvation, I know from His word,
 Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.
- 5 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
 Which Jesus drank up, that sinners might live :
 His way was much rougher and darker than mine :
 Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine ?

- 6 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food :
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, oh, how pleasant the conqueror's song !

718

6s & 5s.

F. E. Cox. 1841.

From the German of H. S. Oswald, 1793.

O H ! let him whose sorrow no relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow ease for heart
and mind.

Where the mourner, weeping, sheds the secret
tear,

God His watch is keeping, though none else is
near.

- 2 God will never leave us, all our wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve us, sees our cares and
woes.

When in grief we languish, He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish soothes with succour
near.

- 3 All our woe and sadness in this world below

- 4 Fear not that He will e'er forsake,
Or leave His work undone :
He's faithful to His promises,
And faithful to His Son.
- 5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting ;
He will from endless wrath preserve—
To endless glory bring.
- 6 You, in His wisdom, power, and grace,
May confidently trust ;
His wisdom guides, His power protects,
His grace rewards, the just.

720

(578)

C.M.

RYLAND. 1777.

- O** LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend ;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same :
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy Name !
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan
Who has a fountain near ;
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear ?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee ;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.
- 5 O that I had a stronger faith
To look within the veil !
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail !
- 6 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee ;
I triumph and adore ;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.

721

11s. or 10s & 11s.

KIRKHAM. 1787.

- H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent word:
 What more can He say than to you He hath said,
 You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled!
- 2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth—
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea, [be.
 As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever
- 3 Fear not. I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
 I. I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
 stand,
 Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
 I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavour to
 I'll never—no never—no never forsake. [shake

722

21'

5.5,5,11.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- C**OME, let us anew our journey pursue,
 With vigour arise,
 And press to our permanent place in the skies.
- 2 Of heavenly birth, though wandering on earth,
 This is not our place;
 But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.
- 3 At Jesus's call, we gave up our all;
 And still we forego,
 For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below.
- 4 No longing we find for the country behind;
 But onward we move,
 And still we are seeking a country above.

- 5 A country of joy, without any alloy,
 We thither repair :
 Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
- 6 We march, hand in hand, to Immanuel's land ;
 No matter what cheer
 We meet with on earth ; for eternity's near.
- 7 The rougher our way, the shorter our stay ;
 The tempests that rise
 Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.
- 8 The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past ;
 The troubles that come,
 Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

723

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- J**ESUS, Thy Sovereign Name I bless !
 Sorrow is joy, and pain is ease
 To those that trust in Thee :
 All things together work for good,
 To me, the purchase of Thy blood,
 The much-loved sinner me.
- 2 As sure as now Thy cross I bear,
 I shall Thy heavenly kingdom share,
 And take my seat above ;
 Celestial joy is in this pain,
 It tells me I with Thee shall reign,
 In everlasting love.
- 3 The more my sufferings here increase,
 The greater is my future bliss ;
 And Thou my griefs dost tell :
 They in Thy book are noted down ;
 A jewel added to my crown
 Is every pain I feel.
- 4 So be it then, if Thou ordain,
 Crowd all my happy life with pain,
 And let me daily die :
 I bow, and bless the sacred sign,
 And bear the cross, by grace divine,
 Which lifts me to the sky.

Seeking for Full Redemption.

724

(237)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 17

Jer. xlii. 4; xxi. 23.

THE thing my God doth hate,
 That I no more may do,
 Thy creature, Lord, again create,
 And all my soul renew :
 My soul shall then, like Thine,
 Abhor the thing unclean,
 And, sanctified by Love Divine,
 For ever cease from sin.

- 2 That blessed law of Thine,
 Jesus, to me impart :
 The Spirit's law of life divine,
 O write it in my heart !
 Implant it deep within,
 Whence it may ne'er remove ;
 The law of liberty from sin,
 The perfect law of love.

- 3 Thy nature be my law,
 Thy spotless sanctity,
 And sweetly every moment draw
 My happy soul to Thee.
 Soul of my soul remain !
 Who didst for all fulfil,
 In me, O Lord, fulfil again
 Thy heavenly Father's will.

725

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1

Mat. xxvii. 46. Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

O JESUS, let Thy dying cry
 Pierce to the bottom of my heart,
 Its evils cure, its wants supply,
 And bid my unbelief depart.

- 2 Slay the dire root and seed of sin ;
 Prepare for Thee the holiest place ;
 Then, O essential Love, come in !
 And fill Thy house with endless praise

- 3 Let me, according to Thy word,
A tender, contrite heart receive,
Which grieves at having grieved its Lord,
And never can itself forgive :
- 4 A heart Thy joys and griefs to feel,
A heart that cannot faithless prove,
A heart where Christ alone may dwell,
All praise, all meekness, and all love.

726

(239)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Mic. vii. 20. Mat. xv. 28. Mark ix. 23.

GOD of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal !
Thy word, Thy oath, to Abraham's race,
In us, e'en us, fulfil.

- 2 Let us, to perfect love restored,
Thy image here retrieve ;
And in the presence of our Lord
The life of angels live.
- 3 That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain ;
Which holds, and will not let Thee go,
Till I my suit obtain :
- 4 Till Thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown,
And tell my infinite desire,
" Whate'er thou wilt, be done !"
- 5 But is it possible that I
Should live and sin no more ?
Lord, if on Thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.
- 6 On me that faith divine bestow,
Which doth the mountain move ;
And all my spotless life shall show
The' omnipotence of love.

727

[454]

L.M. 6 lines.

J. WESLEY. 1739.

FROM THE GERMAN OF G. TREUSTENBERG AND P. GERHARDT.

- T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows;
 I see from far Thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for Thy repose :
 My heart is pained, nor can it be
 At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
 The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove ;
 And fain I would ; but though my will
 Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove ;
 Yet hindrances strew all the way ;
 I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.
- 3 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
 My mind to seek her peace in Thee ;
 Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
 No peace my wandering soul shall see.
 O when shall all my wanderings end,
 And all my steps to Thee-ward tend !
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
 That strives with Thee my heart to share !
 Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there !
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it hath found repose in Thee.
- 5 O hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me, may live.
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive !
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee !
- 6 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart,
 To save me from low-thoughted care ;
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,
 Through all its latent mazes there.
 Make me Thy duteous child, that I
 Ceaseless may " Abba, Father," cry !

- 7 Ah no ! ne'er will I backward turn ;
 Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am ;
 Thrice happy he, who views with scorn
 Earth's toys, for Thee his constant flame !
 O help, that I may never move
 From the blest footsteps of Thy love !
- 8 Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits Thy call ;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 " I am thy Love, thy God, thy All !"
 To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
 To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

'28 (289) C.M. O. WESLEY. 1742.

- O FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free !
 A heart that always feels Thy blood
 So freely spilt for me !
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne ;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone :
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean ;
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him that dwells within :
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine ;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine !
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
 And melts at human woe :
 Jesus, for Thee distressed I am,
 I want Thy love to know.
- 6 My heart, Thou know'st, can never rest,
 Till Thou create my peace ;
 Till, of my Eden re-possess,
 From every sin I cease.

- 7 Fruit of Thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.
- 8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

729

(559)

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- Y**E ransomed sinners, hear,
The prisoners of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear,
According to His word :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 2 Let others hug their chains,
For sin and Satan plead,
And say from sin's remains,
They never can be freed :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me

Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

- 6 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove,
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

- 7 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise ;
Let us give thanks, and sing,
And glory in His grace :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

730

(241)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

JESUS, my Life ! Thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe ;
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to Thy death.

- 2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with Thy rebel strive ;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive !
- 3 More of Thy life, and more, I have,
As the old Adam dies :
Bury me, Saviour, in Thy grave,
That I with Thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me, Lord, Thy foes control,
Who would not own Thy sway ;
Diffuse Thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.
- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me Thine abode ;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God !

731

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 174

Isaiah xxxv.

- H**EAVENLY Father, Sovereign Lord,
 Ever faithful to Thy word,
 Humbly we our seal set to,
 Testify that Thou art true.
 Lo! for us the wilds are glad,
 All in cheerful green arrayed;
 Opening sweets they all disclose,
 Bud and blossom as the rose.
- 2 Hark! the wastes have found a voice;
 Lonely deserts now rejoice,
 Glad some hallelujahs sing,
 All around with praises ring.
 Lo! abundantly they bloom;
 Lebanon is hither come;
 Carmel's stores the heavens dispense,
 Sharon's fertile excellence.
- 3 See, these barren souls of ours
 Bloom, and put forth fruits and flowers,
 Flowers of Eden, fruits of grace,
 Peace, and joy, and righteousness.
 We behold (the abjects, we!)
 Christ, the Incarnate Deity,
 Christ, in whom Thy glories shine,
 Excellence of strength Divine.
- 4 Ye that tremble at His frown,
 He shall lift your hands cast down;
 Christ, who all your weakness sees,
 He shall prop your feeble knees.
 Ye of fearful heart, be strong;
 Jesus will not tarry long;
 Fear not lest His truth should fail:
 Jesus is unchangeable.
- 5 God, your God, shall surely come,
 Quell your foes, and seal their doom;
 He shall come and save you too:
 We, O Lord, have found Thee true!

- Blind we were, but now we see ;
 Deaf, we hearken now to Thee ;
 Dumb, for Thee our tongues employ ;
 Lame, and, lo ! we leap for joy.
- 6 Faint we were, and parched with drought,
 Water at Thy word gushed out ;
 Streams of grace our thirst repress,
 Starting from the wilderness.
 Still we gasp Thy grace to know ;
 Here for ever let it flow ;
 Make the thirsty land a pool,
 Fix the Spirit in our soul.

32

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

PART II.

- W**HERE the ancient Dragon lay,
 Open for Thyself a way !
 There let holy tempers rise,
 All the fruits of Paradise.
 Lead us in the way of peace,
 In the path of righteousness,
 Never by the sinner trod,
 Till he feels the cleansing blood.
- 2 There the simple cannot stray ;
 Babes, though blind, may find the way,
 Find, nor ever thence depart,
 Safe in lowliness of heart ;
 Far from fear, from danger far ;
 No devouring beast is there ;
 There the humble walk secure,
 God hath made their footsteps sure.
- 3 Jesus, mighty to redeem,
 Let our lot be cast with them ;
 Far from earth our souls remove,
 Ransom'd by Thy dying love.
 Leave us not below to mourn ;
 Fain we would to Thee return,
 Crown'd with righteousness, arise
 Far above these nether skies.

- 4 Come, and all our sorrows chase,
Wipe the tears from every face;
Gladness let us now obtain,
Partners of Thine endless reign.
Death, the latest foe, destroy;
Sorrow then shall yield to joy;
Gloomy grief shall flee away,
Swallow'd up in endless day.

733

(242)

4-7s.

J. WESLEY. 17

From the German of ANNA DOWEL.

- H**OLY Lamb, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee,
As Thou art, so let us be !
- 2 Jesu, see my panting breast !
See I pant in Thee to rest !
Gladly would I now be clean :
Cleanse me now from every sin.
- 3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind ;
To Thy cross my spirit bind ;
Earthly passions far remove ;
Swallow up my soul in love.
- 4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, Thou Son of God !
Take the purchase of Thy blood !
- 5 Who in heart on Thee believes,
He the' atonement now receives ;
He with joy beholds Thy face,
Triumphs in Thy pardoning grace.
- 6 See, ye sinners, see ! the flame,
Rising from the slaughtered Lamb,
Marks the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day !
- 7 Jesus, when this light we see,
All our soul's athirst for Thee ;
When Thy quick'ning power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.

8 Boundless wisdom, power Divine,
 Love unspeakable, are Thine :
 Praise by all to Thee be given,
 Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven !

734 (243) L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1740.

COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickenings fire !
 Come, and my hallowed heart inspire,
 Sprinkled with the atoning blood :
 Now to my soul Thyself reveal :
 Thy mighty working let me feel,
 And know that I am born of God.

- 2 Thy witness with my spirit bear,
 That God, my God, inhabits there,
 Thou, with the Father, and the Son,
 Eternal Light's coeval Beam,—
 Be Christ in me, and I in Him,
 Till perfect we are made in one.
- 3 When wilt Thou my whole heart subdue ?
 Come, Lord, and form my soul anew,
 Emptied of pride, and self, and hell :
 Less than the least of all Thy store
 Of mercies, I myself abhor :
 All, all my vileness may I feel.
- 4 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
 O may I as a little child,
 My lowly Master's steps pursue !
 Be anger to my soul unknown :
 Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone ;
 In love create Thou all things new.
- 5 Let earth no more my heart divide ;
 With Christ may I be crucified,
 To Thee with my whole soul aspire ;
 Dead to the world and all its toys,
 Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
 Be Thou alone my one desire !

- 6 Be Thou my joy, be Thou my dread ;
In battle cover Thou my head ;
Nor earth, nor hell I then shall fear ;
I then shall turn my steady face,—
Want, pain defy,—enjoy disgrace,—
Glory in dissolution near.
- 7 My will be swallowed up in Thee ;
Light in Thy light still may I see,
Beholding Thee with open face ;
Called the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallowed heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.
- 8 Come, Holy Ghost, all quickening Fire !
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood ;
Still to my soul Thyself reveal ;
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

735

2-6s & 4-7s.

C. WESLEY, 1739.

JESUS, Thou art our King !

- 4 Triumph and reign in me,
And spread Thy victory ;
Hell, and death, and sin control,
Pride, and wrath, and every foe,
All subdue ; through all my soul
Conquering, and to conquer, go.

736

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. J. WESLEY. 1739.

From the German of JOHN ANASTASIUS FREYLINGHAUSEN—1670-1739.

- O JESU, source of calm repose,
Thy like nor man, nor angel knows ;
Fairest among ten thousand fair !
E'en those whom death's sad fetters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compass'd round,
Find light and life, if Thou appear.
- 2 Effulgence of the Light Divine,
Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
Ere time its ceaseless course began ;
Thou, when the' appointed hour was come,
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,
But, God with God, wast man with man.
- 3 The world, sin, death, oppose in vain ;
Thou, by Thy dying, death hast slain,
My great Deliverer, and my God !
In vain does the old Dragon rage,
In vain all hell its powers engage ;
None can withstand Thy conquering blood.
- 4 Lord over all, sent to fulfil
Thy gracious Father's sovereign will,
To Thy dread sceptre will I bow :
With duteous reverence at Thy feet,
Like humble Mary, lo ! I sit ;
Speak, Lord ! Thy servant heareth now.
- 5 Renew Thine image, Lord, in me ;
Lowly and gentle may I be ;
No charms but these to Thee are dear :
No anger may'st Thou ever find,
No pride, in my unruffled mind,
But faith, and heaven-born peace, be there !

- 6 A patient, a victorious mind,
That life and all things casts behind,
Springs forth obedient to Thy call,
A heart that no desire can move,
But still to' adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All !

737

(244)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742

- E**VER fainting with desire,
For Thee, O Christ, I call ;
Thee I restlessly require ;
I want my God, my All !
Jesus, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait Thy coming from above :
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.
- 2 Wilt Thou suffer me to go
Lamenting all my days ?
Shall I never, never know
Thy sanctifying grace ?

- Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.
- 5 Thou, my Life, my Treasure be,
My Portion here below ;
Nothing would I seek but Thee,
Thee only would I know,
My exceeding great Reward,
My Heaven on earth, my Heaven above !
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.
- 6 Grant me now the bliss to feel
Of those that are in Thee ;
Son of God, Thyself reveal,
Engrave Thy name on me ;
As in heaven be here adored,
And let me now the promise prove ;
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

738

(245)

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in CHRIST JESUS.—Phil. II. 5.

- J**ESU, shall I never be,
Firmly grounded upon Thee ?
Never by Thy work abide,
Never in Thy wounds reside ?
- 2 O how wavering is my mind,
Tossed about with every wind !
O how quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart !
- 3 Jesu, let my nature feel,
Thou art God unchangeable :
JAH, JEHOVAH, great I AM,
Speak into my soul Thy Name.
- 4 Grant that every moment I
May believe, and feel Thee nigh ;
Steadfastly behold Thy face,
'Stablished with abiding grace.

- 5 Plant, and root, and fix in me
All the mind that was in Thee ;
Settled peace I then shall find ;
Jesu's is a *quiet* mind.
- 6 Anger I no more shall feel,
Always even, always still,
Meekly on my God reclined ;
Jesu's is a *gentle* mind.
- 7 I shall suffer and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will ;
Be in all alike resigned ;
Jesu's is a *patient* mind.
- 8 When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear ;
Fear doth servile spirits bind ;
Jesu's is a *noble* mind.
- 9 When I feel it fixed within,
I shall have no power to sin ;
How shall sin an entrance find ?

739

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

LORD, I believe Thy every word,
Thy every promise, true ;
And, lo ! I wait on Thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

- 2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth Thy praise ;
Jesu, support the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.
- 3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name ;
Let Him who raised Thee from the dead
Quicken my mortal frame.
- 4 Still let me live Thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain ;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.
- 5 Spare me, till I my strength of soul,
Till I Thy love, retrieve ;
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
And perfect soundness give.
- 6 Faith to be healed Thou know'st I have,
From sin to be made clean ;
Able Thou art from sin to save,
From all indwelling sin.
- 7 Surely Thou canst, I do not doubt,
Thou wilt Thyself impart ;
The bond-woman's base son cast out,
And take up all my heart.
- 8 I shall my ancient strength renew,
The excellence divine
(If Thou art good, if Thou art true)
Throughout my soul shall shine.
- 9 I shall, a weak and helpless worm,
Through Jesus strengthening me,
Impossibilities perform,
And live from sinning free.

- 10 For this in steadfast hope I wait ;
Now, Lord, my soul restore ;
Now the new heavens and earth create,
And I shall sin no more.

740

C.M.

C. WESLEY, 1742

Matt. vi. 10.

- J**ESUS, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
In whom I now believe,
As taught by Thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the choirs above,
Who always see Thee on Thy throne,
And glory in Thy love.
- 3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do Thy will,
As angels, who behold Thy face,
And all Thy words fulfil.
- 4 Surely I shall, the sinner I
Shall serve Thee without fear ;

41 ⁽³⁵⁵⁾ 7s & 6s. C. WESLEY. 1742.

CHRIST, my hidden Life, appear,
Soul of my inmost soul !
Light of life, the mourner cheer,
And make the sinner whole !
Now in me Thyself display ;
Surely Thou in all things art ;
I from all things turn away
To seek Thee in my heart !

2 Open, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice !
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice ;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of Thy grace.

3 From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw ;
For the small and inward Voice
I wait with humble awe ;
Silent am I now and still,
Dare not in Thy presence move ;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of Thy love.

4 Thou didst undertake for me,
For me to death wast sold ;
Wisdom in a mystery
Of bleeding love unfold !
Teach the lesson of Thy cross,
Let me die with Thee to reign !
All things let me count but loss,
So I may Thee regain !

5 Show me, as my soul can bear,
The depth of inbred sin ;
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within :

Take me, whom Thyself hast bought !
Bring into captivity
Every high aspiring thought,
That would not stoop to Thee !

- 6 Lord, my time is in Thy hand,
My soul to Thee convert !
Thou canst make me understand,
Though I am slow of heart :
Thine, in whom I live and move,
Thine the work, the praise is Thine ;
Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love,
And all Thou art is mine !

742

(560)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742

Dan. iii.

GOD of Israel's faithful Three
Who braved a tyrant's ire,
Nobly scorned to bow the knee
And walked unhurt in fire ;
Breathe their faith into my breast ;
Arm me in this fiery hour ;

- 4 Sin in me, the inbred foe,
 Awhile subsists in chains ;
 But Thou all Thy power shalt show,
 And slay its last remains :
 Thou hast conquered my desire,
 Thou shalt quench it with Thy blood,
 Fill me with a purer fire,
 And make me all like God.

743

(550)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Rom. iv. 16, &c.

- F**ATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
 My Saviour, and my Head,
 I trust in Thee, whose powerful word
 Hath raised Him from the dead.
- 2 Thou know'st for my offence He died,
 And rose again for me,
 Fully and freely justified,
 That I might live to Thee.
- 3 Eternal life to all mankind
 Thou hast in Jesus given ;
 And all who seek, in Him shall find
 The happiness of heaven.
- 4 O God ! Thy record I believe,
 In Abraham's footsteps tread ;
 And wait, expecting to receive
 The Christ, the promised Seed.
- 5 Faith in Thy power Thou seest I have;
 For Thou this faith hast wrought ;
 Dead souls Thou callest from their grave,
 And speakest worlds from nought.
- 6 Things that are not, as though they were,
 Thou callest by their name ;
 Present with Thee the future are,
 With Thee, the great I AM.
- 7 In hope, against all human hope,
 Self-desperate, I believe :
 Thy quickening word shall raise me up,
 Thou shalt Thy Spirit give.

- 8 The thing surpasses all my thought ;
But faithful is my Lord ;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.
- 9 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone ;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, " It shall be done ! "
- 10 To Thee the glory of Thy power,
And faithfulness I give ;
I shall in Christ, in that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.
- 11 Obedient faith, that waits on Thee,
Thou never wilt reprove :
But Thou wilt form Thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

744

(246)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1744

MY God ! I know, I feel Thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,

- 6 Love can bow down the stubborn neck,
The stone to flesh convert,
Softens, and melt, and pierce, and break,
An adamant heart.
- 7 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow !
- 8 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume !
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come !
- 9 Refining Fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.
- 10 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, purified by grace,
I only for His glory burn,
And always see His face.
- 11 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move ;
But Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

745

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- O JESUS, full of truth and grace,
O all-atoning Lamb of God,
I wait to see Thy glorious face,
I seek redemption through Thy blood.
- 2 Now in Thy strength I strive with Thee,
My Friend and Advocate with God ;
Give me the glorious liberty,
Give me the purchase of Thy blood.
- 3 Thou art the anchor of my hope,
The faithful promise I receive ;
Surely Thy death shall raise me up,
For Thou hast died that I might live.

6 My flesh, which cries,
Shall silence keep b
And earth, and hell, a
At Jesu's everlastin

746

L.M.

James iii. 2. Ps

WHAT! never spe
Or rash, or idle
O how shall I, most gr
This mark of true pe
2 Thy sinless mind in me
Thy Spirit's plenitud
And all my spotless lif
The' abundance of a
3 Saviour, I long to testi
The fulness of Thy se
O might Thy Spirit the
Which bought for me
4 Forgive, and make my
My inbred malady re
To perfect health restor

- 2 Thee let me drink, and thirst no more
 For drops of finite happiness :
 Spring up, O Well, in heavenly power,
 In streams of pure, perennial peace,
 In joy, that none can take away,
 In life, which shall for ever stay.
- 3 Father, on me the grace bestow,
 Unblamable before Thy sight,
 Whence all the streams of mercy flow ;
 Mercy, Thy own supreme delight,
 To me, for Jesu's sake, impart,
 And plant Thy nature in my heart.
- 4 Thy mind throughout my life be shown,
 While listening to the wretch's cry,
 The widow's and the orphan's groan,
 On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,
 The poor and helpless to relieve,
 My life, my all, for them to give.
- 5 Thus may I show the Spirit within,
 Which purges me from every stain ;
 Unspotted from the world and sin,
 My faith's integrity maintain ;
 The truth of my religion prove,
 By perfect purity and love.

748 (561) L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1742.

- O GOD of my salvation, hear,
 And help a sinner to draw near
 With boldness to the throne of grace :
 Help me Thy benefits to sing,
 And smile to see me feebly bring
 My humble sacrifice of praise.
- 2 I cannot praise Thee as I would ;
 But Thou art merciful and good ;
 I know Thou never wilt despise
 The day of small and feeble things,
 But bear me, till on eagles' wings
 To all the heights of love I rise.

- 3 I thank Thee for that gracious taste,
(Which pride would not permit to last,)
That touch of love, that pledge of heav'n
Surely on me my Father smiled,
And once I knew Him reconciled,
And once I felt my sins forgiven.
- 4 My Lord and God I then could see,
My Saviour, who hath died for me,
To bring the rebel near to God ;
Thou didst, Thou didst, Thy peace impart,
Pardon was written on my heart,
In largest characters of blood.
- 5 Vilest of all the sons of men,
When I to folly turned again,
And sinned against Thy light and love,
Grace did much more than sin abound ;
Amazed, I still forgiveness found,
And thanked my Advocate above.
- 6 Saviour, for this I thank Thee now ;
My Saviour to the utmost, Thou
Hast snatched me from the gates of hell
That I to all mankind may prove
Thy free, Thine everlasting love,
Which all mankind with me may feel.
- 7 The boundless love that found out me,
For every soul of man is free ;
None of Thy mercy need despair ;
Patient, and pitiful, and kind,
Thee every soul of man may find,
And, freely saved, Thy grace declare.
- 8 A vile, backsliding sinner, I
Ten thousand deaths deserve to die ;
Yet still by sovereign grace I live !
Saviour, to Thee, I still look up ;
I see an open door of hope ;
And wait Thy fulness to receive.
- 9 How shall I thank Thee for the grace,
The trust I have to see Thy face,

When sin shall all be purged away !
 The night of doubts and fears is past ;
 The Morning Star appears at last,
 And I shall see the perfect day.

749

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1742.

PART II.

I SOON shall hear Thy quickening voice,
 Shall always pray, give thanks, rejoice ;
 (This is Thy will, and faithful word ;)
 My spirit meek, my will resigned ;
 Lowly as Thine shall be my mind ;
 The servant shall be as his Lord.

- 2 Already, Lord, I feel Thy power ;
 Preserved from evil every hour,
 My great Preserver I proclaim :
 Safety and strength in Thee I have ;
 I find, I find Thee strong to save,
 And know that Jesus is Thy name.
- 3 By faith I every moment stand,
 Strangely upheld by Thy right hand ;
 I my own wickedness eschew ;
 A sinner, I am kept from sin ;
 And Thou shalt make me pure within,
 And Thou shalt form my soul anew.
- 4 Come, then, and loose my stammering tongue,
 Teach me the new, the joyful song,
 And perfect in a babe Thy praise :
 I want a thousand lives to' employ
 In publishing the sounds of joy,
 The gospel of Thy general grace.
- 5 Come, Lord, Thy Spirit bids Thee come ;
 Give me Thyself, and take me home ;
 Be now the glorious earnest given !
 The counsel of Thy grace fulfil ;
 Thy kingdom come, Thy perfect will
 Be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven.

750

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 17

2 Cor. iii. 17; v. 17. Heb. xi. 5.

O COME, and dwell in me,
 Spirit of power within !
 And bring the glorious liberty
 From sorrow, fear, and sin.
 The seed of sin's disease,
 Spirit of health, remove,
 Spirit of finished holiness,
 Spirit of perfect love.

2 Hasten the joyful day,
 Which shall my sins consume,
 When old things shall be passed away,
 And all things new become.
 The' original offence
 Out of my soul erase ;
 Enter Thyself, and drive it hence,
 And take up all the place.

3 I want the witness, Lord,
 That all I do is right,
 According to Thy will and word,
 Well-pleasing in Thy sight.
 I ask no higher state ;
 Indulge me but in this,
 And soon or later then translate
 To my eternal bliss.

751

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 178

Gen. ii. 7. Lev. xxvi. 13. Gen. xvii. 1; i. 28.

FATHER, see this living clod,
 This spark of heavenly fire ;
 See my soul, the breath of God,
 Doth after God aspire :
 Let it still to heaven ascend,
 Till I my principle rejoin,
 Blended with my glorious end,
 And lost in Love Divine.

- 2 Lord, if Thou from me hast broke
 The power of outward sin,
 Burst this Babylonish yoke,
 And make me free within :
 Bid my inbred sin depart,
 And I Thy utmost word shall prove,
 Upright both in life and heart,
 And perfected in love.
- 3 God of all-sufficient grace,
 My God in Christ Thou art ;
 Bid me walk before Thy face,
 Till I am pure in heart ;
 Till, transformed by faith divine,
 I gain that perfect love unknown,
 Bright in all Thine image shine,
 By putting on Thy Son.
- 4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 In council join again,
 To restore Thine image lost
 By frail, apostate man :
 Oh might I Thy form express,
 Through faith begotten from above,
 Stamped with real holiness,
 And filled with perfect love !

752 (247)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Ezek. xvi. 62, 63.

- O** GOD, most merciful and true !
 Thy nature to my soul impart ;
 'Stablish with me the covenant new,
 And write perfection on my heart.
- 2 To real holiness restored,
 Oh let me gain my Saviour's mind !
 And, in the knowledge of my Lord,
 Fulness of life eternal find.
- 3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
 That them I may no more forget ;
 But sunk in guiltless shame adore,
 With speechless wonder, at Thy feet.

- 4 O'erwhelmed with Thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in Thy presence move ;
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.
- 5 Then every murmuring thought and vain
Expires, in sweet confusion lost ;
I cannot of my cross complain ;
I cannot of my goodness boast.
- 6 Pardoned for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide ;
And glory give to God alone,
My God for ever pacified !

753

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Deut. xxxii. 39. Ps. cxix. 96.

DEEPEN the wound Thy hands have made
In this weak, helpless soul,
Till mercy, with its balmy aid,
Descends to make me whole.

- 2 The sharpness of Thy two-edged sword
Enable me to' endure ;
Till bold to say, my hallowing Lord
Hath wrought a perfect cure.
- 3 I see the' exceeding broad command,
Which all contains in one :
Enlarge my heart to understand
The mystery unknown.
- 4 Oh that with all Thy saints I might
By sweet experience prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth, of perfect love !

754

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Psalm xxxix. 8 ; xlii. 2.

WHAT now is my object and aim ?
What now is my hope and desire ?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after His image aspire :

- 2 My hope is all centred in Thee ;
 I trust to recover Thy love,
 On earth Thy salvation to see,
 And then to enjoy it above.
- 3 I thirst for a life-giving God,
 A God that on Calvary died ;
 A fountain of water and blood,
 Which gushed from Immanuel's side !
- 4 I gasp for the stream of Thy love,
 The spirit of rapture unknown ;
 And then to re-drink it above,
 Eternally fresh from the throne.

755

(248)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Psalm lxxi. 10.

GIVE me the enlarged desire,
 And open, Lord, my soul,
 Thy own fulness to require,
 And comprehend the whole :
 Stretch my faith's capacity
 Wider, and yet wider still ;
 Then with all that is in Thee
 My soul for ever fill !

756

(249)

L.M. 6 lines.

J. WESLEY. 1789.

From the German of PAUL GERHARDT.

- J**ESUS, Thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;
 O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
 And reign without a rival there :
 Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am ;
 Be Thou alone my constant flame !
- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell, but Thy pure love alone :
 O may Thy love possess me whole,
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown ;
 Strange flames far from my heart remove ;
 My every act, word, thought, be love !

- 3 O Love, how cheering is Thy ray !
All pain before Thy presence flies ;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise :
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee !
- 4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire ;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire ;
And day and night be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.
- 5 My Saviour, Thou Thy love to me
In shame, in want, in pain, hast showed ;
For me on the accursed tree,
Thou pouredst forth Thy guiltless blood ;
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
Nor aught shall the loved stamp efface.
- 6 More hard than marble is my heart,

- 9 In suffering be Thy love my peace,
 In weakness be Thy love my power ;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death as life be Thou my Guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.

757

(121)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1789.

- C**OME, Holy Ghost, all-quickenings Fire,
 Come, and in me delight to rest ;
 Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
 O come and consecrate my breast !
 The temple of my soul prepare,
 And fix Thy sacred presence there !
- 2 If now Thy influence I feel,
 If now in Thee begin to live,
 Still to my heart Thyself reveal ;
 Give me Thyself, for ever give :
 A point my good, a drop my store,
 Eager I ask, I pant for more.
- 3 Eager for Thee I ask and pant ;
 So strong the principle divine,
 Carries me out with sweet constraint,
 Till all my hallowed soul is Thine ;
 Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
 And lost in Thine immensity.
- 4 My peace, my life, my comfort Thou,
 My treasure, and my all Thou art !
 True witness of my sonship, now
 Engraving pardon on my heart,
 Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
 Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.
- 5 Come then, my God, mark out Thine heir
 Of heaven, a larger earnest give !
 With clearer light Thy witness bear ;
 More sensibly within me live ;
 Let all my powers Thine entrance feel,
 And deeper stamp Thyself the seal !

758

(250)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1741

SAVIOUR from sin, I wait to prove

That Jesus is Thy healing name ;

To lose, when perfected in love,

Whate'er I have, or can, or am :

I stay me on Thy faithful word,

"The servant shall be as his Lord."

2 Answer that gracious end in me,

For which Thy precious life was given ;

Redeem from all iniquity ;

Restore, and make me meet for heaven !

Unless Thou purge my every stain,

Thy suffering, and my faith are vain.

3 Didst Thou not in the flesh appear,

Sin to condemn, and man to save ?

That perfect love might cast out fear ?

That I Thy mind in me might have ?

In holiness show forth Thy praise,

And serve Thee all my spotless days ?

4 Didst Thou not die, that I might live

- 2 When shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear ?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
Attend the promised Comforter ;
Oh come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine !
- 3 Oh that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me His constant home,
And take possession of my breast,
And fix in me His loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God !
- 4 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire,
Attest that I am born again ;
Come and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let Thy former gifts be vain :
I cannot rest in sins forgiven ;
Where is the earnest of my heaven ?
- 5 Where the indubitable seal
That ascertains the kingdom mine ?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of Love Divine !
Oh shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God !
- 760 (251) L.M. 6 lines. C. WESLEY. 1742.
- W**HAT shall I do my God to love,
My Saviour, and the world's, to praise ?
Whose bowels of compassion move
To me, and all the fallen race !
Whose mercy is divinely free
For all the fallen race, and me !
- 2 I long to know, and to make known,
The heights and depths of Love Divine,
The kindness Thou to me hast shown,
Whose every sin was counted Thine !
My God for me resigned His breath !
He died to save my soul from death !

- 3 How shall I thank Thee for the grace
 On me and all mankind bestowed ?
 Oh that my every breath were praise !
 Oh that my heart were filled with God !
 My heart would then with love o'erflow,
 And all my life Thy glory show.
- 4 See me, O Lord, athirst and faint !
 Me, weary of forbearing, see !
 And let me feel Thy love's constraint,
 And freely give up all for Thee ;
 True in the fiery trial prove,
 And pay Thee back Thy dying love !

761

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1743

- O LOVE, I languish at Thy stay !
 I pine for Thee with lingering smart,
 Weary and faint through long delay :
 When wilt Thou come into my heart ?
 From sin and sorrow set me free,
 And swallow up my soul in Thee !
- 2 Come, O Thou universal Good !
 Balm of the wounded conscience, come !
 The hungry, dying spirit's food,
 The weary, wandering pilgrim's home ;
 Haven to take the shipwrecked in,
 My everlasting rest from sin !
- 3 Be Thou, O Love, whate'er I want ;
 Support my feebleness of mind ;
 Relieve the thirsty soul, the faint
 Revive, illuminate the blind ;
 The mournful cheer, the drooping lead,
 And heal the sick, and raise the dead.
- 4 Come, O my comfort and delight !
 My strength and health, my shield and ^{su}
 My boast, and confidence, and might,
 My joy, my glory, and my crown ;
 My gospel hope, my calling's prize,
 My tree of life, my paradise.

- 5 The secret of the Lord Thou art,
The mystery so long unknown ;
Christ in a pure and perfect heart,
The name inscribed in the white stone ;
The life divine, the little leaven,
My precious pearl, my present heaven.

762

(564)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- P**RISONERS of hope, lift up your heads !
The day of liberty draws near ;
Jesus, who on the Serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear :
The Lord will to His temple come ;
Prepare your hearts to make Him room.
- 2 We all shall find, whom in His word
Himself hath caused to put our trust,
The Father of our dying Lord
Is ever to His promise just ;
Faithful, if we our sins confess,
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.
- 3 Yes, Lord, we must believe Thee kind,
Thou never canst unfaithful prove ;
Surely we shall Thy mercy find ;
Who ask, shall all receive Thy love ;
Nor canst Thou it to me deny ;
I ask, the chief of sinners I !
- 4 O ye of fearful heart, be strong !
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up !
Ye shall not be forgotten long !
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope !
Tell Him, ye wait His grace to prove,
And cannot fail, if God is Love !
- 5 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold ;
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear !
Dare to believe ; on Christ lay hold !
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer ;
Tell Him, " We will not let Thee go,
Till we Thy Name, Thy Nature know."

- 6 Hast Thou not died to purge our sin,
 And risen, Thy death for us to plead!
 To write Thy law of love within
 Our hearts, and make us free indeed?
 That we our Eden might regain,
 Thou diedst ; and couldst not die in vain.
- 7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour
 Which all Thy great salvation brings;
 The Spirit of love, and health, and power,
 Shall come and make us priests and kings
 Thou wilt perform Thy faithful word,
 "The servant shall be as his Lord."
- 8 The promise stands for ever sure,
 And we shall in Thine image shine,
 Partakers of a nature pure,
 Holy, angelical, divine ;
 In spirit join'd to Thee, the Son,
 As Thou art with Thy Father One.
- 9 Faithful and true, we now receive
 The promise ratified by Thee :
 To Thee the *when* and *how* we leave,
 In time and in eternity ;
 We only hang upon Thy word,
 "The servant shall be as his Lord."

763

(252)

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1742

- W**HEN, my Saviour, shall I be
 Perfectly resigned to Thee ?
 Poor and vile in my own eyes,
 Only in Thy wisdom wise !
- 2 Only Thee content to know,
 Ignorant of all below ;
 Only guided by Thy light ;
 Only mighty in Thy might !
- 3 So I may Thy Spirit know,
 Let Him as He listeth blow ;
 Let the manner be unknown,
 So I may with Thee be one.

- 4 Fully in my life express
 All the heights of holiness ;
 Sweetly let my spirit prove
 All the depths of humble love.

'64

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Zech. iv. 7.

- O** GREAT Mountain, who art thou,
 Immense, immovable ?
 High as heaven aspires thy brow,
 Thy foot sinks deep as hell !
 Thee, alas ! I long have known,
 Long have felt thee fixed within ;
 Still beneath thy weight I groan ;
 Thou art Indwelling Sin.
- 2 Thou art darkness in my mind ;
 Perverseness in my will ;
 Love inordinate and blind,
 That always cleaves to ill ;
 Every passion's wild excess ;
 Anger, lust, and pride, thou art ;
 Thou art sin and sinfulness,
 And unbelief of heart.
- 3 Not by human might or power
 Canst thou be moved from hence ;
 But thou shalt flow down before
 Divine Omnipotence :
 My Zerubbabel is near :
 I have not believed in vain :
 Thou, when Jesus doth appear,
 Shalt sink into a plain.
- 4 Christ the Head, the Corner-Stone,
 Shall be brought forth in me ;
 Glory be to Christ alone !
 His grace shall set me free :
 I shall shout my Saviour's name ;
 Him I evermore shall praise :
 All the work of grace proclaim,
 Of sanctifying grace.

- 5 Christ hath the foundation laid,
And Christ shall build me up ;
Surely I shall soon be made
Partaker of my hope :
Author of my faith He is,
He its Finisher shall be ;
Perfect love shall seal me His
To all eternity.

765

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1763

PART II.

- WHO hath slighted or contemned
The day of feeble things ?
I shall be by grace redeemed ;
'Tis grace salvation brings :
Ready now my Saviour stands ;
Him I now rejoice to see
With the plummet in His hands,
To build and finish me.
- 2 I right early shall awake,
And see the perfect day ;

Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
 All Thy faithful mercies crown :
 Jesus, Thou art all compassion ;
 Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;
 Visit us with Thy salvation ;
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh ! breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast :
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find the promised rest :
 Take away the love of sinning :
 Alpha and Omega be ;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy grace receive ;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more, Thy temples leave :
 Thee we would be always blessing ;
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above ;
 Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be ;
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee :
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

167

(258)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
 And ever prays for me ;
 A token of His love He gives,
 A pledge of liberty.

2 I find Him lifting up my head,
 He brings salvation near ;

- His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be ;
What can withstand His will !
The counsel of His grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word ;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.
- 5 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
To meet Thee from above,
Thy goodness thankfully adores ;
And sure I taste Thy love.
- 6 Thy love I soon expect to find,
In all its depth and height ;
To comprehend the' Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite.
- 7 When God is mine, and I am His,
Of paradise possess,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.
- 8 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in Thee believe,
'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell,
Or angel-minds conceive.
- 9 Thou only know'st, who didst obtain,
And die to make it known ;
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one !

768

(516)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 17

Isa. li. 9, &c.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake !
Thine own immortal strength put on
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast Thy foes with fury down !

- 2 As in the ancient days appear ;
 The sacred annals speak Thy fame :
 Be now omnipotently near,
 To endless ages still the same,
- 3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shortened now ;
 It wants not now the power to save ;
 Still present with Thy people, Thou
 Bear'st them through life's disparted wave.
- 4 By death and hell pursued in vain,
 To Thee the ransomed seed shall come,
 Shouting, their heavenly Sion gain,
 And pass through death triumphant home.
- 5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,
 The anguish and distracting care ;
 There sighing grief shall weep no more,
 And sin shall never enter there.
- 6 Where pure, essential joy is found,
 The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise ;
 With everlasting gladness crowned,
 And filled with love, and lost in praise.

769

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- P**RISONERS of hope, arise,
 And see your Lord appear :
 Lo ! on the wings of love He flies,
 And brings redemption near.
 Redemption in His blood
 He calls you to receive :
 "Look unto me, the pardoning God ;
 Believe," He cries, "believe !"
- 2 The reconciling word
 We thankfully embrace ;
 Rejoice in our redeeming Lord,
 A blood-besprinkled race.
 We yield to be set free ;
 Thy counsel we approve ;
 Salvation, praise, ascribe to Thee,
 And glory in Thy love.

- 3 Jesus, to Thee we look,
Till saved from sin's remains ;
Reject the inbred tyrant's yoke,
And cast away his chains.
Our nature shall no more
O'er us dominion have ;
By faith we apprehend the power
Which shall for ever save !

770

(255)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742

Matt. xi. 28.

- O THAT my load of sin were gone !
O that I could at last submit
At Jesu's feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet !
- 2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb ?
The God of my salvation see ?
Weary, O Lord, Thou know'st I am ;
Yet still I cannot come to Thee.
- 3 Rest for my soul I long to find :
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp Thine image on my heart.
- 4 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free :
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.
- 5 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God :
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labour of Thy dying love.
- 6 I would, but Thou must give the power ;
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with Thy perfect peace.
- 7 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let Thy chariot wheels delay ;
Appear, in my poor heart appear !
My God, my Saviour, come away !

771

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

O JESUS, at Thy feet we wait,
Till Thou shalt bid us rise,
Restored to our unsinning state,
To love's sweet paradise.

- 2 Saviour from sin, we Thee receive,
From all indwelling sin,
Thy blood, we steadfastly believe,
Shall make us throughly clean.
- 3 Since Thou wouldst have us free from sin,
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring Thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.
- 4 The counsel of Thy love fulfil ;
Come quickly, gracious Lord !
Be it according to Thy will,
According to Thy word !
- 5 According to our faith in Thee
Let it to us be done ;
Oh ! that we all Thy face might see,
And know as we are known !
- 6 Oh ! that the perfect grace were given,
The love diffused abroad !
Oh ! that our hearts were all a heaven,
For ever filled with God !

772

(256)

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1739.

SINCE the Son hath made me free,
Let me taste my liberty ;
Thee behold with open face,
Triumph in Thy saving grace ;
Thy great will delight to prove,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

- 2 Abba, Father ! hear Thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled ;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power,

- All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.
- 3 Lord, I will not let Thee go,
Till the blessing Thou bestow :
Hear my Advocate Divine !
Lo ! to His my suit I join ;
Joined to His, it cannot fail :
Bless me ; for I will prevail !
- 4 Heavenly Father, Life Divine.
Change my nature into Thine !
Move and spread throughout my soul,
Actuate and fill the whole !
Be it I no longer now
Living in the flesh, but Thou.
- 5 Holy Ghost, no more delay !
Come, and in Thy temple stay !
Now Thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear :
Spring of Life, Thyself impart :
Rise eternal in my heart !

773

(257)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 17

Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c.

- G**OD of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure,
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall
Remains and stands for ever sure :
- 2 That I Thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind Thy truth may see,
Hallow Thy great and glorious Name,
And perfect holiness in me.
- 3 Thy sanctifying Spirit pour,
To quench my thirst, and make me cle
Now, Father, let the gracious shower
Descend, and make me pure from sin.
- 4 Purge me from every sinful blot ;
My idols all be cast aside ;
Cleanse me from every sinful thought,
From all the filth of self and pride.

- 5 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
 From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free ;
 The mind which was in Christ impart,
 And let my spirit cleave to Thee.
- 6 O take this heart of stone away !
 Thy sway it doth not, cannot own ;
 In me no longer let it stay ;
 O take away this heart of stone !
- 7 O that I now, from sin released,
 Thy word may to the utmost prove,
 Enter into the promised rest,
 The Canaan of Thy perfect love !

774

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

PART II.

- F**ATHER, supply my every need ;
 Sustain the life Thyself hast given ;
 Call for the never-failing bread,
 The manna that comes down from heaven.
- 2 The gracious fruits of righteousness,
 Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
 In me abundantly increase ;
 Nor ever let me hunger more.
- 3 Let me no more, in deep complaint,
 " My leanness, O my leanness ! " cry :
 Alone consumed with pining want,
 Of all my Father's children I.
- 4 The painful thirst, the fond desire,
 Thy joyous presence shall remove ;
 But my full soul shall still require
 A whole eternity of love.

775

(259)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

PART III.

HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
 I wait to prove Thy perfect will ;
 Be mindful of Thy gracious word,
 And stamp me with Thy Spirit's seal.

- 2 Open my faith's interior eye ;
Display Thy glory from above ;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.
- 3 Confound, o'erpower me by Thy grace,
I would be by myself abhorred ;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory, be to Christ my Lord !
- 4 Now let me gain perfection's height ;
Now let me into nothing fall ;
Be less than nothing in Thy sight ;
And feel that Christ is All in all !

776

(88)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- O GOD, to whom, in flesh revealed,
The helpless all for succour came,
The sick to be relieved and healed,
And found salvation in Thy name :
- 2 With publicans and harlots, I,
In these Thy Spirit's gospel days,
To Thee, the sinner's Friend, draw nigh,
And humbly sue for saving grace.
- 3 Thou seest me helpless and distressed,
Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor ;
Weary, I come to Thee for rest,
And sick of sin, implore a cure.
- 4 My sin's incurable disease
Thou, Jesus, Thou alone, canst heal ;
Inspire me with Thy power and peace,
And pardon on my conscience seal.
- 5 A touch, a word, a look from Thee,
Can turn my heart, and make it clean ;
Purge the foul, inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom-sin.
- 6 Lord, if Thou wilt, I do believe
Thou canst the saving grace impart ;
Thou canst this instant now forgive,
And stamp Thine image on my heart.

- 7 My heart, which now to Thee I raise,
 I know Thou canst this moment cleanse,
 The deepest stains of sin efface,
 And drive the evil spirit hence.
- 8 Be it according to Thy word ;
 Accomplish now Thy work in me ;
 And let my soul, to health restored,
 Devote its little all to Thee.

777

(84)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- O** THOU, whom once they flocked to hear,—
 Thy words to hear, Thy power to feel,—
 Suffer the sinners to draw near,
 And graciously receive us still.
- 2 They that be whole, Thyself hast said,
 No need of a physician have ;
 But I am sick, and want Thine aid,
 And want Thine utmost power to save.
- 3 Thy power, and truth, and love Divine,
 The same from age to age endure ;
 A word, a gracious word of Thine,
 The most inveterate plague can cure.
- 4 Helpless howe'er my spirit lies,
 And long hath languished at the pool,
 A word of Thine shall make me rise,
 And speak me in a moment whole.
- 5 Eighteen, or eight and thirty, years,
 Or thousands, are alike to Thee :
 Soon as Thy saving grace appears,
 My plague is gone, my heart is free.
- 6 Make this the acceptable hour !
 Come, O my soul's Physician, Thou !
 Display Thy sanctifying power,
 And show me Thy salvation now.

778

(85)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

JESUS, Thy far-extended fame
 My drooping soul exults to hear ;

- Thy name, Thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.
- 2 Sinners of old Thou didst receive,
With comfortable words and kind,
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.
- 3 And art Thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast Thou forgot Thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of Thy name?
- 4 Faith in Thy changeless name I have;
The good, the kind Physician, Thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.
- 5 Though eighteen hundred years are past
Since Thou didst in the flesh appear,
Thy tender mercies ever last;
And still Thy healing power is here!
- 6 Wouldst Thou the body's health restore,
And not regard the sin-sick soul?
The sin-sick soul Thou lov'st much more,
And surely Thou shalt make it whole.
- 7 All my disease, my every sin,
To Thee, O Jesus, I confess:
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.
- 8 That token of Thine utmost good
Now, Saviour, now on me bestow;
And purge my conscience with Thy blood,
And wash my nature white as snow.

779

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 174

SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole!
Finish Thy great work of grace,
Cut it short in righteousness.

- 2 Speak the second time, "Be clean!"
Take away my inbred sin;

Every stumbling-block remove ;
Cast it out by perfect love.

- 3 Nothing less will I require,
Nothing more can I desire :
None but Christ to me be given !
None but Christ in earth or heaven.

- 4 O that I might now decrease !
O that all I am might cease !
Let me into nothing fall,
Let my Lord be all in all !

'80

(496)

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

JESUS comes with all His grace,
Comes to save a fallen race ;
Object of our glorious hope,
Jesus comes to lift us up !

- 2 Let the living stones cry out ;
Let the sons of Abraham shout :
Praise we all our lowly King,
Give Him thanks, rejoice, and sing.

- 3 He hath our salvation wrought ;
He our captive souls hath bought ;
He hath reconciled to God ;
He hath washed us in His blood.

- 4 We are now His lawful right,
Walk as children of the light :
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart, to see His face.

- 5 We shall gain our calling's prize ;
After God we all shall rise,
Filled with joy, and love, and peace,
Perfected in holiness.

- 6 Let us then rejoice in hope,
Steadily to Christ look up ;
Trust to be redeemed from sin,
Wait, till He appear within.

- 7 Fools and madmen let us be,
Yet is our sure trust in Thee :

Faithful is the promised word,
We shall all be as our Lord.

- 8 Hasten, Lord, the perfect day !
Let Thy every servant say,
“ I have now obtained the power,
Born of God, to sin no more.”

781

(565)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1749

Mark xli. °.

ALL things are possible to him
That can in Jesu's Name believe :
Lord, I no more Thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive ;
I can—I do believe in Thee ;
All things are possible to me.

- 2 The most impossible of all
Is, that I e'er from sin should cease ;
Yet shall it be, I know it shall ;
Jesus, look to Thy faithfulness !
If nothing is too hard for Thee,
All things are possible to me.

- 3 Though earth and hell the word gainsay,
The word of God can never fail ;
The Lamb shall take my sins away,
'Tis certain, though impossible :
The thing impossible shall be ;
All things are possible to me.

- 4 When Thou the work of faith hast wrought
I here shall in Thine image shine,
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought ;
Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,
They cannot break the firm decree ;
All things are possible to me.

- 5 Thy mouth, O Lord, hath spoke, hath sworn
That I shall serve Thee without fear,
Shall find the pearl which others spurn,
Holy, and pure, and perfect here :

The servant as his Lord shall be ;
All things are possible to me.

- 6 All things are possible to God,
To Christ, the power of God in man,
To me, when I am all renew'd,
When I in Christ am formed again,
And witness, from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

82

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

O MIGHT I this moment cease
From every work of mine ;
Find the perfect holiness,
The righteousness divine !
Let me Thy salvation see ;
Let me do Thy perfect will ;
Live in glorious liberty,
And all Thy fulness feel.

- 2 O cut short the work, and make
Me now a creature new ;
For Thy truth and mercy's sake,
The gracious wonder show ;
Call me forth Thy witness, Lord ;
Let my life declare Thy power ;
To Thy perfect love restored,
O let me sin no more !

- 3 Fain I would the truth proclaim,
That makes me free indeed,
Glorify my Saviour's Name,
And all its virtues spread ;
Jesus all our wants relieves,
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
Saves, and to the utmost saves,
All those that come to Him.

- 4 Perfect then Thy mighty power
In a weak, sinful worm !
All my sins destroy, devour,
And all my soul transform !

Now apply Thy Spirit's seal ;
 O come quickly from above !
 Empty me of sin, and fill
 With all the life of love.

783

(261)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 174

- L**ORD, I believe a rest remains,
 To all Thy people known,
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And Thou art loved alone :
- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
 Is fix'd on things above ;
 Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 Oh that I now the rest might know,
 Believe, and enter in !
 Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
 And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
 This unbelief remove :
 To me the rest of faith impart,
 The Sabbath of Thy love.
- 5 I would be Thine, Thou know'st I would
 And have Thee all my own ;
 Thee, O my all-sufficient Good !
 I want, and Thee alone.
- 6 Thy name to me, Thy nature grant ;
 This, only this, be given ;
 Nothing beside my God I want ;
 Nothing in earth or heaven.
- 7 Come, O my Saviour, come away !
 Into my soul descend ;
 No longer from Thy creature stay,
 My Author and my End !
- 8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 And seal me Thine abode !
 Let all I am in Thee be lost ;
 Let all be lost in God !

784 (262) 4-8s & 2-6s. C. WESLEY. 1742.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love !
It lifts me up to things above ;
It bears on eagles' wings ;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesu's priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below :
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest ;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up !
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess :
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in !
Cast out Thy foes ; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove ;
The purchase of Thy death divide !
And O ! with all the sanctified
Give me a lot of love !

'85 (263) C.M. C. WESLEY. 1742.

O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace !
Christ shall in me appear ;
I, even I shall see His face ;
I shall be holy here.

- 2 This heart shall be His constant home,
I hear His Spirit cry :
"Surely," He saith, "I quickly come ;"
He saith, who cannot lie.
- 3 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view ;
Conqueror through Him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.
- 4 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see ;
My hope is full (O glorious hope !)
Of immortality.
- 5 He visits now the house of clay ;
He shakes His future home ;
O wouldst Thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into Thy temple come !
- 6 With me I know, I feel Thou art ;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless Thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

- 2 I wait, till He shall touch me clean,
 Shall life and power impart,
 Give me the faith that casts out sin,
 And purifies the heart.
- 3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
 For every sinner free ;
 Surely it shall on me take place,
 The chief of sinners, me.
- 4 From all iniquity, from all,
 He shall my soul redeem ;
 In Jesus I believe, and shall
 Believe myself to Him.
- 5 When Jesus makes my heart His home,
 My sin shall all depart ;
 And, lo ! He saith, " I quickly come,
 To fill and rule thy heart !"
- 6 Be it according to Thy word !
 Redeem me from all sin :
 My heart would now receive Thee, Lord ;
 Come in, my Lord, come in !

787

(566)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Deut. xxxiii. 26—29.

NONE is like Jeshurun's God,
 So great, so strong, so high :
 Lo ! He spreads His wings abroad,
 He rides upon the sky :
 Israel is His first-born son :
 God, the' Almighty God, is thine ;
 See Him to thy help come down,
 The Excellence Divine.

- 2 Thee the great Jehovah deigns
 To succour and defend ;
 Thee the' eternal God sustains,
 Thy Maker and thy Friend :
 Israel, what hast thou to dread ?
 Safe from all impending harms,
 Round thee and beneath are spread
 The everlasting arms.

- 3 God is thine ; disdain to fear
 The enemy within :
 God shall in thy flesh appear,
 And make an end of sin :
 God the man of sin shall slay,
 Fill thee with triumphant joy ;
 God shall thrust him out, and say,
 " Destroy them all, destroy !"
- 4 All the struggle then is o'er,
 And wars and fightings cease ;
 Israel then shall sin no more,
 But dwell in perfect peace :
 All his enemies are gone ;
 Sin shall have in him no part ;
 Israel now shall dwell alone,
 With Jesus in his heart.
- 5 In a land of corn and wine
 His lot shall be below ;
 Comforts there, and blessings join,
 And milk and honey flow :
 Jacob's well is in his soul ;
 Gracious dew his heavens distil,
 Fill his soul, already full,
 And shall for ever fill.
- 6 Blest, O Israel, art thou ;
 What people is like thee ?
 Saved from sin, by Jesus, now
 Thou art, and still shalt be :
 Jesus is thy seven-fold shield ;
 Jesus is thy flaming sword ;
 Earth, and hell, and sin, shall yield
 To God's almighty word.

788

(265)

L.M.

C. WESLEY.

1 Thess. iv. 3. Deut. xxx. 6. Ps. cxliii. 10. Matt. xiv. 30.

HE wills, that I should holy be ;
 That holiness I long to feel ;
 That full divine conformity
 To all my Saviour's righteous will.

- 2 See, Lord, the travail of Thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine ;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.
- 3 On Thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove Thine utmost will ;
The promise, by Thy mercy made,
Thou canst, Thou wilt, in me fulfil.
- 4 No more I stagger at Thy power,
Or doubt Thy truth, which cannot move :
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with Thy perfect love.
- 5 Jesus, Thy loving Spirit alone
Can lead me forth, and make me free ;
Burst every bond through which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty.
- 6 Now let Thy Spirit bring me in ;
And give Thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness.
- 7 Lord, I believe Thy power the same ;
The same Thy truth and grace endure ;
And in Thy blessed hands I am,
And trust Thee for a perfect cure.
- 8 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole,
Entirely all my sins remove ;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

789

(266)

S.M.

O. WESLEY. 1762.

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true :
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.
Come, then, for Jesu's sake,
And bid my heart be clean ;
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

- 2 I will, through grace, I will,
I do, return to Thee ;
Take, empty it, O Lord, and fill
My heart with purity !
For power, I feebly pray :
Thy kingdom now restore,
To-day, while it is called to-day,
And I shall sin no more.
- 3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing Thee,
And waiting for Thy blood to' impart
The spotless purity :
While at Thy cross I lie,
Jesus, Thy grace bestow,
Now Thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

790

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Psalm cl. 2.

WHY not now, my God, my God ?
Ready if Thou always art,
Make in me Thy mean abode

Now, for the honour of Thy cause,
Come, and consume the sacrifice !

3 The body, now, of sin destroy !
Thyself The Lord, The God, approve !
And fill our hearts with holy joy,
And fervent zeal, and perfect love.

4 Oh that the Fire from heaven might fall,
Our sins its ready victims find,
Seize on our sins, and burn up all,
Nor leave the least remains behind !

5 Then shall our prostrate souls adore,
The Lord,—He is the God, confess :
He is the God of saving power !
He is the God of hallowing grace !

792

(268)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

1 John III. 5. 1 Tim. III. 16.

ONCE Thou didst on earth appear,
For all mankind to' atone ;
Now be manifested here,
And bid our sin be gone !
Come, and by Thy presence chase
Its nature, with its guilt and power ;
Jesus, show Thine open face,
And sin shall be no more.

2 Thou who didst so greatly stoop
To a poor virgin's womb,
Here Thy mean abode take up ;
To me, my Saviour, come !

Come, and Satan's works destroy,
And let me all Thy Godhead prove,
Filled with peace, and heavenly joy,
And pure, eternal love.

3 Then my soul, with strange delight,
Shall comprehend and feel
What the length, and breadth, and height
Of love unspeakable :

Then shall I the secret know,
Which angels would search out in vain,—

God was man, and served below,
That man with God might reign !

- 4 Father, Son, and Spirit, come,
And with Thine own abide :
Holy Ghost, to make Thee room,
Our hearts we open wide ;
Thee, and only Thee request,
To every asking sinner given ;
Come, our life, and peace, and rest,
Our All in earth and heaven.

793

(269)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Jer. xlii. 27; xlii. 29,

NOW, e'en now, I yield, I yield,
With all my sins to part ;
Jesus, speak my pardon sealed,
And purify my heart ;
Purge the love of sin away ;
Then I into nothing fall ;
Then I see the perfect day,
And Christ is All in all.

- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove ;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.
- 4 Give me Thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free :
Let all I am in Thee be lost ;
But give Thyself to me.
- 5 Thy gifts, alas, cannot suffice ;
Unless Thyself be given ;
Thy presence makes my Paradise,
And where Thou art is heaven !

795

(271)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Mark xi. 24. Isaiah xlvii. 3.

- I** ASK the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power,
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve Thee more.
- 2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infus'd, the love revealed,
The kingdom fixed within.
- 3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray ;
Thou seest my heart's desire ;
Made ready in Thy powerful day,
Thy fulness I require.
- 4 My vehement soul cries out, oppress,
Impatient to be freed ;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.
- 5 Art Thou not able to convert ?
Art Thou not willing too ?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew ?
- 6 Thou canst, Thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with Thy power,

That I to sin shall never cleave,
Shall never feel it more.

7 This moment I Thy truth confess,
This moment I receive
The heavenly gift, the dew of grace,
And by Thy mercy live :

8 The next, and every moment, Lord,
On me Thy Spirit pour,
And bless me, who believe Thy word,
With that last glorious shower.

796

(272)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 17th

Mark xi. 24.

COME, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove :
Now in my gasping soul reveal
The virtue of Thy love.

2 I want Thy life, Thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in ;
I ask, desire, and trust in Thee,
To be redeem'd from sin.

3 For this, as taught by Thee, I pray,
And can no longer doubt ;
Remove from hence ! to sin I say ;
Be cast this moment out !

4 Anger and sloth, desire and pride,
This moment be subdued ;
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood.

5 Saviour, to Thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour Thou !
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.

6 'Tis done : Thou dost this moment save
With full salvation bless ;
Redemption through Thy blood I have
And spotless love and peace.

For Believers Saved.

17

(285)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

1 Cor. vi. 20. Rev. i. 5.

GOD! who didst so dearly buy
 These wretched souls of ours,
 Help us Thee to glorify
 With all our ransomed powers :
 Ours they are not, Lord, but Thine ;
 O let the vessels of Thy grace,
 Body, soul, and spirit, join
 In our Redeemer's praise !

2 True and Faithful Witness, Thee,
 O Jesus, we receive ;
 Fulness of the Deity,
 In all Thy people live !
 First-begotten from the dead,
 Call forth Thy living witnesses ;
 King of Saints, Thine empire spread
 O'er all the ransomed race.

3 Grace, the fountain of all good,
 Ye happy saints, receive,
 With the streams of peace o'erflowed,
 With all that God can give ;
 He who is, and WAS, in peace,
 And grace, and plenitude of power,
 Come your favoured souls to bless,
 And never leave you more.

4 Let the Spirit before His throne,
 Mysterious One and Seven,
 In His various gifts sent down,
 Be to the churches given ;
 Let the pure seraphic joy
 From Jesus Christ, the Just, descend ;
 Holiness without alloy,
 And bliss that ne'er shall end.

798 (497)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

2 Tim. 1. 7.

QUICKEN'D with our immortal Head,
 Who daily, Lord, ascend with Thee,
 Redeemed from sin, and free indeed,
 We taste our glorious liberty.

- 2 Saved from the fear of hell and death,
 With joy we seek the things above ;
 And all Thy saints the Spirit breathe
 Of power, sobriety, and love.
- 3 Power o'er the world, the fiend, and sin,
 We through Thy gracious Spirit feel ;
 Full power the victory to win,
 And answer all Thy righteous will.
- 4 Pure love to God Thy members find,
 Pure love to every soul of man ;
 And in Thy sober, spotless mind,
 Saviour, our heaven on earth we gain.

799 (54)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Resurrection.

Col. III. 1, 2.

YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,
 If risen indeed with Him ye are,
 Superior to the joys below,
 His resurrection's power declare.

- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
 By actions show your sins forgiven !
 And seek the glorious things above,
 And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.
- 3 There your exalted Saviour see,
 Seated at God's right hand again,
 In all His Father's majesty,
 In everlasting pomp to reign.
- 4 To him continually aspire,
 Contending for your native place ;
 And emulate the angel-choir,
 And only live to love and praise.

- 5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
 Ye nothing seek or want beside ;
 Dead to the world and sin ye live ;
 Your creature-love is crucified.
- 6 Your real life, with Christ concealed,
 Deep in the Father's bosom lies ;
 And, glorious as your Head revealed,
 Ye soon shall meet Him in the skies.

800

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

2 Tim. iv. 7.

- " I THE good fight have fought,"
 O when shall I declare ?
 The victory by my Saviour got,
 I long with Paul to share.
- 2 O may I triumph so,
 When all my warfare's past ;
 And, dying, find my latest foe
 Under my feet at last !
- 3 This blessed word be mine,
 Just as the port is gained,
 " Kept by the power of grace Divine,
 I have the faith maintained."
- 4 The' Apostles of my Lord,
 To whom it first was given,
 They could not speak a greater word,
 Nor all the saints in heaven.

801 (496)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Jer. ix. 23.

- L ET not the wise his wisdom boast ;
 The mighty glory in his might ;
 The rich in flattering riches trust,
 Which take their everlasting flight.
- 2 The rush of numerous years bears down
 The most gigantic strength of man ;
 And where is all his wisdom gone,
 When dust he turns to dust again !

- 3 One only gift can justify
 The boasting soul that knows his God;
 When Jesus doth His blood apply,
 I glory in His sprinkled blood.
- 4 The Lord my Righteousness I praise;
 I triumph in the love Divine,
 The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace
 In Christ to endless ages mine.

802

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1761

REV. I. S. G.

- W**HO can worthily commend
 Thy love unsearchable !
 Love that made Thee condescend
 Our curse and death to feel :
 Thou, the great, eternal God,
 Who didst Thyself our ransom pay,
 Hast, with Thy own precious blood
 Wash'd all our sins away.
- 2 By the Spirit of our Head
 Anointed priests and kings,
 Conquerors of the world, we tread
 On all created things ;
 Sit in heavenly places down,
 While yet we in the flesh remain :
 Now, partakers of Thy throne,
 Before Thy Father reign.
- 3 In Thy members here beneath
 The Intercessor prays ;
 Here we in Thy Spirit breathe
 The quintessence of praise ;
 Offer up our all to God,
 And God beholds, with gracious eyes,
 First the purchase of Thy blood,
 And then our sacrifice.
- 4 Jesus, let Thy kingdom come,
 (Inspired by Thee we pray,)
 Previous to the general doom,
 The everlasting day :

Take possession of Thine own,
And let us then our Saviour see
Glorious on Thy heavenly throne,
To all eternity.

303

(278)

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Ezek. xxxiv. 26.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

US, who climb Thy holy hill,
A general blessing make :
Let the world our influence feel,
Our gospel grace partake :
Grace, to help in time of need,
Pour out on sinners from above ;
All thy Spirit's fulness shed,
In showers of heavenly love.

2

Make our earthly souls a field
Which God delights to bless ;
Let us in due season yield
The fruits of righteousness :
Make us trees of Paradise,
Which more and more Thy praise may show,
Deeper sink, and higher rise,
And to perfection grow.

304

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

1 Kings xix. 13.

THE Voice that speaks Jehovah near,
The still small voice I long to hear,
O may it now my Lord proclaim,
And fill my soul with holy shame !

2

Ashamed I must for ever be,
Afraid the God of Love to see,
If saints and prophets hide their face,
And angels tremble while they gaze !

305

(586)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

1 Chron. xxix. 6.

LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days.
I consecrate to Thee.

- 2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to Thee Thy own ;
And, from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone.

806

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 17

Matt. x. 23.

MASTER, I would no longer be
Loved by a world that hated Thee,
But patient in Thy footsteps go,
Entreated like my Lord below ;
I would—but Thou must give the power—
With meekness meet the fiery hour,
The shame despise, the cross abide ;
For Thou wast scourg'd and crucified !

807

(535)

7s.D.

C. WESLEY. 17

GOD of all-redeeming grace,
By Thy pardoning love compelled,
Up to Thee our souls we raise,
Up to Thee our bodies yield.

- 2 He justly claims us for His own,
 Who bought us with a price ;
 The Christian lives to Christ alone,
 To Christ alone He dies !
- 3 Jesus, Thine own at last receive,
 Fulfil our hearts' desire,
 And let us to Thy glory live,
 And in Thy cause expire.
- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign ;
 With joy we render Thee
 Our all, no longer ours, but Thine
 To all eternity.

309

(589)

L.M. 6 lines. C. WESLEY. 1749.

BEHOLD the servant of the Lord !

I wait Thy guiding eye to feel,
 To hear and keep Thy every word,
 To prove and do Thy perfect will ;
 Joyful from my own works to cease,
 Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

- 2 Me if Thy grace vouchsafe to use,
 Meanest of all Thy creatures, me,
 The deed, the time, the manner choose ;
 Let all my fruit be found of Thee ;
 Let all my works in Thee be wrought,
 By Thee to full perfection brought,
- 3 My every weak, though good design,
 O'er-rule, or change, as seems Thee meet ;
 Jesus, let all my work be Thine !
 Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
 And pleasing in Thy Father's sight ;
 Thou only hast done all things right.
- 4 Here then to Thee Thy own I leave ;
 Mould as Thou wilt Thy passive clay ;
 But let me all Thy stamp receive,
 But let me all Thy words obey ;
 Serve with a single heart and eye,
 And to Thy glory live and die.

810

(540)

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let Thy will on earth be done ;
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !

2 Vilest of the sinful race,

Lo ! I answer to Thy call :
Meanest vessel of Thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all,
Lo ! I come to do Thy will,
All Thy counsel to fulfil.

3 If so poor a worm as I

May to Thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive ;
Claim me for Thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

311

(541)

L.M. 6 lines.

J. WESLEY. 1789.

From the German of J. E. LANGR. 1650—1727.

- O** GOD, what offering shall I give
 To Thee, the Lord of earth and skies ?
 My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
 A holy, living sacrifice ;
 Small as it is, 'tis all my store ;
 More shouldst Thou have, if I had more.
- 2 Now then, my God, thou hast my soul ;
 No longer mine, but Thine I am ;
 Guard Thou Thine own, possess it whole ;
 Cheer it with hope, with love inflame :
 Thou hast my spirit ; there display
 Thy glory to the perfect day.
- 3 Thou hast my flesh, Thy hallowed shrine,
 Devoted solely to Thy will ;
 Here let Thy light for ever shine ;
 This house still let Thy presence fill ;
 O Source of Life,—live, dwell, and move
 In me, till all my life be love !
- 4 O never in these veils of shame,
 Sad fruits of sin, my glorying be !
 Clothe with salvation, through Thy name,
 My soul, and let me put on Thee !
 Be living faith my costly dress,
 And my best robe Thy righteousness.
- 5 Send down Thy likeness from above,
 And let this my adorning be ;
 Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
 With lowliness and purity,
 Than gold and pearls more precious far,
 And brighter than the morning star.
- 6 Lord, arm me with Thy Spirit's might,
 Since I am called by Thy great name ;
 In Thee let all my thoughts unite,
 Of all my works be Thou the aim ;
 Thy love attend me all my days,
 And my sole business be Thy praise !

812

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1745

FATHER, into Thy hands alone,
 I have my all restored ;
 My all, Thy property I own,
 The steward of the Lord.

- 2 Hereafter none can take away
 My life, or goods, or fame ;
 Ready at Thy demand to lay
 Them down I always am.
- 3 Confiding in Thy only love,
 Through Jesus strengthening me,
 I wait Thy faithfulness to prove,
 And give back all to Thee.
- 4 Take when Thou wilt into Thy hands,
 And as Thou wilt require ;
 Resume by the Chaldean bands,
 Or the devouring fire.
- 5 Determined all Thy will to' obey,
 Thy blessings I restore ;
 Give, Lord, or take Thy gifts away,
 I praise Thee evermore !

813

(548)

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1741

JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
 Thine, and only Thine, I am ;
 Take my body, spirit, soul ;
 Only Thou possess the whole.

- 2 Thou my one thing needful be ;
 Let me ever cleave to Thee ;
 Let me choose the better part ;
 Let me give Thee all my heart.
- 3 Fairer than the sons of men,
 Do not let me turn again,
 Leave the Fountain-head of bliss,
 Stoop to creature-happiness.
- 4 Whom have I on earth below ?
 Thee, and only Thee I know :

Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?
Thou art All in all to me.

5 All my treasure is above,
All my riches is Thy love :
Who the worth of love can tell ?
Infinite, unsearchable !

6 Thou, O Love, my portion art :
Lord, Thou know'st my simple heart,
Other comforts I despise ;
Love be all my Paradise.

7 Nothing else can I require ;
Love fills up my whole desire ;
All Thy other gifts remove,
Still Thou giv'st me all in love !

314 (336)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

Phil. II. 13.

FATHER, to Thee my soul I lift,
My soul on Thee depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From Thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are Thine alone,
And power and wisdom too ;
Without the Spirit of Thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

4 His blood demands the purchased grace ;
His blood's availing plea
Obtain'd the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought ;
Our good is all divine ;
The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word, is Thine.

- 6 From Thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on Thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live;
Our God is All in all !

815

8s & 7s.

MABILL. 1864

From the German of C. J. P. SPITZ.

- O** ABIDE, abide in Jesus,
Who for us bare griefs untold,
And Himself, from pain to ease us,
Suffered pangs a thousandfold;
Bide with Him, who still abideth
When all else shall pass away,
And as Judge supreme presideth
In that dread and awful day.
- 2 Everything we love and cherish,
Hastens onward to the grave,
Earthly joys and pleasures perish,
And whate'er the world e'er gave;
All is fading, all is fleeting,
Earthly flames must cease to glow,
Earthly beings cease from being,
Earthly blossoms cease to blow.
- 3 Yet unchanged, while all decayeth,
Jesus stands upon the dust;
"Lean on Me alone," He sayeth,
"Hope and love and firmly trust!"
O abide, abide with Jesus,
Who Himself for ever lives,
Who from death eternal frees us,
Yea, who life eternal gives.

816

C.M.

R. BAXTER. 164

LORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

- 2 If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey :
If short—yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day ?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before ;
He who into God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be ?
- 5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days ;
And join with the triumphant saints,
Who sing Jehovah's praise.
- 6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

317

(274)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- J**ESUS, my Truth, my Way,
My sure, unerring Light,
On Thee my feeble soul I stay,
Which Thou wilt lead aright.
- 2 My Wisdom, and my Guide,
My Counsellor Thou art ;
O never let me leave Thy side,
Or from Thy paths depart !
- 3 I lift mine eye to Thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlightened be,
And never put to shame.
- 4 Never will I remove
Out of Thy hands my cause ;
But rest in Thy redeeming love,
And hang upon Thy cross.

- 5 Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On Thee ; O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end !
- 6 Still stir me up to strive
With Thee in strength divine ;
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.
- 7 Persist to save my soul
Throughout the fiery hour,
Till I am every whit made whole,
And show forth all Thy power.
- 8 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place ;
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace !
- 9 O make me all like Thee,
Before I hence remove !
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.
- 10 Let me Thy witness live,
When sin is all destroyed :
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

818

(544)

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1762.

Heb. xiii. 20. 21.

- O GOD of peace and pardoning love,
Whose bowels of compassion move
To every sinful child of man !
Jesus, our Shepherd great and good,
Who dying bought us with His blood,
Thou hast brought back to life again.
- 2 His blood to all our souls apply ;
(His blood alone can sanctify,
Which first did for our sins atone ;)
The covenant of redemption seal ;
The depth of love, of God, reveal ;
And speak us perfected in one.

- 3 O might our every work and word
Express the temper of our Lord,
The nature of our Head above !
His Spirit send into our hearts,
Engraving on our inmost parts
The living law of holiest love.
- 4 Then shall we do, with pure delight,
Whate'er is pleasing in Thy sight,
As vessels of Thy richest grace ;
And, having Thy whole counsel done,
To Thee and Thy co-equal Son
Ascribe the everlasting praise.

819

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1749.

- T**HY power and saving truth to show,
A warfare at Thy charge I go,
Strong in the Lord, and Thy great might ;
Gladly take up the hallowed cross ;
And, suffering all things for Thy cause,
Beneath Thy sacred banner fight.
- 2 A spectacle to fiends and men,
To all their fierce or cool disdain
With calmest pity I submit :
Determined nought to know, beside
My Jesus, and Him crucified,
I tread the world beneath my feet.
- 3 Superior to their smile, or frown,
On all their goods my soul looks down,
Their pleasures, wealth, and power, and state :
The man that dares their god despise,
The Christian,—he alone is wise ;
The Christian,—he alone is great.
- 4 O God, let all my life declare
How happy all Thy servants are ;
How far above these earthly things ;
How pure, when washed in Jesu's blood :
How intimately one with God,
A heaven-born race of Priests and Kings.

lost, and by Jesus sa'
Till Jesu's blood hath
Thou canst not find

820

L.M. 6 lines

- T**HOU, Jesus, Thou
And touch my li
And loose a stamm
Prepare the vessel of
Adorn me with the ro
And mercy shall be
- 2 Mercy for all who kno
Mercy for all, in Jesu
Mercy, that earth a
Love, that o'erwhelms
The length, and bread
Of Love Divine, w
- 3 A faithful witness of '
Well may I fill the' al
And answer all Thy
Walk in the works by

821

555.11.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- COME, let us arise, and press to the skies,
 The summons obey,
 My friends, my beloved, and hasten away.
- 2 The Master of all for our service doth call,
 And deigns to approve,
 With smiles of acceptance, our labour of love.
- 3 His burden who bear, we alone can declare.
 How easy His yoke, [provoke ;—
 While to love and good works we each other
- 4 By word and by deed, the bodies in need,
 The souls to relieve,
 And freely as Jesus hath given to give.
- 5 Then let us attend our heavenly Friend,
 In His members distress,
 By want, or affliction, or sickness opprest :
- 6 The prisoner relieve, the stranger receive ;
 Supply all their wants,
 And spend and be spent in assisting His saints.
- 7 Thus while we bestow our moments below,
 Ourselves we forsake,
 And refuge in Jesus's righteousness take :
- 8 His passion alone the foundation we own ;
 And pardon we claim,
 And eternal redemption, in Jesus's name.

822

8s & 7s.

MASSIE. 1860.

FROM THE GERMAN OF C. J. P. SPITZEL.

JESUS, like the magnet, raises
 Our dull spirits to the skies,
 And we seem in prayer and praises,
 As on eagles' wings to rise ;
 Should our enemies asperse us,
 Our dear Lord who loves us so,
 Bids us bless e'en them who curse us,
 And to love our greatest foe.

- 2 Can we have our hearts in heaven,
 And yet earthly-minded live ?
 Can we who have been forgiven,
 Not forget and not forgive ?
 Can we hate an erring brother,
 Only love when we are loved,
 And not bear with one another,
 By Christ's Holy Spirit moved ?
- 3 Ah ! no hater, or blasphemer,
 None who slander and defame,
 Can be one with the Redeemer,
 Who was gentle as a lamb ;
 None, O Lord, who are unholy,
 Shall Thy perfect beauty see ;
 Teach me to be meek and lowly,
 Teach me to resemble Thee.

823

(558)

C.M.

WATTS. 1706

- H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
 Where love inspires the breast :
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear :
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
 If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
 In swift obedience move :
 The devils know, and tremble too ;
 But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
 When faith and hope shall cease ;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
 In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
 Or leave this dark abode,
 The wings of love bear us away,
 To see our gracious God.

324

C.M. R. C. TRENCH. 1851.

And the oil stayed.—2 Kings iv. 6.

POUR forth the oil, pour boldly forth,
 It will not fail until
 Thou fairest vessels to provide,
 Which it may largely fill.

- 2 Dig channels for the streams of love,
 Where they may broadly run;
 And love has overflowing streams
 To fill them every one.
- 3 But if, at any time, thou cease
 Such channels to provide,
 The very founts of love for thee
 Will soon be parched and dried.
- 4 For we must share, if we would keep,
 That good thing from above,
 Ceasing to give, we cease to have :
 Such is the law of love.

325

(611)

C.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

FATHER of mercies, send Thy grace
 All powerful from above,
 To form in our obedient souls
 The image of Thy love.

- 2 Oh, may our sympathising breasts
 The generous pleasure know,
 Kindly to share in others' joy,
 And weep for others' woe.
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief
 In low distress are laid,
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying man,
 When throned above the skies,
 And 'midst the embraces of His God,
 He felt compassion rise.

- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
 To raise us from the ground :
 And shed the richest of His blood,
 A balm for every wound.

For Believers Interceding.

826

(286)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1758

- L**ET God, who comforts the distress,
 Let Israel's Consolation hear!
 Hear, Holy Ghost, our joint request,
 And show Thyself the Comforter;
 And swell the' unutterable groan,
 And breathe our wishes to the Throne!
- 2 We weep for those that weep below,
 And, burdened for the' afflicted, sigh;
 The various forms of human woe
 Excite our softest sympathy,
 Fill every heart with mournful care,
 And draw out all our souls in prayer.
- 3 We wrestle for the ruined race,
 By sin eternally undone,—
 Unless Thou magnify Thy grace,
 And make Thy richest mercy known,
 And make Thy vanquished rebels find
 Pardon in Christ for all mankind.
- 4 Father of everlasting Love,
 To every soul Thy Son reveal,
 Our guilt and suffering to remove,
 Our deep, original wound to heal;
 And bid the fallen race arise,
 And turn our earth to Paradise.

827

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1758

For Peace.

OUR earth we now lament to see
 With floods of wickedness o'erflowed
 With violence, wrong, and cruelty,—

- One wide-extended field of blood,
Where men like fiends each other tear,
In all the hellish rage of war.
- 2 As 'listed on Abaddon's side,
They mangle their own flesh, and slay ;
Tophet is moved, and opens wide
Its mouth for its enormous prey ;
And myriads sink *beneath* the grave,
And plunge into the flaming wave
- 3 O might the universal Friend
This havoc of His creatures see !
Bid our unnatural discord end ;
Declare us reconciled in Thee ;
Write kindness on our inward parts,
And chase the murderer from our hearts !
- 4 Who now against each other rise,
The nations of the earth, constrain
To follow after peace, and prize
The blessings of Thy righteous reign,
The joys of unity to prove,
The Paradise of perfect love !

328

(287)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1758.

For the Mahometans.

- SUN of unclouded Righteousness,
With healing in Thy wings arise,
A sad benighted world to bless,
Which now in sin and error lies,
Wrapt in Egyptian night profound ;
With chains of hellish darkness bound.
- 2 The smoke of the infernal cave,
Which half the Christian world o'erspread,
Disperse, Thou heavenly Light, and save
The souls by that Impostor led,
That Arab-thief, as Satan bold,
Who quite destroyed Thy Asian fold.
- 3 O might the blood of sprinkling cry
For those who spurn the sprinkled blood !

— then the dire
Thy universal claim
And Lord of the

829 (288)

L. 1

For

LORD over all, i
Hast ransome
Why is the grace s
Why unfulfilled
The bliss, for Adam
When will it reach

2 Art Thou the God
And not the God
To Gentiles make T
Thy judgments to
Awake them by the
Light of the world, :

3 The servile progeny
Seize, as the purch
Let all the Heathen

830

(279)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

For the Jews.

MESSIAH, full of grace,
 Redeem'd by Thee, we plead
 The promise made to Abraham's race,
 To souls for ages dead.

- 2 Their bones, as quite dried up,
 Throughout the vale appear :
 Cut off and lost their last faint hope
 To see Thy kingdom here.
- 3 Open their graves, and bring
 The outcasts forth, to own
 Thou art their Lord, their God, their King,
 Their true Anointed One.
- 4 To save the race forlorn,
 Thy glorious arm display !
 And show the world a nation born,
 A nation in a day !

831

(280)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1758.

FATHER of faithful Abraham, hear
 Our earnest suit for Abraham's seed !
 Justly they claim the softest prayer
 From us, adopted in their stead,
 Who mercy through their fall obtain,
 And Christ by their rejection gain.

- 2 Outcasts from Thee, and scattered wide
 Through every nation under heaven,
 Blaspheming whom they crucified,
 Unsav'd, unpitied, unforgiven,
 Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
 Abhorred of men, and cursed of God.
- 3 But hast Thou finally forsook,
 For ever cast Thy own away ?
 Wilt Thou not bid the murderers look
 On Him they pierced, and weep, and pray ?
 Yes, gracious Lord, Thy word is past ;
 All Israel shall be saved at last.

- 4 Come, then, Thou great Deliverer, come!
The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
Receive Thy ancient people home!
That, quickened by Thy dying love,
The world may their reception find
Life from the dead for all mankind.

832

(395)

L.M.

C. WESLEY, 1749

For New Converts.

- A**UTHOR of faith, we seek Thy face,
For all who feel Thy work begun;
Confirm and strengthen them in grace,
And bring Thy feeblest children on.
- 2 Thou seest their wants, Thou know'st their name
Be mindful of Thy youngest care;
Be tender of Thy new-born lambs,
And gently in Thy bosom bear.
- 3 The lion roaring for his prey,
With ravening wolves on every side,
Watch over them to tear and slay,

- Retrieve them from the Tempter's power ;
 By Thy victorious blood cast down,
 Nor suffer him to take their crown.
- 2 Beguiled, alas ! by Satan's art,
 We see them now far off removed,
 The burden of our bleeding heart,
 The souls whom once in Thee we loved ;
 Whom still we love with grief and pain,
 And weep for their return in vain.
- 3 O wouldst Thou break the fatal snare
 Of carnal self-security ;
 And let them feel the wrath they bear,
 And let them groan their want of Thee :
 Robb'd of their false, pernicious peace,
 Stripp'd of their fancied righteousness.
- 4 The men of careless lives, who deem
 Thy righteousness accounted theirs,
 Awake out of the soothing dream ;
 Alarm their souls with humble fears :
 Thou jealous God, stir up Thy power,
 And let them sleep in sin no more !
- 5 Long as the guilt of sin shall last,
 Them in its misery detain ;
 Hold their licentious spirits fast,
 Bind them with their own nature's chain,
 Nor ever let the wanderers rest,—
 Till lodged again in Jesu's breast.

334 (397)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

For Penitents.

- O** LET the prisoners' mournful cries
 As incense in Thy sight appear !
 Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
 If haply they may feel Thee near.
- 2 The captive exiles make their moans,
 From sin impatient to be free :
 Call home, call home Thy banish'd ones !
 Lead captive their captivity !

and scatter all

5 Pity the day of fe
O gather every
And drop salvatio
And make the c

6 Stand by them in
Their feebleness
And in their weak
And make them

7 O satisfy their soul
Give them Thy s
And let Thy mercy
And let Thy mer

8 Hast Thou the worl
And brought ther
O let Thy children s
Let all their souls

9 Relieve the souls wh
For whom Thy su
Answer our faith

Faith our strong protection be :
 And godliness, with all its power,
 'Stablish our posterity,
 Till time shall be no more.

- 2 Let the Spirit of grace o'erflow
 Our re-converted land ;
 Let the least and greatest know
 And bow to Thy command :
 Wisdom pure, religious fear,
 Our *Queen's* peculiar treasure prove,
 Blest with piety sincere,
 Inspired with humble love.

836 (480)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Against Lukewarmness.

Rev. III. 14-19.

- G**OD of unspotted purity,
 Us and our works canst Thou behold !
 Justly we are abhorred by Thee,
 For we are neither hot nor cold.
- 2 We call Thee Lord, Thy faith profess,
 But do not from our hearts obey ;
 In soft Laodicean ease
 We sleep our useless lives away.
- 3 We live in pleasure, and are dead,
 In search of fame and wealth we live :
 Commanded in Thy steps to tread,
 We seek sometimes, but never strive.
- 4 A lifeless form we still retain ;
 Of this we make our empty boast,
 Nor know the Name we take in vain ;
 The power of godliness is lost.
- 5 How long, great God, have we appeared
 Abominable in Thy sight !
 Better that we had never heard
 Thy word, or seen the gospel light.
- 6 Better that we had never known
 The way to heaven through saving grace,

- Than basely in our lives disown,
 And slight and mock Thee to Thy face.
- 7 Thou rather wouldst that we were cold,
 Than seem to serve Thee without zeal;
 Less guilty if, with those of old,
 We worshipped *Thor* and *Woden* still.
- 8 Less grievous will the judgment-day
 To Sodom and Gomorrah prove,
 Than us, who cast our faith away,
 And trample on Thy richer love.

837

(647)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1743

PART II.

- O** LET us our own works forsake,
 Ourselves and all we have deny;
 Thy condescending counsel take,
 And come to Thee, pure gold to buy.
- 2 O might we, through Thy grace, attain
 The faith Thou never wilt reprove;
 The faith that purges every stain,
 The faith that always works by love!
- 3 O might we see, in this our day,
 The things belonging to our peace,
 And timely meet Thee in Thy way
 Of judgments, and our sins confess!
- 4 Thy fatherly chastisements own;
 With filial awe revere Thy rod;
 And turn, with zealous haste, and run
 Into the outstretched arms of God.

838

(275)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 174

For the Queen (or King.)

SOVEREIGN of all! whose Will ordain
 The powers on earth that be,
 By whom our rightful monarch reigns,
 Subject to none but Thee;

- 2 Stir up Thy power, appear, appear,
And for Thy servant fight ;
Support Thy great vicegerent here,
And vindicate *her* right.
- 3 Lo ! in the arms of faith and prayer
We bear *her* to Thy throne ;
Receive Thy own peculiar care,
The Lord's anointed one.
- 4 With favour look upon *her* face ;
Thy love's pavilion spread,
And watchful troops of angels place
Around *her* sacred head
- 5 Guard *her* from all who dare oppose
Thy delegate and Thee ;
From open and from secret foes,
From force and perfidy !
- 6 Confound whoe'er *her* ruin seek,
Or into friends convert :
Give *her her* adversaries' neck ;
Give *her her* people's heart.
- 7 Let us, for conscience sake, revere
The sovereign of our land ;
Honour and love Thine image here,
And bless *her* mild command.
- 8 Thou only didst the blessing give ;
The glory, Lord, be Thine :
Let all with thankful joy receive
The benefit divine.
- 9 To those, who Thee in *her* obey,
The Spirit of grace impart :
Her dear, *her* sacred burden lay
On every loyal heart.
- 10 Still let us pray, and never cease,
"Defend *her*, Lord, defend ;
'Stablish *her* throne in glorious peace,
And save *her* to the end !"

839

(601)

C.M.

Wood. 1835.

AS streams that from the fountain flow,
 Roll onward to the sea ;
 So Lord, my spirit here below
 Would hasten on to Thee.

- 2 While others tempt the dangerous height,
 My course may I pursue ;
 And, through the deepest shades of night,
 Keep heaven, my home, in view.
- 3 Pure as the rivers wont to stray
 By Adam's blessed abode,
 Would I reflect, from day to day,
 The image of my God.
- 4 Till every shifting scene is o'er,
 And ocean's wave I see ;
 Then would I quit earth's empty shore,
 And lose myself in Thee.

840

(501)

4-7s.

CENICK. 1748.

CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise ;
 Glorious in His works and ways.

- 2 Ye are travelling home to God ;
 In the way the fathers trod :
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banished seed, be glad !
 Christ our Advocate is made ;
 Us to save, our flesh assumes :
 Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
 You on Jesu's throne shall rest :
 There your seat is now prepared ;
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land :

Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

- 6 Lord ! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below :
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee !

341

668,688. MONTGOMERY. 1824.

FRRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end ;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.

- 3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone ;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that happier sphere.

- 4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day ;
Nor sink those stars in empty night—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

342

C.M.

WATTS, 1709.

O FOR the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be !

- 2 Once they were mourners here below,
And pour'd out cries and tears :
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them, whence their victory came !
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast ;
And following their Incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

843

(179)

7s & 6s.

SEAGRAVE. 1748.

- R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings ;
Thy better portion trace :
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove :
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source :
So, a soul that's born of God
Pants to view His glorious face ;
Upwards tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon your Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies :

Yet a season, and you know,
 Happy entrance will be given ;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

844

S.M. MONTGOMERY. 1835.

- F**OR ever with the Lord !
 Amen ! so let it be !
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul ! how near,
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
 Thy golden gates appear !
- 4 Ah ! then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above !

345

(178)

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- F**ATHER, I long, I faint to see
 The place of Thine abode :
 I'd leave Thine earthly courts and flee
 Up to Thy seat, my God !
- 2 Here I behold Thy distant face,
 And 'tis a pleasing sight ;
 But to abide in Thine embrace
 Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
 To gaze upon Thy throne ;
 Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
 Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 There all the heavenly hosts are seen—
 In shining ranks they move,

- And drink immortal vigour in,
With wonder and with love.
- 5 Then at Thy feet, with awful fear,
The' adoring armies fall ;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before the' Eternal All.
- 6 There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss ;
While less than nothing I could boast,
And vanity confess.

846

7a D.

MONTGOMERY. 1819.

- W**HAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song ?
“ Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour.”
- 2 These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great affliction came ;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with His Almighty Name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead :
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
Perfect love dispels all fear ;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

See also the Section on HEAVEN. Hymns 450—451.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

847

(487)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

- H**APPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone :
Walking in all His ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in Thy love,
Their mighty joys we know ;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And *we* in hymns below.
- 3 Thee, in Thy glorious realm, they praise,
And bow before Thy throne ;
We in the kingdom of Thy grace ;
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads ;
From thence our spirits rise ;
And he that in Thy statutes treads,
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

848

S.M.

DWIGHT. 1800.

- I** LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church, O blest Redeemer, saved
With Thine own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy church, O God,
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,

Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given,
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

849

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

Psalm cxviii.

GOD hath built His Church below,
Laboured all His art to show;
Each with each the parts agree,
Framed in perfect symmetry.

- 2 There the chosen tribes go up,
Testify their gospel hope,
Praise and bless the' Incarnate Word,
Shout the name of Christ their Lord!
- 3 Pray, my friends, and never cease,
Wrestle on for Zion's peace:
Make her still your pious care,
On your hearts for ever bear.
- 4 Hail the venerable name,
Lovely, dear Jerusalem!
Thee who bless shall blessed be,
Prosper for their love to thee.
- 5 Dwell within thy ramparts peace,
Plenty deck thy palaces;
Jesus send thee from above
All the treasures of His love!
- 6 O thou temple of my God,
For thy sake I spend my blood,
Longing here thy rise to see,
Glad to live and die for thee.

350

8s & 7s.

NEWTON. 1779.

Psalm lxxvii.

- G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God ;
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for His own abode.
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See ! the streams of living waters
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to' assuage ?
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I through grace a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in Thy Name :
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show ;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,
 None but Zion's children know.

351

(881)

7s D.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- G**LORY be to God above,
 God from whom all blessings flow ;
 Make we mention of His love,
 Publish we His praise below :
 Call'd together by His grace
 We are met in Jesu's Name ;
 See with joy each other's face ;
 Followers of the bleeding Lamb.
- 2 Let us then sweet counsel take,
 How to make our calling sure ;

Our election how to make
 Past the reach of hell secure.
 Build we each the other up ;
 Pray we for our faith's increase,
 Solid comfort, settled hope,
 Constant joy, and lasting peace.

- 3 More and more let love abound :
 Let us never, never rest,
 Till we are in Jesus found,
 Of our Paradise possess :
 He removes the flaming sword ;
 Calls us back, from Eden driven ;
 To His image here restored,
 Soon He takes us up to heaven.

852

(382)

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

ALL thanks to the Lamb, who gives us to meet
 His love we proclaim, His praises repeat
 We own Him our Jesus, continually near
 To pardon and bless us, and perfect us here.

- 2 In Him we have peace, in Him we have power
 Preserved by His grace throughout the dark hour
 In all our temptation He keeps us to prove
 His utmost salvation, His fulness of love.
- 3 Through pride and desire unhurt we have gone
 Through water and fire in Him we went on ;
 The world and the devil through Him we o'ercame
 Our Jesus from evil, for ever the same.
- 4 When we would have spurned His mercy and grace
 To Egypt returned, and fled from His face,
 He hindered our flying (His goodness to show)
 And stopped us by crying, " Will ye also go !
- 5 Oh ! what shall we do, our Saviour to love ?
 To make us anew, come, Lord, from above !
 The fruit of Thy passion, Thy holiness, give ;
 Give us the salvation of all that believe.
- 6 Come, Jesus, and loose the stammerer's tongue,
 And teach even us the spiritual song :

Let us without ceasing give thanks for Thy grace,
And glory, and blessing, and honour, and praise.

- 7 Pronounce the glad word, and bid us be free ;
Ah ! hast Thou not, Lord, a blessing for me ?
The peace Thou hast given this moment impart,
And open Thy heaven, O Love, in my heart.

853

(383)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

JESUS, to Thee our hearts we lift,
(May all our hearts with love o'erflow !)
With thanks for Thy continued gift,—
That still Thy precious Name we know,
Retain our sense of sin forgiven,
And wait for all our inward heaven.

- 2 What mighty troubles hast Thou shown
Thy feeble, tempted followers here !
We have through fire and water gone,
But saw Thee on the floods appear,
But felt Thee present in the flame,
And shouted our Deliverer's name.
- 3 When stronger souls their faith forsook,
And, lulled in worldly, hellish peace,
Leaped desperate from their Guardian-Rock,
And headlong plunged in sin's abyss ;
Thy strength was in our weakness shown,
And still it guards and keeps Thine own.
- 4 All are not lost, or wandered back ;
All have not left Thy Church and Thee .
There are who suffer for Thy sake,
Enjoy Thy glorious infamy,
Esteem the scandal of the cross,
And only seek Divine applause.
- 5 Thou who hast kept us to this hour,
O keep us faithful to the end !
When, robed with majesty and power,
Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,
His friends and confessors to own,
And seat us on His glorious throne.

854

(384)

10s & 11s.

C. WESLEY. 174

APPPOINTED by Thee, we meet in Thy na
And meekly agree to follow the Lamb,
To trace Thy example, the world to disdain,
And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.

2 Rejoicing in hope, we humbly go on,
And daily take up the pledge of our crown;
In doing and bearing the will of our Lord,
We still are preparing to meet our reward.

3 O Jesus, appear ! no longer delay
To sanctify here, and bear us away :
The end of our meeting on earth let us see,
Triumphantly sitting in glory with Thee !

855

(385)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

JESUS, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim !
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name :
Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove ;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet ;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget :
We meet, the grace to take
Which Thou hast freely given ;
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know Thou art ;
But oh ! Thyself reveal !
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel !

Oh ! may Thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove ;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love !

356

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

TWO are better far than one
For counsel, or for fight :
How can one be warm alone,
Or serve his God aright ?
Join we then our hearts and hands ;
Each to love provoke his friend ;
Run the way of His commands,
And keep it to the end.

2 Woe to him whose spirits droop,
To him who falls, alone !
He has none to lift him up,
To help his weakness on :
Happier we each other keep,
We each other's burdens bear,
Never need our footsteps slip,
Upheld by mutual prayer.

3 Who of twain hath made us one,
Maintains our unity ;
Jesus is the Corner-stone,
In whom we all agree ;
Servants of one common Lord,
Sweetly of one heart and mind,
Who can break a three-fold cord,
Or part whom God hath joined ?

4 O that all with us might prove
The fellowship of saints !
Find supplied, in Jesu's love,
What every member wants ;
Grasp we our high calling's prize,
Feel our sins on earth forgiven,
Rise, in His whole image rise,
And meet our Head in Heaven !

857 ⁽³⁸⁷⁾ 5, 6, 9. or 11s & 9s. C. WESLEY. 1767.

HOW happy are we, who in Jesus agree
To expect His return from above !
We sit under our vine, and delightfully join
In the praise of His excellent love.

- 2 How pleasant and sweet, in His name when we meet,
Is His fruit to our spiritual taste !
We are banqueting here on angelical cheer,
And the joys that eternally last.
- 3 Invited by Him, we drink of the stream
Ever flowing in bliss from the throne :
Who in Jesus believe, we the Spirit receive
That proceeds from the Father and Son.
- 4 The unspeakable grace He obtained for our race,
And the Spirit of faith He imparts :
Then, then we conceive how in heaven they live,
By the kingdom of God in our hearts.
- 5 True believers have seen the Saviour of men,
As His head He on Calvary bowed :
We shall see Him again, when, with all His
bright train,
He descends on the luminous cloud.
- 6 We remember the word of our crucified Lord,
When He went to prepare us a place ;
“ I will come in that day, and transport you away,
And admit to a sight of my face.”
- 7 With earnest desire after Thee we aspire,
And long Thy appearing to see :
Till our souls Thou receive in Thy presence to live,
And be perfectly happy in Thee.
- 8 Come, Lord, from the skies, and command us to
rise,
Ready made for the mansions above ;
With our Head to ascend, and eternity spend
In a rapture of heavenly love.

858

4-6s & 2-8s. C. WESLEY. 1741.

IN Christ, when brethren join,
 And follow after peace,
 The fellowship divine
 He promises to bless,
 His choicest graces to bestow,
 Where two or three are met below.

2 Where unity takes place,
 The joys of heaven we prove ;
 This is the gospel grace,
 The unction from above,
 The Spirit on all believers shed,
 Descending swift from Christ our Head.

3 Grace every morning new,
 And every night, we feel
 The soft, refreshing dew
 That falls on Hermon's hill !
 On Zion it doth sweetly fall :
 The grace of one descends on all.

4 The riches of His grace
 In fellowship are given
 To Zion's chosen race,
 The citizens of heaven :
 He fills them with the choicest store,
 He gives them life for evermore.

859

C.M. C. WESLEY. 1747.

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
 Who joins us by His grace,
 And bids us, each to each restored,
 Together seek His face.

2 He bids us build each other up ;
 And, gathered into one,
 To our high calling's glorious hope
 We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which He on one bestows,
 We all delight to prove :

- The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.
- 4 E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree ;
Concentred all, through Jesu's name,
In perfect harmony.
- 5 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel ;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.
- 6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round His throne we meet !

860

(390)

4s-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- C**OME, all whoe'er have set
Your faces Zion-ward,
In Jesus let us meet,
And praise our common Lord ;
In Jesus let us still go on,
Till all appear before His throne.
- 2 Nearer, and nearer still,
We to our country come,
To that celestial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home,
The New Jerusalem above,
The seat of everlasting Love.
- 3 The ransomed sons of God,
All earthly things we scorn ;
And to our high abode
With songs of praise return :
From strength to strength we still proceed
With crowns of joy upon our head.
- 4 The peace and joy of faith
Each moment may we feel :
Redeemed from sin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,

We to our Father's house repair,
To meet our elder Brother there.

- 5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head.
Our All in all, is He :
And in His steps who tread,
We soon His face shall see ;
Shall see Him with our glorious friends,
And then in heaven our journey ends.

861

(889)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

Isaiah ix. 2-5.

THE people that in darkness lay,
The confines of eternal night,
We, we have seen the gospel day,
The glorious beams of heavenly light ;
His Spirit in our hearts hath shone,
And show'd the Father in the Son.

- 2 Father of everlasting grace,
Thou hast in us Thy arm revealed,
Hast multiplied the faithful race,
Who, conscious of their pardon sealed,
Of joy unspeakable possesst,
Anticipate their heavenly rest.
- 3 In tears who sow'd, in joy we reap,
And praise Thy goodness all day long ;
Him in our eye of faith we keep,
Who gives us our triumphal song,
And doth His spoils to all divide,
A lot among the sanctified.
- 4 Thou hast our bonds in sunder broke,
Took all our load of guilt away ;
From sin, the world, and Satan's yoke,
(Like Israel saved in Midian's day,)
Redeemed us by our conquering Lord,
Our Gideon, and His Spirit's sword.
- 5 Not like the warring sons of men,
With shouts, and garments roll'd in blood,

Our Captain doth the fight maintain ;
 But, lo! the burning Spirit of God
 Kindles within a secret fire ;
 And all our sins as smoke expire !

862 ⁽³⁹²⁾ 5, 6, 9. or 11s & 9s. C. WESLEY. 1749.

COME, let us ascend, my companion and friend
 To a taste of the banquet above ;
 If thy heart be as mine, if for Jesus it pine,
 Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide, we are bold to outride
 The storms of affliction beneath ;
 With the prophet we soar to the heavenly shore
 And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By Faith we are come to our permanent home :
 By Hope we the rapture improve :
 By Love we still rise, and look down on the skies
 For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive how happy we live,
 In the city of God, the great King ?
 What a concert of praise, when our Jesus's grace
 The whole heavenly company sing !

5 What a rapturous song, when the glorified throng
 In the spirit of harmony join !
 Join all the glad choirs, hearts, voices, and lyres
 And the burden is, ' Mercy Divine ' !

6 Hallelujah, they cry, to the King of the sky,
 To the great everlasting I AM ;
 To the Lamb that was slain, and liveth again,
 Hallelujah to God and the Lamb !

7 The Lamb on the throne, lo ! He dwells with His
 And to rivers of pleasure He leads ; ^[own]
 With His mercy's full blaze, with the sight of
 Our beatified spirits He feeds. ^[His face]

8 Our foreheads proclaim His ineffable Name ;
 Our bodies His glory display :
 A day without night we feast in His sight,
 And eternity seems as a day !

863 (368)

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1742.

From the German of AUGUSTUS G. SPANGENBERG.

WHAT shall we offer our good Lord,
 Poor nothings ! for His boundless grace ?
 Fain would we His great Name record,
 And worthily set forth His praise.

- 2 Great Object of our growing love,
 To whom our more than all we owe,
 Open the Fountain from above,
 And let it our full souls overflow.
- 3 So shall our lives Thy power proclaim,
 Thy grace for every sinner free ;
 Till all mankind shall learn Thy Name,
 Shall all stretch out their hands to Thee.
- 4 Open a door which earth and hell
 May strive to shut, but strive in vain ;
 Let Thy word richly in us dwell,
 And let our gracious fruit remain.
- 5 O multiply the sower's seed !
 And fruit we every hour shall bear,
 Throughout the world Thy gospel spread,
 Thy everlasting truth declare :
- 6 We all, in perfect love renewed,
 Shall know the greatness of Thy power ;
 Stand in the temple of our God
 As pillars, and go out no more.

864 (376)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

O THOU, our Husband, Brother, Friend,
 Behold a cloud of incense rise !
 The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
 Grateful, accepted sacrifice !

- 2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace ;
 Shed in our hearts Thy love abroad ;
 Thy gifts abundantly increase ;
 Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

- 3 Before Thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into Thy perfect will ;
Cause us Thy hallowed Name to know,
The work of faith in us fulfil.
- 4 Help us to make our calling sure ;
O let us all be saints indeed,
And pure as Thou Thyself art pure,
Conformed in all things to our Head.
- 5 Take the dear purchase of Thy blood :
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow,
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.
- 6 That blood which cleanses from all sin,
That efficacious blood apply ;
And wash, and make us wholly clean,
And change, and thoroughly sanctify.
- 7 From all iniquity redeem ;
Cleanse by the water and the word ;
And free from every spot of blame,

- 5 Revive, O God of power, revive
 Thy work in our degenerate days !
 O let us by Thy mercy live,
 And all our lives shall speak Thy praise.
- 6 Turn us again, O Lord ! and show
 The brightness of Thy lovely face ;
 So shall we all be saints below,
 And saved, and perfected in grace.

866

(398)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

For the Society Praying.

- J**ESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
 To Thee for help we fly ;
 Thy little flock in safety keep ;
 For O ! the wolf is nigh.
- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
 To scatter, tear, and slay ;
 He seizes every straggling soul,
 As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into Thy protection take,
 And gather with Thy arm ;
 Unless the fold we first forsake,
 The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
 While by our Shepherd's side :
 The sheep he never can devour,
 Unless he first divide.
- 5 O do not suffer him to part
 The souls that here agree ;
 But make us of one mind and heart,
 And keep us one in Thee !
- 6 Together let us sweetly live,
 Together let us die,
 And each a starry crown receive,
 And reign above the sky.

867

(398)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

COME, Thou omniscient Son of Man,
 Display Thy sifting power ;

- Come with Thy Spirit's winnowing fan,
And thoroughly purge Thy floor.
- 2 The chaff of sin, the' accursed thing,
Far from our souls be driven !
The wheat into Thy garner bring,
And lay us up for heaven.
- 3 Look through us with Thine eyes of flame,
The clouds and darkness chase ;
And tell me what by sin I am,
And what I am by grace.
- 4 Whate'er offends Thy glorious eyes,
Far from our hearts remove ;
As dust before the whirlwind flies,
Disperse it by Thy Love.
- 5 Then let us all Thy fulness know,
From every sin set free ;
Saved to the utmost—saved below,
And perfectly like Thee.

Till Thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

- 6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive Thy ready Bride :
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

369

(400)

C.M.

O. WESLEY. 1742.

- J**ESUS, united by Thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek Thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear Thy easy yoke ;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one Spirit drink ;
Baptise into Thy Name ;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 Touch'd by the loadstone of Thy love,
Let all our hearts agree ;
And ever towards each other move,
And ever move towards Thee.
- 5 To Thee inseparably joined,
Let all our spirits cleave ;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in Thee receive !
- 6 This is the bond of perfectness,
Thy spotless charity ;
O let us (still we pray) possess
The mind that was in Thee !
- 7 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove :
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love !

- 8 With ease our souls through death shall glide
 Into their Paradise ;
 And thence, on wings of angels, ride
 Triumphant through the skies.
- 9 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
 The same delight we prove ;
 In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
 Our All in all is Love.

870

(401)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- UNCHANGABLE, Almighty Lord,
 Our souls upon Thy truth we stay ;
 Accomplish now Thy faithful word,
 And give, O give us all one way !
- 2 O let us all join hand in hand,
 Who seek redemption in Thy blood :
 Fast in one mind and spirit stand,
 And build the temple of our God !
- 3 Thou only canst our wills control,
 Our wild unruly passions bind ;

- 8 Regard Thine own eternal prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down :
To us Thy Father's name declare ;
Unite and perfect us in one !
- 9 So shall the world believe and know,
That God hath sent Thee from above,
When Thou art seen in us below,
And every soul displays Thy love.

871

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1747.

- G**OD of Love, that hear'st the prayer,
Kindly for Thy people care,
Who on Thee alone depend :
Love us, save us to the end.
- 2 Save us in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering Tempter's power,
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.
- 3 Cut off our dependance vain
On the help of feeble man ;
Every arm of flesh remove ;
Stay us on Thy only love !
- 4 Men of worldly, low design,
Let not these Thy people join,
Poison our simplicity,
Drag us from our trust in Thee.
- 5 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Till they to Thy yoke submit,
Lay their honour at Thy feet.
- 6 Never let the world break in ;
Fix a mighty gulph between :
Keep us humble and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.
- 7 Let us still to Thee look up,
Thee, Thy Israel's Strength and Hope ;
Nothing know, or seek beside
Jesus, and Him crucified.

- 8 Far above all earthly things,
Look we down on earthly kings
Taste our glorious liberty ;
Find our happy All in Thee !

872

(402)

4-7s.

C. WALKER

- J**ESUS, Lord, we look to Thee
Let us in Thy name agree :
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace
Bid our jars for ever cease.
- 2 By Thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove ;
Each to each unite, endear ;
Come, and spread Thy banner here
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear,
To Thy church the pattern give
Show how true believers live.
- 5 Free from anger and from pride
Let us thus in God abide ;
All the depths of love express
All the heights of holiness !
- 6 Let us then with joy remove
To Thy family above ;
On the wings of angels fly
Show how true believers die

873

(403)

4-6s & 2-8s.

C

THOU God of truth and
We seek Thy perfect
Ready Thy choice to' obey
Thy providence to' obey
Enter into Thy wise design
And sweetly lose our will

- 2 Why hast Thou cast our lot
 In the same age and place ?
 And why together brought
 To see each other's face ?
 To join with softest sympathy,
 And mix our friendly souls in Thee ?
- 3 Didst Thou not make us one,
 That we might one remain,
 Together travel on,
 And bear each other's pain ;
 Till all Thy utmost goodness prove,
 And rise renewed in perfect love ?
- 4 Surely Thou didst unite
 Our kindred spirits here,
 That all hereafter might
 Before Thy throne appear :
 Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
 And all Thy glorious love proclaim.
- 5 Then let us ever bear
 The blessed end in view,
 And join, with mutual care,
 To fight our passage through ;
 And kindly help each other on,
 Till all receive the starry crown.
- 6 O may Thy Spirit seal
 Our souls unto that day,
 With all Thy fulness fill,
 And then transport away !
 Away to our eternal rest,
 Away to our Redeemer's breast !

874

6-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

CENTRE of our hopes Thou art,
 End of our enlarged desires ;
 Stamp Thine image on our heart ;
 Fill us now with heavenly fires ;
 Cemented by love divine,
 Seal our souls for ever Thine.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

- 2 All our works in Thee be wrought
 Levell'd at one common aim ;
Every word, and every thought,
 Purge in the refining flame :
Lead us, through the paths of peace
On to perfect holiness.
- 3 Let us all together rise,
 To Thy glorious life restored ;
Here regain our Paradise,
 Here prepare to meet our Lord
Here enjoy the earnest given,
Travel hand in hand to heaven !

875

(404)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. Wm

- JESUS, with kindest pity see
The souls that would be one
If now accepted in Thy sight,
Thou dost our upright hearts unite
Allow us e'en on earth to prove
The noblest joys of heavenly love
- 2 Before Thy glorious eyes we stand
The wish which doth from Thee demand
Our love from earthly dross refine
Holy, angelical, divine,
Thee, its great Author, let it praise
And back to the pure Fount of life
- 3 A drop of that unbounded sea
O Lord, resorb it into Thee !
While all our souls, with raptures
Spring up into eternal life,
And, lost in endless rapture
Thy whole immensity of love
- 4 A spark of that ethereal fire
Still let it to its Source aspire
To Thee in every wish return
Intensely for Thy glory burn
While all our souls fly up
And blaze through all eternity

876

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- F**ATHER, at Thy footstool see
 Those who now are one in Thee :
 Draw us by Thy grace alone ;
 Give, O give us to Thy Son !
- 2 Jesus, Friend of human kind,
 Let us in Thy name be joined ;
 Each to each unite and bless ;
 Keep us still in perfect peace.
- 3 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,
 Shed Thy over-shadowing love ;
 Love, the sealing grace, impart ;
 Dwell within our single heart.
- 4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be to us what Adam lost :
 Let us in Thine image rise ;
 Give us back our Paradise.

877

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

The Communion of Saints.

- F**ATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear
 Faith's effectual fervent prayer ;
 Hear, and our petitions seal,
 Let us now the answer feel.
 Still our fellowship increase ;
 Knit us in the bond of peace ;
 Join our new-born spirits, join
 Each to each, and all to Thine.
- 2 Build us in one body up,
 Called in one high calling's hope ;
 One the Spirit whom we claim ;
 One the pure baptismal flame ;
 One the faith, and common Lord ;
 One the Father lives adored,
 Over, through, and in us all
 God Incomprehensible.
- 3 One with God, the source of bliss,
 Ground of our communion this :

Life of all that live below,
 Let Thine emanations flow ;
 Rise eternal in our heart :
 Thou our long-sought Eden art ;
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be to us what Adam lost.

878

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1741

PART II.

O THER ground can no man lay,
 JESUS TAKES OUR SINS AWAY !
 Jesus the Foundation is :
 This shall stand, and only this.
 Fitly framed in Him we are,
 All the building rises fair ;
 Let it to a temple rise,
 Worthy Him who fills the skies.

- 2 Husband of the church below,
 Christ, if Thee our Lord we know,
 Unto Thee, betrothed in love,
 Let us always faithful prove ;
 Never rob Thee of our heart,
 Never give the creature part,
 Only Thou possess the whole :
 Take our body, spirit, soul.
- 3 Steadfast let us cleave to Thee ;
 Love, the mystic union be ;
 Union to the world unknown,
 Joined to God, in spirit one :
 Wait we till the Spouse shall come,
 Till the Lamb shall take us home,
 For His heaven the Bride prepare,
 Solemnize our nuptials there.

879

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1'

PART III.

C HRIST, our Head, gone up on hi
 Be Thou in Thy Spirit nigh :
 Advocate with God, give ear
 To Thine own effectual prayer !

- 2 One the Father is with Thee :
Knit us in like unity ;
Make us, O uniting Son,
One,—as Thou and He are One.
- 3 Still, O Lord, (for Thine we are,)
Still to us His Name declare :
Thy revealing Spirit give,
Whom the world cannot receive.
- 4 Fill us with the Father's love ;
Never from our souls remove :
Dwell in us, and we shall be
Thine to all eternity.

380

(405)

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

PART IV.

CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who Thy nature share,
Who Thy mystic body are.

- 2 Join us, in one Spirit join,
Let us still receive of Thine :
Still for more on Thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all !
- 3 Closer knit to Thee, our Head ;
Nourish us, O Christ, and feed :
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.
- 4 Jesus ! we Thy members are,
Cherish us with kindest care,
Of Thy flesh, and of Thy bone,
Love, for ever love Thine own !
- 5 Move, and actuate, and guide ;
Divers gifts to each divide :
Placed according to Thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil ;
- 6 Never from our office move,
Needful to each other prove ;

- Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the art of God.
- 7 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy;
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share.
- 8 Wounded by the grief of one,
Now let all the members groan;
Honoured if one member is,
All partake the common bliss.
- 9 Many are we now, and one,
We who Jesus have put on:
There is neither bond nor free,
Male nor female, Lord, in Thee!
- 10 Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void;
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art All in all!

881

(878)

8-7s.

O. WESLEY. 1740

The Love-feast.

- COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine!
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above;
Celebrate the feast of love.
- 2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God:
We, like them, may live and love;
Called we are their joys to prove,
Saved with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.

- 3 Sing we then in Jesu's name,
 Now as yesterday the same ;
 One in every time and place,
 Full for all of truth and grace :
 We for Christ, our Master, stand,
 Lights in a benighted land :
 We our dying Lord confess ;
 We are Jesu's witnesses.
- 4 Witnesses that Christ hath died,
 We with Him are crucified ;
 Christ hath burst the bands of death ;
 We His quickening Spirit breathe :
 Christ is now gone up on high ;
 Thither all our wishes fly :
 Sits at God's right hand above ;
 There with Him we reign in love !

882

(374)

8-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

PART II.

- COME, Thou high and lofty Lord !
 Lowly, meek, Incarnate Word !
 Humbly stoop to earth again ;
 Come and visit abject man !
 Jesus, dear expected Guest,
 Thou art bidden to the feast ;
 For Thyself our hearts prepare,
 Come, and sit, and banquet there !
- 2 Jesus, we Thy promise claim,
 We are met in Thy great Name ;
 In the midst do Thou appear,
 Manifest Thy presence here !
 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless ;
 Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace ;
 Thou Thyself within us move ;
 Make our feast a Feast of Love.
- 3 Let the fruits of grace abound,
 Let in us Thy bowels sound ;
 Faith, and love, and joy increase,
 Temperance and gentleness ;

Plant in us Thine humble mind ;
Patient, pitiful, and kind,
Meek, and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of Thee.

- 4 Make us all in Thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet,
Meet to' appear before Thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.
Call, O call us each, by name,
To the marriage of the Lamb,
Let us lean upon Thy breast ;
Love be there our endless feast !

883

(375)

8-7s.
PART III.

C. WESLEY. 1740

LET us join, ('tis God commands,)
Let us join our hearts and hands ;
Help to gain our calling's hope ;
Build we each the other up :
God His blessing shall dispense ;
God shall crown His ordinance ;
Meet in His appointed ways,
Nourish us with social grace.

- 2 Let us then as brethren love,
Faithfully His gifts improve,
Carry on the earnest strife,
Walk in holiness of life ;
Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind,
Toward the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.
- 3 Plead we thus for faith alone,
Faith which by our works is shown :
God it is who justifies ;
Only faith the grace applies ;—
Active faith that lives within,
Conquers earth, and hell, and sin,
Sanctifies, and makes us whole,
Forms the Saviour in the soul.

- 4 Let us for this faith contend ;
 Sure salvation is its end :
 Heaven already is begun,
 Everlasting life is won.
 Only let us persevere,
 Till we see our Lord appear :
 Never from the Rock remove,
 Saved by faith, which works by love.

884

8-7a.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

PART IV.

- P**ARTNERS of a glorious hope,
 Lift your hearts and voices up :
 Jointly let us rise, and sing
 Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King :
 Monuments of Jesu's grace,
 Speak we by our lives His praise ;
 Walk in Him we have received ;
 Show, we not in vain believed.
- 2 While we walk with God in light
 God our hearts doth still unite ;
 Dearest fellowship we prove,
 Fellowship in Jesu's love :
 Sweetly each, with each combined,
 In the bonds of duty joined,
 Feels the cleansing blood applied,
 Daily feels that Christ hath died.
- 3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase !
 Cleanse from all unrighteousness ;
 Thee the' unholy cannot see ;
 Make, O make us meet for Thee !
 Every vile affection kill ;
 Root out every seed of ill ;
 Utterly abolish sin ;
 Write Thy law of love within.
- 4 Hence may all our actions flow ;
 Love the proof that Christ we know ;
 Mutual love the token be,
 Lord, that we belong to Thee :

Love, Thine image, love impart !
 Stamp it on our face and heart !
 Only Love to us be given !
 Lord, we ask no other heaven.

885 ⁽³⁷⁷⁾ 4-8s & 2-6s. C. WESLEY. 176

COME, Wisdom, Power, and Grace Divi
 Come, Jesus, in Thy name to join
 A happy chosen band ;
 Who fain would prove Thine utmost will,
 And all Thy righteous laws fulfil,
 In love's benign command.

- 2 If pure essential Love Thou art,
 Thy nature into every heart,
 Thy loving self, inspire :
 Bid all our simple souls be one,
 United in a bond unknown,
 Baptized with heavenly fire.
- 3 Still may we to our Centre tend,—
 To spread Thy praise our common end,
 To help each other on ;
 Companions through the wilderness,
 To share a moment's pain, and seize
 An everlasting crown.
- 4 Jesus, our tendered souls prepare !
 Infuse the softest, social care,
 And warmest charity,
 The bowels of our bleeding Lamb,
 The virtues of Thy wondrous name,
 The heart that was in Thee.
- 5 Supply what every member wants :
 To found the fellowship of saints,
 Thy Spirit, Lord, supply ;
 So shall we all Thy love receive,
 Together to Thy glory live,
 And to Thy glory die.

886 (378) 4-8s & 2-6s. C. WESLEY. 1767.

- O** SAVIOUR, cast a gracious smile !
 Our gloomy guilt, and selfish guile,
 And shy distrust remove ;
 The true simplicity impart,
 To fashion every passive heart,
 And mould it into love.
- 2 Our naked hearts to Thee we raise ;
 Whate'er obstructs Thy work of grace,
 For ever drive it hence :
 Exert Thine all-subduing power,
 And each regenerate soul restore,
 To child-like innocence.
- 3 Soon as in Thee we gain a part,
 Our spirit purg'd from nature's art
 Appears, by grace forgiven ;
 We then pursue our sole design,
 To lose our melting will in Thine,
 And want no other heaven.
- 4 O that we now the power might feel,
 To do on earth Thy blessed will,
 As angels do above !
 In Thee, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 To walk, and perfectly to' obey
 Thy sweet constraining love !
- 5 Jesus, fulfil our one desire,
 And spread the spark of living fire
 Through every hallowed breast ;
 Bless with divine conformity,
 And give us now to find in Thee
 Our everlasting rest.

887 4-7s. C. WESLEY. 1767.

HOLY Lamb, who Thee confess,
 Followers of Thy holiness,
 Thee they ever keep in view,
 Ever ask, " What shall we do ?"

- 2 Governed only by Thy will,
All Thy words we would fulfil,
Would in all Thy footsteps go,
Walk as Jesus walk'd below.
- 3 While Thou didst on earth appear,
Servant to Thy servants here,
Mindful of Thy place above,
All Thy life was prayer and love.
- 4 Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity ;
Works of love on man bestowed,
Secret intercourse with God.
- 5 Early in the temple meet,
Let us still our Saviour greet ;
Nightly to the mount repair,
Join our praying Pattern there.
- 6 There by wrestling faith obtain
Power to work for God again ;
Power His image to retrieve,
Power, like Thee, our Lord, to live.
- 7 Vessels, instruments of grace,
Pass we thus our happy days
'Twixt the mount and multitude,
Doing or receiving good ;
- 8 Glad to pray and labour on,
Till our earthly course is run,
Till we, on the sacred tree,
Bow the head and die like Thee.

888

(879)

8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY. 171

COME, Thou all-inspiring Spirit,
Into every longing heart !
Bought for us by Jesu's merit,
Now Thy blissful Self impart :
Sign our uncontested pardon ;
Wash us in the' atoning blood !
Make our hearts a watered garden ;
Fill our spotless souls with God.

- 2 If Thou gav'st the' enlarged desire,
Which for Thee we ever feel,
Now our panting souls inspire,
Now our cancell'd sin reveal :
Claim us for Thy habitation ;
Dwell within our hallowed breast ;
Seal us heirs of full salvation,
Fitted for our heavenly rest.
- 3 Give us quietly to tarry,
Till for all Thy glory meet,
Waiting, like attentive Mary,
Happy at the Saviour's feet ;
Keep us from the world unspotted,
From all earthly passions free,
Wholly to Thyself devoted,
Fixed to live and die for Thee.
- 4 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
Lord, we will not let Thee go,
Till Thou all Thy mind declare,
All Thy grace on us bestow ;
Peace, the seal of sin forgiven,
Joy, and perfect love, impart,
Present, everlasting heaven,
All Thou hast, and all Thou art !

889

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen. Rev. xxii. 21.

- J**ESUS ! Thou great redeeming Lord,
The kingdom of Thy peace restored
Let all Thy followers perceive,
And happy in Thy Spirit live ;
Retain the grace through Thee bestowed,
The favour, and the power of God.
- 2 Give all Thy saints to find in Thee
The fulness of the Deity ;
His nature, life, and mind to prove,
In perfect holiness and love :
Fountain of grace, Thyself make known
With God and man for ever one.

- 3 Still with and in Thy people dwell ;
 Thy gracious plenitude reveal ;
 Till coming with Thy heavenly train,
 We eye to eye "Behold the Man,"
 And share Thy majesty divine,
 And mount our thrones encircling Thine.

At the Baptism of a Child.

890 ⁽³⁶⁰⁾ L.M. 6 lines. C. WESLEY. 1767.

GOD of eternal truth and love,
 GOD Vouchsafe the promised aid we claim,
 Thine own great ordinance approve,
 The child baptized into Thy name,
 Partaker of Thy nature make,
 And give him all Thine image back.

- 2 Father, if such Thy sovereign will,
 If Jesus did the rite enjoin,
 Annex Thy hallowing Spirit's seal,
 And let the grace attend the sign ;
 The seed of endless life impart,
 Take for Thine own this infant's heart.
- 3 Answer on him Thy wisdom's end,
 In present and eternal good ;
 Whate'er Thou didst for man intend,
 Whate'er Thou hast on man bestowed,
 Now to this favour'd child be given,
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 4 In presence of Thy heavenly host,
 Thyself we faithfully require :
 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 By blood, by water, and by fire,
 And fill up all Thy human shrine,
 And seal our souls for ever Thine.

891 C.M. C. WESLEY. 1767

Gen. xlviii. 16.

THE great redeeming Angel, Thee,
 O Jesus, we confess ;

- Do Thou our great Deliverer be,
And all our offspring bless.
- 2 Early discipled to the Lord,
May they be taught of Thee :
And, made to know and trust Thy word,
Wise to salvation be.
- 3 Thou who hast borne our sins away,
Our children's sins remove ;
And bring them through their evil day,
To sing Thy praise above.
- 4 Partakers of Thy nature, make
Partakers of Thy grace ;
And then the heirs of glory take
To dwell before Thy face.

892

C.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

- SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms :
Hark how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms !
- 2 " Permit them to approach," He cries,
" Nor scorn their humble name :
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

893

C.M.

WATTS. 1709.

- HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abr'am and his seed !
" I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."
- 2 The words of His extensive love
From age to age endure ;
The Angel of the Covenant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
 To our great father given ;
 He takes our children to His arms,
 And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 O God, how faithful are Thy ways !
 Thy love endures the same ;
 Nor from the promise of Thy grace
 Blots out our children's name.

894

(358)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

At the Baptism of Adults.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Honour the means ordained by Thee !
 Make good our apostolic boast,
 And own Thy glorious ministry.

2 We now Thy promised presence claim,
 Sent to disciple all mankind,
 Sent to baptize into Thy name,
 We now Thy promised presence find.

3 Father ! in these reveal Thy Son ;
 In these, for whom we seek Thy face,
 The hidden mystery make known,
 The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

4 Jesus ! with us Thou always art :
 Effectuate now the sacred sign ;
 The gift unspeakable impart,
 And bless the ordinance divine.

5 Eternal Spirit ! descend from high,
 Baptizer of our spirits Thou !
 The sacramental seal apply,
 And witness with the water now !

6 Oh ! that the souls baptized herein
 May now Thy truth and mercy feel ;
 May rise and wash away their sin :
 Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal !

895

(359)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1741

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 In solemn power come down !

- Present with Thy heavenly host,
 Thine ordinance to crown :
 See a sinful worm of earth !
 Bless to him the cleansing flood !
 Plunge him, by a second birth,
 Into the depths of God.
- 2 Let the promised inward grace
 Accompany the sign ;
 On his new-born soul impress
 The character divine !
 Father, all Thy love reveal !
 Jesus, all Thy name impart !
 Holy Ghost, renew and dwell
 For ever in his heart !

The Lord's Supper.

896

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

- C**OME, all who truly bear
 The name of Christ your Lord,
 His last mysterious supper share,
 And keep His kindest word.
 Hereby your faith approve
 In Jesus crucified :
 " In memory of my dying love,
 Do this,"—He said,—and died.
- 2 The badge and token this,
 The sure confirming seal,
 That He is ours, and we are His,
 The servants of His will ;
 His dear peculiar ones,
 The purchase of His blood ;
 His blood which once for all atones,
 And brings us now to God.
- 3 Then let us still profess
 Our Master's honoured Name ;
 Stand forth His faithful witnesses,
 True followers of the Lamb.

In proof that such we are,
His saying we receive,
And thus to all mankind declare
We do in Christ believe.

- 4 Part of His church below,
We thus our right maintain ;
Our living membership we show,
And in the fold remain,—
The sheep of Israel's fold,
In England's pastures fed ;
And fellowship with all we hold,
Who hold it with our Head.

897

(372)

C.M.

MONTGOMERY. 18

Luke xxii. 19.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

- 2 Thy body broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane, can I forget ?
Or there Thy conflict see—
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
I must remember Thee :—
- 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb
And mind and memory flee ;
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom con
Jesus, remember me.

898

(366)

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

- L**AMB of God, whose bleeding love
 We now recall to mind,
 Send the answer from above,
 And let us mercy find ;
 Think on us, who think on Thee ;
 And every struggling soul release ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace !
- 2 By Thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray,
 By Thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away :
 Burst our bonds, and set us free ;
 From all iniquity release ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.
- 3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
 The sinner's pardon seal ;
 Speak us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal ;
 By Thy passion on the tree,
 Let our griefs and troubles cease ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.
- 4 Never will we hence depart,
 Till Thou our wants relieve,
 Write forgiveness on our heart,
 And all Thine image give !
 Still our souls shall cry to Thee,
 Till perfected in holiness,
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace !

899

8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

COME, Thou everlasting Spirit,
 Bring to every thankful mind

All the Saviour's dying merit,
 All His sufferings for mankind!
 True Recorder of His passion,
 Now the living faith impart;
 Now reveal His great salvation;
 Preach His gospel to our heart.

- 2 Come, Thou Witness of His dying;
 Come, Remembrancer Divine!
 Let us feel Thy power, applying
 Christ to every soul,—and mine!
 Let us groan Thine inward groaning;
 Look on Him we pierc'd, and grieve;
 All receive the grace atoning,
 All the sprinkled blood receive.

900

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 174

LET all who truly bear
 The bleeding Saviour's name,
 Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
 And eat the Paschal Lamb.

- 2 This eucharistic feast,
 Our every want supplies;
 And still we by His death are blest,
 And share His sacrifice.
- 3 Who thus our faith employ,
 His sufferings to record,
 E'en now we mournfully enjoy
 Communion with our Lord.
- 4 We, too, with Him are dead,
 And shall with Him arise;
 The cross on which He bows His head,
 Shall lift us to the skies.

901

(361)

L.M.

DODDRIDGE. 17

MY God, and is Thy table spread?
 And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
 Thither be all Thy children led,
 And let them all its sweetness know.

- 2 Hail ! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood ;
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.
- 3 O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 4 Let crowds approach with hearts prepared,
With hearts inflamed let all attend ;
And having felt Thy presence here,
Let not the joy or profit end.
- 5 Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live ;
And more, that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

:902

(868)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- J**ESU, at whose supreme command,
We thus approach to God,
Before us in Thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipp'd in blood !
- 2 Obedient to Thy gracious word,
We break the hallowed bread,
Commemorate Thee, our dying Lord,
And trust on Thee to feed.
 - 3 Now, Saviour, now Thyself reveal,
And make Thy nature known ;
Affix Thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for Thine own.
 - 4 The tokens of Thy dying love
O let us all receive,
And feel the quickening Spirit move,
And sensibly believe !
 - 5 The cup of blessing, blest by Thee,
Let it Thy blood impart ;
The bread Thy mystic body be,
And cheer each languid heart.

- 6 The grace which sure salvation brings
 Let us herewith receive ;
 Satisfy the hungry with good things,
 The hidden manna give.
- 7 The living Bread, sent down from heaven,
 In us vouchsafe to be :
 Thy flesh for all the world is given,
 And all may live by Thee.
- 8 Now, Lord, on us Thy flesh bestow,
 And let us drink Thy blood,
 Till all our souls are filled below
 With all the life of God.

903

(367)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

THIS done ! the' atoning work is done !
 Jesus, the world's Redeemer, dies ;
 All nature feels the' important groan,
 Loud echoing through the earth and skies :
 The earth doth to her centre quake,
 And heaven as hell's deep gloom is black !

- 2 The temple's veil is rent in twain,
 While Jesus meekly bows His head ;
 The rocks resent His mortal pain ;
 The yawning graves give up their dead ;
 The bodies of the saints arise,
 Reviving as their Saviour dies.
- 3 And shall not we His death partake,
 In sympathetic anguish groan ?
 O Saviour, let Thy passion shake
 Our earth, and rend our hearts of stone !
 To second life our souls restore,
 And wake us that we sleep no more.

904

(108)

8s & 7s.

W. SHIRLEY. 1770

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend ;
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying Friend :

- Here I'll sit for ever viewing
 Mercy's streams, in streams of blood ;
 Precious drops ! my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 2 Truly blessed is the station,
 Low before His cross to lie ;
 While I see Divine compassion
 Flowing from His languid eye :
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze :
 Love I much ? I've much forgiven ;
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears His feet I'll bathe :
 Constantly in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from His death :
 May I still enjoy this feeling ;
 In all need to Jesus go ;
 Prove His wounds each day more healing,
 And Himself more deeply know.

905

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

- V**ICTIM Divine, Thy grace we claim,
 While thus Thy precious death we show:
 Once offered up, a spotless Lamb,
 In Thy great temple here below,
 Thou didst for all mankind atone,
 And standest now before the Throne.
- 2 Thou standest in the holy place,
 As now for guilty sinners slain :
 Thy blood of sprinkling speaks, and prays,
 All-prevalent for helpless man ;
 Thy blood is still our ransom found,
 And speaks salvation all around.
- 3 The smoke of Thy atonement here
 Darkened the sun, and rent the veil,
 Made the new way to heaven appear,
 And showed the great Invisible :

Thy sacrifice doth always please,
Diffusing life, and joy, and peace.

- 4 We need not now go up to heaven,
To bring the long-sought Saviour down ;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost e'en now Thy banquet crown :
To every faithful soul appear,
And show Thy real presence here !

906

(462)

4-7s.

C. WESLEY, 1745.

GRACIOUS God ! Thou seest in me
Only sin and misery ;
Look on Thy beloved Son,
See what He for me has done.

- 2 Turn from me Thy glorious eyes,
To that spotless sacrifice ;
To that full atonement made,
To that utmost ransom paid

908

(369)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1745.

GLORY to Him, who freely spent
His blood that we might live ;
And through this choicest instrument
Does all His blessings give.

- 2 Here all Thy blessings we receive ;
Here all Thy gifts are given ;
To those who would in Thee believe—
Pardon, and grace, and heaven.
- 3 Thus may we still in Thee be blest,
Till all from earth remove,
And share with Thee the marriage feast,
And drink the wine above.

909

5,5,12, or 10s & 11s. C. WESLEY. 1745.

ALL glory and praise to the Ancient of Days,
Who was born, and was slain to redeem a
Salvation to God, who carried our load, [lost race.
And purchas'd our lives with the price of His
blood.

- 2 And shall He not have the lives, which He gave
Such an infinite ransom for ever to save ?
Yes, Lord, we are Thine, and gladly resign
Our souls to be filled with the fulness Divine.
- 3 We yield Thee Thine own ; we serve Thee alone ;
Thy will upon earth, as in heaven be done.
How, when it shall be, we cannot foresee :
But O ! let us live, let us die unto Thee !

THE CHURCH—ITS MINISTERS AND OFFICERS.

910

(290)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

JESUS, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run ;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.

2 Chron. vi. 41. Judges v. 31.

- 2 Clothed with the Spirit of Holiness,
May all Thy people prove
The plenitude of gospel grace,
The joy of perfect love.
- 3 Jesus, let all Thy lovers shine
Illustrious as the sun ;
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run :
- 4 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go ;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.
- 5 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might ;
As burning luminaries, chase
The gloom of hellish night :
- 6 As the bright Sun of Righteousness,
Their healing wings display ;
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

911

L.M.

MONTGOMERY. 1836.

- P**OUR out Thy Spirit from on high ;
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within Thy temple, when we stand
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
The angels of the churches be.
 - 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love :
 - 4 To watch and pray, and never faint,
By day and night, strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

- 5 Then, when our work is finished here,
 In humble hope our charge resign;
 When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
 O God ! may they and we be Thine.

912

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

Ordination of Ministers.

- J**ESUS, the Truth, and Power Divine,
 Send forth these messengers of Thine,
 Their hands confirm, their hearts inspire,
 And touch their lips with hallowed fire.
- 2 Be Thou their mouth and wisdom, Lord,
 Thou, by the hammer of Thy word,
 The rocky hearts in pieces break,
 And bid the sons of thunder speak.
- 3 To those who would their Lord embrace,
 Give them to preach the word of grace,
 Sweetly their yielding bosom move,
 And melt them with the fire of love.
- 4 Let all with thankful hearts confess
 Thy welcome messengers of peace ;
 Thy power in their report be found,
 And let Thy feet behind them sound.

913

C.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

- L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,
 And take the alarm they give ;
 Now let them, from the mouth of God,
 Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
 The pastor's care demands ;
 But what might fill an angel's heart,
 And filled a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
 Did heavenly bliss forego :—
 For souls, which must for ever live
 In raptures or in woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
 The account to render there ;

And shouldst Thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear ?

- 5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see ;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

914 (542) L.M. 6 lines. C. WESLEY. 1749.

GIVE me the faith which can remove,
And sink the mountain to a plain ;
Give me the child-like, praying love,
Which longs to build Thy house again ;
Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

- 2 I want an even, strong desire,
I want a calmly-fervent zeal,
To save poor souls out of the fire,
To snatch them from the verge of hell,
And turn them to a pardoning God.

915

L.M.

J. WESLEY. 1789.

From the German of JOHN J. WINKLER.

SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
 S. The Spirit's course in me restrain?—
 Or, undismayed in deed and word,
 Be a true witness for my Lord?

- 2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
 Conceal the word of God most High?
 How then before Thee shall I dare
 To stand, or how Thine anger bear?
- 3 Shall I, to soothe the' unholy throng,
 Soften Thy truths, and smooth my tongue,
 To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
 The cross endured, my God, by Thee?
- 4 What, then, is he whose scorn I dread,
 Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
 A man! an heir of death! a slave
 To sin! a bubble on the wave!
- 5 Yea, let men rage! since Thou wilt spread
 Thy shadowing wings around my head;
 Since in all pain Thy tender love
 Will still my sure refreshment prove.
- 6 Saviour of men! Thy searching eye
 Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry:
 Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
 Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?
- 7 The love of Christ, doth me constrain
 To seek the wandering souls of men;
 With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
 To snatch them from the gaping grave.
- 8 For this let men revile my name,
 No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
 All hail, reproach! and welcome, pain!
 Only Thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
- 9 My life, my blood, I here present,
 If for Thy truth they may be spent;

- Fulfil Thy sovereign counsel, Lord !
 Thy will be done ! Thy name adored !
 10 Give me Thy strength, O God of power ;
 Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
 Thy faithful witness will I be :
 'Tis fix'd ; I can do all through Thee !

916

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- L**ORD of the harvest, hear
 Thy needy servants cry ;
 Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
 And all our wants supply.
 2 On Thee we humbly wait,
 Our wants are in Thy view ;
 The harvest, truly, Lord, is great ;
 The labourers are few.
 3 Convert, and send forth more
 Into Thy church abroad ;
 And let them speak Thy word of power,
 As workers with their God.
 4 Give the pure gospel word,
 The word of general grace ;
 Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
 The Saviour of our race.
 5 O let them spread Thy Name,
 Their mission fully prove ;
 Thy universal grace proclaim,
 Thy all-redeeming love !
 6 On all mankind, forgiven,
 Empower them still to call ;
 And tell each creature under heaven,
 That Thou hast died for All.

917

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- J**ESUS, Thy wandering sheep behold !
 See, Lord, with yearning bowels see,
 The souls that cannot find the fold,
 Till sought and gathered in by Thee.

- 2 Lost are they now, and scattered wide,
In pain, and weariness, and want ;
With no kind Shepherd near to guide
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.
- 3 Thou, only Thou, the kind and good
And sheep-redeeming Shepherd art :
Collect Thy flock, and give them food,
And pastors after Thine own heart.
- 4 Give the pure word of general grace,
And great shall be the preachers' crowd ;
Preachers, who all the sinful race
Point to the all-atoning blood.
- 5 Open their mouth, and utterance give ;
Give them a trumpet-voice, to call
On all mankind to turn and live,
Through faith in Him who died for all.
- 6 Thy only glory let them seek ;
O let their hearts with love o'erflow !
Let them believe, and therefore speak,
And spread Thy mercy's praise below.

918 (880)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1743.

Meeting, after Absence.

- AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face ?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For His redeeming grace !
- 2 Preserved by power Divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesu's praise we join,
And in His sight appear.
 - 3 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we past,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last !
 - 4 But out of all, the Lord
Hath brought us by His love ;

And still He doth His help afford,
And hides our life above.

- 5 Then let us make our boast
Of His redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more :

- 6 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain ;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

919

L.M. 6 lines, triplets. C. WESLEY. 1741

OUR friendship sanctify and guide :
Unmixed with selfishness and pride,
Thy glory be our single aim !
In all our intercourse below,
Still let us in Thy footsteps go,
And never meet but in Thy name.

- 2 Fix on Thyself our single eye ;
Still let us on Thyself rely,
For all the help that each conveys,
The help as from Thy hand receive,
And still to Thee all glory give,
All thanks, all might, all love, all praise.

- 3 Whate'er Thou dost on one bestow,
Let each the double blessing know :
Let each the common burden bear ;
In comforts and in griefs agree ;
And wrestle for his friends with Thee,
In all the' omnipotence of prayer.

- 4 Our mutual prayer accept and seal ;
In all Thy glorious Self reveal ;
All with the fire of love baptize :
Thy kingdom in our souls restore ;
And keep till we can sin no more,
Till all in Thy whole image rise.

- 5 Witnesses of the' all-cleansing blood,
Long may we work the works of God,

And do Thy will like those above :
 Together spread the gospel sound,
 And scatter peace on all around,
 And joy, and happiness, and love.

- 6 True yoke-fellows, by love compelled
 To labour in the gospel field,
 Our all let us delight to spend,
 In gathering in Thy lambs and sheep ;
 Assured that Thou our souls wilt keep,
 Wilt keep us faithful to the end.

920 (545) 4-8s & 2-6s. C. WESLEY. 1767.

EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
 The best concerted schemes are vain,
 And never can succeed ;
 We spend our wretched strength for nought,
 But if our works in Thee be wrought,
 They shall be blest indeed.

- 2 Lord, if Thou didst Thyself inspire
 Our souls, with this intense desire
 Thy goodness to proclaim,—
 Thy glory if we now intend,—
 O let our deed begin and end
 Complete in Jesu's name!

- 3 In Jesu's name behold we meet,
 Far from an evil world retreat,
 And all its frantic ways ;
 One only thing resolved to know,
 And square our useful lives below,
 By reason and by grace.

- 4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
 Not in the dark monastic cell,
 By vows and grates confined ;
 Freely to all ourselves we give,
 Constrained by Jesu's love to live
 The servants of mankind.

- 5 Now, Jesus, now Thy love impart,
 To govern each devoted heart,

And fit us for Thy will :
 Deep founded in the truth of grace,
 Build up Thy rising church, and place
 The city on the hill.

- 6 O let our faith and love abound !
 O let our lives to all around
 With purest lustre shine ;
 That all around our works may see,
 And give the glory, Lord, to Thee,
 The heavenly Light Divine.

921

(408)

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 174

Separation of Fellow-Labourers.

- J**ESUS, accept the praise
 That to Thy name belongs ;
 Matter of all our lays,
 Subject of all our songs :
 Through Thee we now together came,
 And part exulting in Thy name.
- 2 In flesh we part awhile,
 But still in spirit joined,
 To' embrace the happy toil,
 Thou hast to each assigned ;
 And while we do Thy blessed will,
 We bear our heaven about us still.
- 3 O let us thus go on
 In all Thy pleasant ways,
 And, armed with patience, run
 With joy the' appointed race :
 Keep us, and every seeking soul,
 Till all attain the heavenly goal.
- 4 There we shall meet again,
 When all our toils are o'er,
 And death, and grief, and pain,
 And parting are no more :
 We shall with all our brethren rise,
 And grasp Thee in the flaming skies.

- 5 O happy, happy day,
That calls Thy exiles home !
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom ;
Earth we shall view and heaven destroyed,
And shout above the fiery void.
- 6 These eyes shall see them fall,
Mountains, and stars, and skies !
These eyes shall see them all,
Out of their ashes rise !
These lips His praises shall rehearse,
Whose nod restores the universe.
- 7 According to His word,
His oath to sinners given,
We look to see restored
The ruined earth and heaven ;
In a new world His truth to prove,
A world of righteousness and love,
- 8 Then let us wait the sound,
That shall our souls release ;
And labour to be found
Of Him in spotless peace,
In perfect holiness renewed,
Adorned with Christ, and meet for God.

922

(406)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

- B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part :
Our bodies may far off remove,—
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go ;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And do His work below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside :
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
 To His beloved embrace ;
 Expect His fulness to receive,
 And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
 The same in mind and heart,
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
 Nor life, nor death can part.
- 6 But let us hasten to the day,
 Which shall our flesh restore,
 When death shall all be done away,
 And bodies part no more !

923

(407)

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749

- A**ND let our bodies part,
 To different climes repair,—
 Inseparably joined in heart
 The friends of Jesus are.
- 2 Jesus, the Corner-stone,
 Did first our hearts unite,
 And still He keeps our spirits one,
 Who walk with Him in white.
- 3 O let us still proceed
 In Jesu's work below ;
 And, following our triumphant Head,
 To farther conquests go !
- 4 The vineyard of the Lord
 Before His labourers lies ;
 And, lo ! we see the vast reward,
 Which waits us in the skies.
- 5 O let our heart and mind
 Continually ascend,
 That haven of repose to find
 Where all our labours end ;
- 6 Where all our toils are o'er,
 Our suffering and our pain ;—
 Who meet on that eternal shore,
 Shall never part again.

- 7 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet !
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.
- 8 The Church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.
- 9 With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.
- 10 Abraham and Isaac there,
And Jacob, shall receive
The followers of their faith and prayer,
Who now in bodies live.
- 11 We shall our time beneath
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain-top.
- 12 To gather home His own
God shall His angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumph end.

924

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

*Admission of Members.**See also Hymn 608.*

- B**RETHREN in Christ, and well-beloved,
To Jesus and His servants dear,
Enter, and show yourselves approved ;
Enter, and find that God is here.
- 2 Welcome from earth : lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to you we give !
With open hearts and hands we stand,
And you in Jesu's name receive.
- 3 Say, are your hearts resolved as ours ?
Then let them burn with sacred love ;

Then let them taste the heavenly powers,
Partakers of the joys above.

- 4 Jesus, attend, Thyself reveal !
Are we not met in Thy great Name ?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading flame.
- 5 Thou God, that answerest by fire,
The Spirit of burning now impart ;
And let the flames of pure desire,
Rise from the altar of our heart.
- 6 Truly our fellowship below
With Thee, and with the Father is :
In Thee eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliss.
- 7 In part we only know Thee here,
But wait Thy coming from above ;
And we shall then behold Thee near,
And we shall all be lost in love.

925 (546)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1763

Renewal of the Covenant.

Jer. I. 8.

- COME, let us use the grace Divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual *Covenant* join
Ourselves to CHRIST the LORD :
- 2 Give up ourselves, through Jesu's power,
His name to glorify ;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.
 - 3 The Covenant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind :—
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast His words behind.
 - 4 We never will throw off His fear,
Who hears our solemn vow :—
And if Thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now !

- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive ;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give !
- 6 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day !

926

8s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- O** HOW shall a sinner perform
The vows he hath vow'd to the Lord ?
A sinful and impotent worm,
How can I be true to my word ?
I tremble at what I have done :
But look for my help from above ;
The power of Thy Spirit make known,
The virtue of Jesus's love !
- 2 My solemn engagements are vain,
My promises empty as air ;
My vows, I shall break them again,
And plunge in eternal despair ;—
Unless my omnipotent God
The sense of His goodness impart,
And shed by His Spirit abroad
The love of Himself in my heart.
- 3 O Lover of sinners, extend
To me Thy compassionate grace !
Appear my affliction to end,
Afford me a glimpse of Thy face !
That light shall enkindle in me
A flame of reciprocal love ;
And then I shall cleave unto Thee,
And then I shall never remove.
- 4 O come to a mourner in pain,
Thy peace in my conscience reveal !
And then I shall love Thee again,
And sing of the goodness I feel :

Constrain'd by the grace of my Lord,
 My soul shall in all things obey,
 And wait to be fully restored,
 And long to be summon'd away.

Erection and Dedication of Sanctuaries.

927

(306)

L.M.

MONTGOMERY. 182

THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay,
 We build the temple, Lord, to Thee;
 Thine eye be open night and day,
 To guard this house and sanctuary.

- 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
 And dying sinners pray to live,
 Hear, Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place
 And when Thou hearest, O forgive!
- 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
 The blessed gospel of Thy Son,
 Still by the power of His great Name,
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
 When children's voices raise that song;
 Hosanna! let their angels sing,
 And heaven with earth the strain prolong
- 5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
 Here to abide, no transient guest?
 Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
 And here the Holy Spirit rest?
- 6 That glory never hence depart!
 Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
 Thy kingdom come to every heart,
 In every bosom fix Thy throne.

928

(307)

L.M.

DODDGE. 17

AND will the great eternal God
 On earth establish His abode?
 And will He from His radiant throne
 Avow our temples for His own?

- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.
- 3 These walls we to Thy honour raise,
Long may they echo with Thy praise !
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.
- 4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of His train ;
While power Divine His word attends
To conquer foes, and cheer His friends !
- 5 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here !

929

(309)

C.M.

NEWTON. 1779.

- COME, Saviour, and our souls inspire
To feel how good Thou art ;
Send down a flame of sacred fire
To cheer each waiting heart.
- 2 Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear ;
Thy presence now display :
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
 - 3 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.
 - 4 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell :
Here give the troubled conscience ease ;
The wounded spirit heal.
 - 5 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers ;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares !

- 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
 Enforced by mighty grace,
 Awaken many sinners round,
 To come and fill the place.

930

(308)

4-6s & 2-8s.

FRANCIS, 1'

Variations, H. B. Methodist Episcopal Church.

- G**REAT King of Glory, come,
 And with Thy favour crown
 This temple as Thy home,
 This people as Thine own :
 Beneath this roof, oh ! deign to show
 How God can dwell with men below !
- 2 Here may Thine ear attend
 Our interceding cries,
 And grateful praise ascend
 All fragrant to the skies :
 Here may Thy soul-converting word
 With faith be preached, in faith be heard.
- 3 Here may the attentive throng
 Receive Thy truth in love ;
 And converts join the song
 Of the redeemed above ;
 And willing crowds surround Thy board,
 With sacred joy and sweet accord.
- 4 Here may our unborn sons
 And daughters sound Thy praise,
 And shine, like polished stones,
 Through long succeeding days ;
 Here, Lord, display Thy saving power,
 While temples stand, and men adore !

931

C.M.

BRYANT, 1'

O THOU, whose own vast temple stand
 Built over earth and sea !
 Accept the walls that human hands
 Have raised to worship Thee.

- 2 May erring minds that worship here,
Be taught the better way ;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 3 Gracious Redeemer, mighty King,
Enter with all Thy train ;
Thy choicest blessings with Thee bring,
And long may they remain.
- 4 Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Thou Author of all grace,
Often reveal a Saviour's love
To sinners in this place.
- 5 May thousands in the realms of day,
Who shall with Jesus reign,
Point here, and each rejoicing say,
There, I was born again.

932

L.M.

CHANDLER. 1897.

- O** LORD, how joyful 'tis to see,
The brethren join in love to Thee ;
On Thee alone their heart relies,
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.
- 2 How sweet, within Thy holy place,
With one accord to sing Thy grace,
Besieging Thine attentive ear
With all the force of fervent prayer.
 - 3 O may we love the house of God,
Of peace and joy the blest abode ;
O may no angry strife destroy
That sacred peace, that holy joy.
 - 4 The world without may rage, but we
Will only cling more close to Thee,
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,
More wean'd from earth, more fixed on heaven.
 - 5 Lord, shower upon us from above
The sacred gift of mutual love ;
Each other's wants may we supply,
And reign together in the sky.

EXTENSION OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

See also, THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

933

7.6 D.

Hymn. 1827.

- F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain !
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
 In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone !
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,—
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! oh ! salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's Name !
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story ;
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole !
 Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign !

934

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

- E**TERNAL Lord of earth and skies,
We wait Thy Spirit's latest call :
Bid all our fallen race arise,
Thou who hast purchased life for all ;
Whose only name to sinners given,
Snatches from hell, and lifts to heaven.
- 2 The word Thy sacred lips has past,
The sure irrevocable word,
That every soul shall bow at last,
And yield allegiance to its Lord ;
The kingdoms of the earth shall be
For ever subjected to Thee.
- 3 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
The terrors of the Lord display ;
Out of their sins the nations shake,
Tear their vain confidence away ;
Conclude them all in unbelief,
And fill their hearts with sacred grief.
- 4 Of judgment now the world convince,
The end of Jesu's coming show ;
To sentence their usurping prince,
Him and His works destroy below ;
To finish and abolish sin,
And bring the heavenly nature in.
- 5 O wouldst Thou bring the final scene,
Accomplish the redeeming plan,
Thy great millennial reign begin ;
That every ransomed child of man,
That every soul, may bow the knee,
And rise to reign with God in Thee !

935

L.M.

MONTGOMERY. 1825.

- O**SPIRIT of the living God !
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, Light,
Confusion, order in Thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet ;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the Cross record ;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him LORD.
- 6 God from eternity hath willed,
All flesh shall His salvation see ;
So be the Father's love fulfilled, [The
The Saviour's sufferings crown'd, through

936

8.7.4.

C. WESLEY. 1759

- COME, Thou Conqueror of the nations,
Now on Thy white horse appear ;
Earthquakes, deaths, and desolations,
Signify Thy kingdom near :
True and faithful !
'Stablish Thy dominion here.
- 2 Thine the kingdom, power, and glory ;
Thine the ransomed nations are ;
Let the heathen fall before Thee,
Let the isles Thy power declare ;
Judge and conquer !
All mankind in righteous war.
 - 3 Thee let all mankind admire,
Object of our joy and dread !
Flame thine eyes with heavenly fire,
Many crowns upon Thy head ;

But Thine essence
None, except Thyself, can read.

4 Yet we know our Mediator,
By the Father's grace bestowed,
Meanly clothed in human nature,
Thee we call the Word of God ;
Flesh Thy vesture,
Dipp'd in Thy own sacred blood.

5 Captain, God of our salvation !
Thou who hast the wine-press trod,
Borne the' Almighty's indignation,
Quenched the fiercest wrath of God,
Take the kingdom !
Claim the purchase of Thy blood.

6 On Thy thigh and vesture written,
Show the world Thy heavenly Name,
That, with loving wonder smitten,
All may glorify the Lamb ;
All adore Thee,
All the Lord of hosts proclaim.

7 Honour, glory, and salvation,
To the Lord our God we give ;
Power, and endless adoration,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Reign triumphant !
King of kings, for ever live !

937

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

HHEAD of Thy Church, whose Spirit fills,
And flows through every faithful soul,
Unites in mystic love, and seals
Them one, and sanctifies the whole :

2 "Come, Lord," Thy glorious Spirit cries,
And souls beneath the altar groan ;
"Come, Lord," the Bride on earth replies,
"And perfect all our souls in one."

- 3 Pour out the promised gift on all,
 Answer the universal, "Come!"
 The fulness of the Gentiles call,
 And take Thine ancient people home.
- 4 To Thee let all the nations flow,
 Let all obey the gospel word;
 Let all their bleeding Saviour know,
 Filled with the glory of the Lord.
- 5 O for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
 The purchase of Thy passion claim;
 Thine heritage the Gentiles take,
 And cause the world to know Thy Name

938

(281)

L.M.

(WILKS. 1799)

- B**RIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
 Vast as the blessings he conveys,
 Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
 And permanent as his control :—
- 2 So, Jesus, let Thy kingdom come :
 Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
 Shall, at its brightness, flee away ;
 The dawn of an eternal day.
- 3 Then shall the heathen, filled with awe,
 Learn the blest knowledge of Thy law ;
 And Antichrists on every shore
 Fall from their thrones to rise no more.
- 4 Then shall Thy lofty praise resound,
 On Afric's shore, through India's ground :
 And islands of the southern sea
 Shall stretch their eager arms to Thee.
- 5 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet
 In pure devotion at Thy feet ;
 And earth shall yield Thee, as Thy due,
 Her fulness and her glory too.
- 6 Oh, that from Britain now might shine
 This heavenly light, this truth divine !
 Till the whole universe shall be
 But one great temple, Lord, for Thee.

939

(282)

8.7.4.

WILLIAMS. 1759.

- O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace :
 Blessed jub'lee !
 Let Thy glorious morning dawn !
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see,
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtained on Calvary :
 Let the gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light :
 May the everlasting gospel
 Pierce the gloom of heathen night,
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel !
 Win and conquer, never cease,
 May Thy lasting, wide dominion,
 Multiply and still increase ;
 Sway Thy sceptre,
 Saviour ! all the world around.

940

L.M.

WATTS. 1719.

Psalm lxxii.

- J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Doth his successive journeys run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And praises throng to crown His head ;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms, of every tongue,
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;

And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest ;
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more :
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

941

(288)

L.M.

WATTS. 1719

Psalm cxviii.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue !

- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends Thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 " Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !"

942

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY. 178

SAVIOUR, whom our hearts adore,
To bless our earth again,
Now assume Thy royal power,
And o'er the nations reign :
Christ, the world's Desire and Hope,
Power complete to Thee is given ;
Set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven.

- 2 Where they all Thy laws have spurned,
 Thy holiest name profaned,
 Where the ruined world hath mourned
 With blood of millions slain ;
 Open there the' ethereal scene,
 Claim the heathen tribes for Thine ;
 There the endless reign begin
 With majesty Divine.
- 3 Universal Saviour, Thou
 Wilt all Thy creatures bless ;
 Every knee to Thee shall bow,
 And every tongue confess :
 None shall in Thy mount destroy ;
 War shall then be learnt no more ;
 Saints shall their great King enjoy,
 And all mankind adore.
- 4 Then, according to Thy word,
 Salvation is revealed ;
 With Thy glorious knowledge, Lord,
 The new-made earth is filled :
 Then we sound the mystery,
 Depths and heights of Godhead prove,
 Swallowed up in mercy's sea,
 For ever lost in love.

943

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1762.

*The Jews.**Isa. lvi. 19.20.*

- A**LMIGHTY God of Love,
 Set up the' attracting sign,
 And summon whom Thou dost approve
 For messengers divine :
- 2 From favoured Abraham's Seed
 The new Apostles choose,
 In isles and continents to spread
 The dead-reviving news,
- 3 We know it must be done,
 For God hath spoke the word :

All Israel shall the Saviour own,
To their first state restored :

- 4 Send, then, Thy servants forth,
To call the Hebrews home ;
From east, and west, and south, and north,
Let all the wanderers come.
- 5 With Israel's myriads sealed,
Let all the nations meet,
And show the mystery fulfilled,
The family complete !

944

(625)

555.11.

O. WESLEY. 1747.

- A**LL thanks be to God, who scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
By the least of His servants, His savour of grace.
Who the victory gave, the praise let Him have,
For the work He hath done :
All honour and glory to Jesus alone !
- 2 Our conquering Lord hath prospered His word,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.
His arm He hath bared, and a people prepared,
His glory to show,
And witness the power of His passion below.
- 3 He hath opened a door to the penitent poor,
And rescued from sin,
And admitted the harlots and publicans in.
They have heard the glad sound ; they have
liberty found,
Through the blood of the Lamb,
And plentiful pardon in Jesus's name.
- 4 And shall we not sing our Saviour and King !
Thy witnesses, we
With rapture ascribe our salvation to Thee !
Thou, Jesus, hast bless'd, and believers increased
Who thankfully own,
We are freely forgiven through mercy alone.

- 5 Thy Spirit revives His work in our lives,
 His wonders of grace,
 So mightily wrought in the primitive days.
 O that all men might know Thy tokens below,
 Our Saviour confess,
 And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and peace!
- 6 Thou Saviour of all, effectually call
 The sinners that stray;
 And oh! let a nation be born in a day!
 Then, then let it spread, Thy knowledge and dread,
 Till the earth is o'erflowed,
 And the universe filled with the glory of God.

945

(637)

7s. D.

O. WESLEY. 1749.

- S**EE how great a flame aspires,
 Kindled by a spark of grace!
 Jesu's love the nations fires,
 Sets the kingdoms on a blaze:
 To bring fire on earth He came;
 Kindled in some hearts it is:
 O that all might catch the flame,
 All partake the glorious bliss!
- 2 When He first the work begun,
 Small and feeble was His day:
 Now the word doth swiftly run,
 Now it wins its widening way:
 More and more it spreads and grows,
 Ever mighty to prevail;
 Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
 Shakes the trembling gates of hell.
- 3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
 He the door hath opened wide;
 He hath given the word of grace,
 Jesu's word is glorified:
 Jesus, mighty to redeem,
 He alone the work hath wrought;
 Worthy is the work of Him,
 Him who spake a world from nought.

- 4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
 Little as a human hand ?
 Now it spreads along the skies,
 Hangs o'er all the thirsty land :
 Lo ! the promise of a shower
 Drops already from above ;
 But the Lord will shortly pour
 All the Spirit of His Love !

946

C.M.

BRUCE. 1768

- B**EHOLD ! the Mountain of the Lord
 In latter days shall rise
 On mountain tops, above the hills,
 And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
 All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
 Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
 And to His house we'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
 Shall lighten every land ;
 The King who reigns in Salem's towers
 Shall all the world command.
- 4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
 Or mar the peaceful years ;
 To ploughshares men shall beat their swords
 To pruning hooks their spears.
- 5 No longer hosts encountering hosts
 Their millions slain deplore ;
 They hang the trumpet in the hall,
 And study war no more.
- 6 Come, then ! O come, from every land,
 To worship at His shrine ;
 And, walking in the Light of God,
 With holy beauties shine.

947

4-7s.

MARSDEN. (1836)

GO, ye messengers of God ;
 Like the beams of morning fly !

- Take the wonder-working rod ;
Lift the Saviour's cross on high.
- 2 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies for ever smile,
And the opprest for ever weep.
- 3 O'er the negro's night of care,
Pour the living light of heaven :
Chase away his wild despair ;
Bid him hope to be forgiven.
- 4 Where the golden gates of day,
Open on the gorgeous East,
Wide the wondrous cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.
- 5 Sound aloud Jehovah's call ;
Visit every soil and sea ;
Preach the cross of Christ to all—
Christ whose love is full and free.

948

L.M.

BALFOUR. 1828.

- GO, Messenger of peace and love,
To nations plunged in shades of night ;
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.
- 2 Go, to the hungry food impart,
To paths of peace the wanderer guide ;
And lead the thirsty, panting heart
Where streams of living water glide.
- 3 On barren rock and desert isle,
Go, bid the Rose of Sharon bloom ;
Till arid wastes around thee smile,
Bright with the dews of morning's womb.
- 4 From north to south, from east to west,
Messiah yet shall reign supreme ;
His Name, by every tongue confest ;
His praise, the universal theme.
- 5 Then faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand ;

- Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in His presence stand.
6 Thy love a rich reward shall find
From Him who sits enthroned on high;
For they who turn the erring mind
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

949

S.M.

MONTGOMERY. 1836.

- S**OW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear, give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.
2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.
3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here, nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.
4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
5 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.
6 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry "Harvest home!"

950

7s D.

MONTGOMERY. 181

- H**ARK! the song of Jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:

- Hallelujah ! for the Lord,
 God Omnipotent, shall reign ;
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound,
 From the depths unto the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies :
 See Jehovah's banners furled,
 Sheath'd His sword : He speaks—'tis done,
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have passed away :
 Then the end ;—beneath His rod,
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.

Parting Hymns.

951

(409)

C.M.

O. WESLEY. 1747.

- G**OD of all consolation, take
 The glory of Thy grace !
 Thy gifts to Thee we render back
 In ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Through Thee we now together came,
 In singleness of heart ;
 We met, O Jesus, in Thy name,
 And in Thy name we part.
- 3 We part in body, not in mind ;
 Our minds continue one ;
 And, each to each, in Jesus joined,
 We hand in hand go on.
- 4 Subsists as in us all one soul,
 No power can make us twain ;

- And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
To sever us, in vain.
- 5 Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh,
While on the wings of faith and prayer
We each to other fly.
- 6 In Jesus Christ together we
In heavenly places sit ;
Clothed with the sun, we smile to see
The moon beneath our feet.
- 7 Our life is hid with Christ in God ;
Our Life shall soon appear,
And shed His glory all abroad
In all His members here.
- 8 The heavenly treasure now we have
In a mean house of clay ;
But He shall to the utmost save,
And keep it to that day.
- 9 Our souls are in His mighty hand,
And He shall keep them still ;
And you and I shall surely stand
With Him on Sion's hill !
- 10 Him eye to eye we there shall see ;
Our face like His shall shine :
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join !
- 11 O what a joyful meeting there !
In robes of white arrayed,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.
- 12 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through ;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.
- 13 Then let us hasten to the Day,
When all shall be brought home ;
Come, O Redeemer, come away,
O Jesus, quickly come !

952

(411)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- L**IFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise His love,
And glorify His name :
- 2 To Jesu's Name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end :
Rejoice ! rejoice ! the Lord is King ;
The King is now our Friend !
- 3 We, for His sake, count all things loss ;
On earthly good look down ;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.
- 4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to' approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love !
- 5 Love us, though far in flesh disjoined,
Ye lovers of the Lamb ;
And ever bear us on your mind,
Who think and speak the same :
- 6 You on our minds we ever bear,
Whoe'er to Jesus bow ;
Stretch out the arms of faith and prayer,
And, lo ! we reach you now.
- 7 The blessings all on you be shed,
Which God, in Christ, imparts ;
We pray the Spirit of our Head
Into your faithful hearts.
- 8 Mercy and peace your portion be,
To carnal minds unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.
- 9 Let all who for the Promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive ;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live !

- 10 Live till the Lord in glory come,
 And wait His heaven to share :
 He now is fitting up our home :—
 Go on :—we'll meet you there.

THE FAMILY.

953

(351)

L.M.

DODDRIDGE.

Family Religion.

- F**ATHER of men ! Thy care we bless
 Which crowns our families with peace
 From Thee they spring ; and by Thy hand
 They are, and shall be still, sustained.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
 Be our domestic altars raised ;
 Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
 With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To Thee, may each united house,
 Morning and night, present its vows :
 Our servants there, and rising race,
 Be taught Thy precepts, and Thy grace.
- 4 Oh ! may each future age proclaim
 The honours of Thy glorious name ;
 While pleased, and thankful, we remove
 To join the family above.

954

8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY.

- P**EACE be to this habitation !
 Peace to every soul herein !
 Peace, the foretaste of salvation ;
 Peace, the seal of cancelled sin ;
 Peace, that speaks its heavenly Giver
 Peace to earthly minds unknown ;
 Peace divine, that lasts for ever,—
 Here erect its glorious throne.
- 2 Now, Thy love-infusing Spirit
 Shed in every heart abroad ;

And, Redeemer, through Thy merit,
 Make each child a child of God !
 Claim for Thine each faithful servant
 By the reconciling word ;
 Pure in heart, in spirit fervent,
 Let them serve their heavenly Lord.

- 3 Prince of Peace, if Thou art near us,
 Fix in all our hearts Thy home,
 By Thy last appearing cheer us,
 Quickly let Thy kingdom come ;
 Answer all our expectation,
 Give our raptured souls to prove,
 Glorious, uttermost salvation,
 Heavenly, everlasting love !

955

(352)

L.M. 6 lines triplets. C. WESLEY. 1767.

HOW good and pleasant 'tis to see,
 When brethren cordially agree,
 And kindly think and speak the same ;
 A family of faith and love,
 Combined to seek the things above,
 And spread the common Saviour's fame !

- 2 The God of grace, who all invites,
 Who in our unity delights,
 Vouchsafes our intercourse to bless ;
 Revives us with refreshing showers,
 The fulness of His blessing pours,
 And keeps our minds in perfect peace.
- 3 Jesus, Thou precious Corner-stone,
 Preserve inseparably one,
 Whom Thou didst by Thy Spirit join :
 Still let us in Thy Spirit live,
 And to Thy Church the pattern give
 Of unanimity divine !
- 4 Still let us to each other cleave,
 And from Thy plenitude receive
 Constant supplies of hallowing grace ;

Till to a perfect man we rise,
O'ertake our kindred in the skies,
And find prepared our heavenly place.

956

(556)

C.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

THREE happy souls, who born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God ;
And spend them in His fear.

- 2 So may our eyes, with holy zeal,
Prevent the dawning day ;
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise Thy Name, and pray.
- 3 Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to Thy throne ;
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be Thine alone.
- 4 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought ;
And by each various providence,
Some wise instruction brought.
- 5 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptation tried,
We'll seek the shelter of Thy wings,
And in Thy strength confide.
- 6 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all our days be passed :
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear the last.

957

L.M.

KEN. 1675.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run :
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem ;
Each present day, thy last esteem ;

- Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere ;
Keep conscience, as the noon-tide, clear ;
Think how All-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.
- 5 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew :
Disperse my sins as morning dew :
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

958

L.M.

CHANDLER. 1837.

From the Latin of AMBROS.

- O** JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face ;
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night :
- 2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above ;
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray !
- 3 And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious Name ;
His powerful succour we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

- 4 May faith, deep-rooted in the so
 Subdue our flesh, our minds c
 May guile depart, and disco
 And all within be joy and
- 5 O, hallowed be the appr
 Let meekness be our r
 And faithful love our made;
 And hope our suns ces cease;
- 6 O Christ! with e soul is stayed,
 Thine image to perfect peace.
 O may we ever ou lov'st to take,
 Our Saviour s ernity:

959 (640) wilt forsake
 form that trusts in Thee.

G LORY For L.M. KEBLE. 18

Keep me y soul, Thou Saviour dear,
 Beneath not night if Thou be near:

- 2 Forgive no earth-born cloud arise
 The i' Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
 That the soft dews of kindly sleep
 I, e-reared eyelids gently steep,
- 3 Te y last thought,—how sweet to rest
 Th' ever on my Saviour's breast!
 T'ide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live;
- 4 T'ide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.
 Thou Framers of the light and dark,
 Steer through the tempest Thine own ark
 Amid the howling wintry sea,
 We are in port if we have Thee.
- 5 If some poor wandering child of Thine
 Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
 Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 6 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
 With blessings from Thy boundless store

- 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow :
Praise Him, all creatures here below :
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

960

8s & 7s.

EDMESTON. (1886.)

- S**AVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our eyelids seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us ;
We are safe for Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee.
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light, and deathless bloom.

961

(687)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

- H**OW do Thy mercies close me round !
For ever be Thy name adored ;
I blush in all things to abound ;
The servant is above his Lord !
- 2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led :
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay His head.
- 3 But lo ! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep :
Yea, He Himself becomes my guard :
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects ; my fears, be gone !
What can the Rock of Ages move ?

Safe in Thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.

- 5 While Thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest ?
Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy ;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

- 6 I rest beneath the' Almighty's shade ;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

- 7 Me for Thine own Thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity :
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in Thee.

962

L.M.

KEBLE. 1827.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought,—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast !
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark !
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have Thee.
- 5 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 6 Watch by the sick : enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store :

Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

- 7 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take :
Till, in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above !

963

(639)

8s.

TOPLADY. 1774.

BENEFICENT Hearer of prayer,
Thou Feeder and Guardian of Thine ;
My all to Thy covenant care,
I, sleeping and waking, resign :

- 2 If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me ;
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.
- 3 Thy ministering spirits descend,
And watch while Thy saints are asleep ;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep :
- 4 Bright seraphs, despatched from the throne,
Fly swift to their stations assigned,
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the loved sons of mankind.
- 5 Thy worship no interval knows :
Their fervour is still on the wing ;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King :
- 6 I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join ;
And love and adore without end
Their gracious Creator and mine.

964

(638)

7s. D.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

OMNIPRESENT God ! whose aid
No one ever asked in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain :

- Lay Thy hand upon my soul,
 God of my unguarded hours !
 All my enemies control,
 Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.
- 2 O Thou jealous God ! come down,
 God of spotless purity ;
 Claim, and seize me for Thine own,
 Consecrate my heart to Thee :
 Under Thy protection take ;
 Songs in the night season give ;
 Let me sleep to Thee, and wake ;
 Let me die to Thee, and live.
- 3 Let me of Thy life partake,
 Thy own holiness impart :
 Oh that I may sweetly wake
 With my Saviour in my heart !
 Oh that I may know Thee mine !
 Oh that I may Thee receive !
 Only live the life divine ;
 Only to Thy glory live.

965

(353)

5.6.9. or 11s & 9s. C. WESLEY. 1767.

- COME away to the skies, my beloved, arise,
 And rejoice in the day thou wast born ;
 On this festival day, come exulting away,
 And with singing to Sion return.
- 2 We have laid up our love and treasure above,
 Though our bodies continue below ; [wo]
 The redeemed of the Lord, we remember
 And with singing to Paradise go.
- 3 With singing we praise the original grace,
 By our heavenly Father bestowed ;
 Our being receive from His bounty, and live
 To the honour and glory of God.
- 4 For Thy glory we are, created to share
 Both the nature and kingdom divine ;
 Created again, that our souls may remain
 In time and eternity Thine.

- 5 With thanks we approve the design of Thy love,
Which hath joined us in Jesus's name ;
So united in heart, that we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.
- 6 There, there, at His feet, we shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more !
We shall sing to our lyres, with the heavenly
And our Saviour in glory adore. [choirs,
- 7 Hallelujah we sing, to our Father and King,
And His rapturous praises repeat :
To the Lamb that was slain, hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at His feet !
- 8 In assurance of hope, we to Jesus look up,
Till His banner unfurled in the air,
From our graves we shall see, and cry out "It
is He !"
And fly up to acknowledge Him there.

966

(641)

4-8s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

- G**OD of my life, to Thee
My cheerful soul I raise !
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days ;
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.
- 2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify Thy Name,
From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessings, came ;
Creating and preserving grace,
Let all that is within me praise.
- 3 Long as I live beneath,
To Thee O let me live !
To Thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give !
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

- 4 My soul, and all its powers,
Thine, wholly Thine, shall be ;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to Thee ;
Me to Thine image now restore,
And I shall praise Thee evermore,
- 5 I wait Thy will to do,
As angels do in heaven ;
In Christ a creature new,
Most graciously forgiven,
I wait Thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctified by spotless love.
- 6 Then, when the work is done—
The work of faith with power—
Receive Thy favoured son,
In death's triumphant hour ;
Like Moses to Thyself convey,
And kiss my raptured soul away.

967

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1742

- F**OUNTAIN of life and all my joy,
Jesus, Thy mercies I embrace ;
The breath Thou giv'st, for Thee employ,
And wait to taste Thy perfect grace ;
No more forsaken and forlorn,
I bless the day that I was born.
- 2 Preserved, through faith, by power Divine
A miracle of grace I stand !
I prove the strength of Jesus mine !
Jesus, upheld by Thy right hand,
Though in the flesh I feel the thorn,
I bless the day that I was born.
- 3 Weary of life, through inbred sin,
I was, but now defy its power ;
When, as a flood, the foe comes in,
My soul is more than conqueror ;
I tread him down, with holy scorn,
And bless the day that I was born.

- 4 Come, Lord, and make me pure within,
 And let me now be filled with God !
 Live to declare I'm saved from sin :
 And if I seal the truth with blood,
 My soul, from out the body torn,
 Shall bless the day that I was born !

968

(642)

5.6.9. or 11s & 9s. C. WESLEY. 1749.

AWAY with our fears ! the glad morning
 appears,

When an heir of salvation was born !
 From Jehovah I came, for His glory I am,
 And to Him I with singing return.

- 2 Thee, Jesus, alone, the Fountain I own
 Of my life and felicity here ;
 And cheerfully sing my Redeemer and King,
 Till His sign in the heavens appear.
- 3 With thanks I rejoice in Thy fatherly choice
 Of my state and condition below ;
 If of parents I came who honoured Thy Name,
 'Twas Thy wisdom appointed it so
- 4 I sing of Thy grace, from my earliest days,
 Ever near to allure and defend ;
 Hitherto Thou hast been my preserver from sin,
 And I trust Thou wilt save to the end.
- 5 O the infinite cares, and temptations, and snares,
 Thy hand hath conducted me through !
 O the blessings bestowed by a bountiful God,
 And the mercies eternally new !
- 6 What a mercy is this, what a heaven of bliss,
 How unspeakably happy am I !
 Gathered into the fold, with Thy people enrolled,
 With Thy people to live and to die !
- 7 O the goodness of God, employing a clod
 His tribute of glory to raise !
 His standard to bear, and with triumph declare
 His unspeakable riches of grace !

- 8 O the fathomless love, that has deigned to
approve
And prosper the work of my hands !
With my pastoral crook I went over the brook,
And, behold, I am spread into bands !
- 9 Who, I ask in amaze, hath begotten me these ?
And inquire, from what quarter they came ?
My full heart it replies, "They are born from
the skies,"
And gives glory to God, and the Lamb.
- 10 All honour and praise to the Father of grace,
To the Spirit, and Son, I return !
The business pursue, He hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.
- 11 In a rapture of joy my life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim ;
'Tis worth living for this, to administer bliss
And salvation in Jesus's name.

- 3 Shall I, through indolence supine,
Neglect, betray my charge divine,
My delegated power ?
The souls I from my Lord receive,
Of each I an account must give,
At that tremendous hour !
- 4 Lord over all, and God most High !
Jesus, to Thee, for help I fly,
For constant power and grace ;
That, taught by Thy good Spirit and led,
I may, with confidence, proceed,
And all Thy footsteps trace.
- 5 O teach me my first lesson now !
And, while to Thy sweet yoke I bow,
Thy easy service prove,
Lowly and meek in heart, I see
The art of governing like Thee,
Is governing by love.

970

(608)

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

- I** AND my house will serve the Lord :
But first obedient to His word
I must myself appear ;
By actions, words, and tempers show,
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.
- 2 I must the fair example set ;
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove ;
Their duty by my life explain ;
And still, in all my works, maintain
The dignity of love.
- 3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God,
A saint indeed, I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

- 4 Lord, if Thou didst the wish infuse,
 A vessel fitted for Thy use
 Into Thy hands receive !
 Work in me both to will and do ;
 And show them how believers true,
 And real Christians, live.
- 5 With all-sufficient grace supply ;
 And, lo ! I come to testify
 The wonders of Thy Name,
 Which saves from sin, the world, and hell
 Whose virtue every heart may feel,
 And every tongue proclaim.
- 6 A sinner, saved myself from sin,
 I come my family to win,
 To preach their sins forgiven ;
 Children, and wife, and servants seize,
 And, through the paths of pleasantness,
 Conduct them all to heaven.

For Parents.

971

(602)

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 176

- F**ATHER of all, by whom we are,
 For whom was made whatever is ;
 Who hast entrusted to our care
 A candidate for glorious bliss :
- 2 We tremble at the danger near,
 And crowds of wretched parents see,
 Who, blindly fond, their children rear
 In tempers far as hell from Thee.
- 3 Poor worms of earth, for help we cry,
 For grace to guide what grace has given
 We ask for wisdom from on high,
 To train our infant up for heaven.
- 4 Him let us tend, severely kind,
 As guardians of his giddy youth ;
 As set to form his tender mind,
 By principles of virtuous truth :

- 5 To fit his soul for heavenly grace ;
Discharge the Christian parents' part ;
And keep him, till Thy love takes place,
And Jesus rises in his heart.

972

(608)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1767.

- G**OD only wise, almighty, good,
Send forth Thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our steps aright :
- 2 To steer our dangerous course between
The rocks on either hand ;
And fix us in the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.
- 3 Made apt, by Thy sufficient grace,
To teach as taught by Thee,
We come to train, in all Thy ways,
Our rising progeny.
- 4 Their selfish will, in time, subdue,
And mortify their pride ;
And lend their youth a sacred clue
To find the Crucified.
- 5 We would, in every step, look up ;
By Thy example taught
To' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.
- 6 We would persuade their hearts t' obey ;
With mildest zeal proceed ;
And never take the harsher way,
When love will do the deed.
- 7 For this we ask, in faith sincere,
The wisdom from above,
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure, ingenuous love :
- 8 To watch their will, to sense inclined ;
Withhold their hurtful food ;
And, gently, bend their tender mind,
And draw their souls to God.

- 9 Unless restrained by grace we are,
 In vain the snare we see ;
 We see, and rush into the snare
 Of blind idolatry.
- 10 Us from ourselves Thou canst secure,
 In nature's slippery ways ;
 And make our feeble footsteps sure,
 By Thy sufficient grace.
- 11 If on Thy promised grace alone
 We faithfully depend,
 Thou surely wilt preserve Thy own,
 And keep them to the end ;
- 12 Wilt keep us tenderly discreet,
 To guard what Thou hast given ;
 And bring our child with us to meet,
 At Thy right hand, in heaven.

THE YOUNG.

973

4-7s.

1688

- G**OD of mercy, throned on high,
 Listen from Thy lofty seat ;
 Hear, O hear, our feeble cry ;
 Guide, O guide, our wand'ring feet !
- 2 Young and erring travellers, we
 All our dangers do not know ;
 Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
 Hardly feel the tempest blow.
- 3 Jesus, lover of the young,
 Cleanse us with Thy blood Divine,
 Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
 Save us, keep us, make us Thine !
- 4 When perplex'd in danger's snare,
 Thou alone our Guide canst be ;
 When oppress'd with woe and care,
 Whom have we to trust but Thee !

- 5 Let us ever hear Thy voice,
 Ask Thy counsel every day ;
 Saints and angels will rejoice,
 If we walk in wisdom's way.
- 6 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
 Hope and love on every soul,—
 Hope, till time shall be no more ;
 Love, while endless ages roll !

974

8.7.4.

EDMESTON. 1820.

- L** EAD us ! Heavenly Father, lead us,
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
 Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but Thee ;
 Yet possessing every blessing,
 If our God our Father be.
- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
 All our weakness Thou dost know ;
 Thou didst tread this earth before us,
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
 Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
 Through the desert Thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;
 Love with every passion blending,
 Pleasure that can never cloy.
 Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

975

(226)

L.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

- B** ESET with snares on every hand,
 In life's uncertain path I stand :
 Saviour Divine, diffuse Thy light
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treacherous heart
 To fix on Mary's better part ;
 To scorn the trifles of a day,
 For joys, that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die :
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

976

(13)

L.M.

GILBERT. 1809.

AMONG the deepest shades of night,
Can there be One who sees my way?
Yes ;—God is like a shining light,
And turns the darkness into day.

2 When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control ?
No ; for a constant watch He keeps
On every thought of every soul.

3 If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human foot has never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone :
On every side there would be God.

4 He smiles in heaven, He frowns in hell ;
He fills the air, the earth, the sea :—
I must within His presence dwell ;
I cannot from His anger flee.

5 Yet I may flee—He shows me where ;
To Jesus Christ He bids me fly :
And while He sees me weeping there,
There's only mercy in His eye.

977

(625)

C.M.

FAWCETT. 1789

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below :
May I its great importance learn ;
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amid our youthful bloom :

- Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 3 Oh, may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.
- 4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love
Be join'd with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
- 5 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days ;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.
- 6 Let lively hope my soul inspire ;
Let warm affections rise :
And may I wait, with strong desire,
To mount above the skies.

978

C.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

Those that seek me early shall find me.—Prov. viii. 17.

- Y**E hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays His radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see My face
Is sure My love to gain ;
And those that early seek My grace,
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with Thee ?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see ?

- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind !
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
 And here true bliss I find.

979

(626)

S.M.

MONTGOMERY. 1835.

- T**HERE is a *precious* day ;
 In youth that day is ours,
 When we should dedicate to God
 Our life with all its powers.
- 2 There is a *gracious* day,
 When conscience speaks within ;
 'Tis *now*, for now the Spirit strives,
 Convincing us of sin.
- 3 There is a *holy* day,
 Of faith, and hope, and love :
 It reaches through our Christian life
 On earth to heaven above.
- 4 There is a *serious* day,
 When we must yield our breath ;
 Be born, to die no more, or die
 An everlasting death.
- 5 There is an *awful* day,
 Of judgment and decree ;
 Lord ! be we all, through Christ prepared,
 That last of days to see.
- 6 There is a *glorious* day,
 Of sweet sabbatic rest :
 Oh, may we its eternal length
 Enjoy with all the blest !

980

(605)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1761

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To whom we for our children cry ;
 The good desired and wanted most,
 Out of Thy richest grace supply ;
 The sacred discipline be given,
 To train and bring them up for heaven.

- 2 Answer on them the end of all
Our cares, and pains, and studies here ;
On them, recover'd from their fall,
Stamp'd with the humble character,
Raised by the nurture of the Lord,
To all their Paradise restored.
- 3 Error and ignorance remove,—
Their blindness both of heart and mind ;
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind ;
In knowledge pure their minds renew,
And store with thoughts divinely true.
- 4 Learning's redundant part, and vain,
Be here cut off, and cast aside ;
But let them, Lord, the substance gain,
In every solid truth abide ;
Swiftly acquire, and ne'er forego,
The knowledge fit for man to know.
- 5 Unite the pair so long disjointed,
Knowledge and vital Piety :
Learning and Holiness combined,
And Truth and Love, let all men see,
In those, whom up to Thee we give,
Thine, wholly Thine, to die and live.
- 6 Father, accept them, through Thy Son,
And ever by Thy Spirit guide !
Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,
Thy name confess'd and glorified ;
Thy power and love diffused abroad,
Till all the earth is filled with God.

981 (606)

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1768.

CAPTAIN of our salvation, take
The souls we here present to Thee,
And fit for Thy great service make
These heirs of immortality ;
And let them in Thine image rise,
And then transplant to Paradise.

- 3 Our sons henceforth be wholly Thine
And serve and love Thee all thine
Infuse the principle divine
In all who here expect Thy grace
Let each improve the grace best
Rise every child a man of God !
- 4 Train up Thy hardy soldiers, Lord
In all their Captain's steps to
Or send them to proclaim Thy word
Thy gospel through the world
Freely as they receive to give,
And preach the death by which

982

C.M.

S

- B**LEST work, the youthful mind
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp His name
And their Redeemer love.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

983

L.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand ;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till it close.

- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God ;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
Content with what Thou deemest fit.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored throughout our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls, and guard our dust.

984

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1742.

Watch-Night.

HOW many pass this solemn night
In revellings and frantic mirth !
The creature is their sole delight,
Their happiness the things of earth :
For us suffice the season past ;
We choose the better part at last.

- 2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
We will not let our eyelids sleep,
But humbly lift them to the skies,
And all a solemn vigil keep :
So many years on sin bestowed,
Can we not watch one night for God ?

- 3 We can, O Jesus, for Thy sake,
 Devote our every hour to Thee :
 Speak but the word, our souls shall wake,
 And sing with cheerful melody ;
 Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
 And every heart shall dance for joy.
- 4 Shout, in the midst of us, O King
 Of saints, and make our joys abound ;
 Let us exult, give thanks, and sing,
 And triumph in redemption found ;
 We ask for every waiting soul,
 O let our glorious joy be full !
- 5 O may we all triumphant rise,
 With joy upon our heads return,
 And far above these nether skies,
 By Thee on eagles' wings upborne,
 Through all yon radiant circles move,
 And gain the highest heaven of love !

985

(645)

555.11.

C. WESLEY. 1750.

- COME, let us anew, our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still, till the Master appear.
- 2 His adorable will, let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.
- 3 Our life is a dream ; our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away ;
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
- 4 The arrow is flown ; the moment is gone :
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 5 O that each in the day of His coming may say
 " I have fought my way through ;
 I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do.
- 6 O that each from his Lord, may receive the grace
 " Well and faithfully done ; (woi
 Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne

986

(844)

L.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

HOW many kindred souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly course has run !

- 2 We yet survive,—but who can say,
Or through this year, or month, or day,
'I will retain this vital breath,
Thus far, at least, in league with death ?'
- 3 That breath is Thine, eternal God ;
'Tis Thine to fix the soul's abode :
It holds its life from Thee alone,
On earth, or in the worlds unknown.
- 4 To Thee our spirits we resign ;
Make them and own them still as Thine ;
So shall they rest, secure from fear,
Though death should blight the rising year.

987

(645)

4-6s & 2-8s.

C. WESLEY. 1749.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages, praise ;
Who reigns, enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days ;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

- 2 Barren and withered trees,
We cumbered long the ground ;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found ;
Yet doth He us in mercy spare
Another, and another year.
- 3 When justice bared the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cried, " Let it still alone ;"
The Father mild inclines His ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, Thy speaking blood,
 From God obtained the grace,
 Who therefore hath bestowed
 On us a longer space ;
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And, lo, we see another year !

5 Then dig about our root,
 Break up the fallow ground,
 And let our gracious fruit
 To Thy great praise abound :
 O let us all Thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear !

988

L.M. 6 lines.

C. WESLEY. 1750.

WISDOM ascribe, and might, and praise,
 To God, who lengthens out our days,
 Who spares us yet another year,
 And makes us see His goodness here :
 O may we all the time redeem,
 And henceforth live and die to Him ;

2 How often, when His arm was bared,
 Hath He our sinful Israel spared !
 " Let me alone," His mercy cried,
 And turned the vengeful bolt aside ;
 Indulged another kind reprieve,
 And strangely suffered us to live.

3 Still, in the doubtful balance weighed,
 We trembled, while the remnant prayed :
 The Father heard His Spirit groan,
 And answered mild, " It is, my Son !"
 He let the prayer of faith prevail,
 And Mercy turned the doubtful scale.

4 Merciful God, how shall we raise
 Our hearts to pay Thee all Thy praise !
 Our hearts shall beat for Thee alone ;
 Our lives shall make Thy goodness known ;
 Our souls and bodies shall be Thine,
 A living sacrifice divine.

989

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1750.

SING to the Great Jehovah's praise !
 All praise to Him belongs :
 Who kindly lengthens out our days,
 Demands our choicest songs.

- 2 His providence hath brought us through
 Another various year :
 We all with vows and anthems new,
 Before our God appear.
- 3 Father, Thy mercies past we own,
 Thy still continued care ;
 To Thee presenting, through Thy Son,
 Whate'er we have or are.
- 4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
 The wonders of Thy love,
 While on, in Jesu's steps, we go
 To see Thy face above.
- 5 Our residue of days or hours
 Thine, wholly Thine, shall be,
 And—all our consecrated powers—
 A sacrifice to Thee :
- 6 Till Jesus, in the clouds, appear
 To saints on earth forgiven,
 And bring the grand sabbatic year,
 The Jubilee of Heaven.

990

L.M.

WATTS. 1709.

Is. xl. 31.

AWAKE, our souls ! away, our fears !
 Let every trembling thought be gone !
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.

- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
 But they forget the mighty God,
 That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 Thee, mighty God ! whose matchless power
 Is ever new and ever young ;

And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run—

- 4 From Thee, the ever-flowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire, while on the heavenly road.

991

S.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

- Y**E servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.
 - 3 Watch ;—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near:
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.
 - 4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.
 - 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that favourite servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

NATIONAL SOLEMNITIES.

992

664, 6664. J. S. DWIGHT. (18

GOD bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand.

Through storm and night ;
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of winds and wave,
 Do Thou our country save,
 By Thy great might.

- 2 For her our prayer shall rise,
 To God above the skies,
 On Him we wait.

Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To Thee alone we cry,—
 God save the State !

993 (18)

L.M.

WATTS. 1719.

Peace Restored.

- L**ET Zion in her King rejoice,
 Though tyrants rage and kingdoms rise ;
 He utters His almighty voice ;
 The nations melt, the tumult dies.
- 2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought ;
 And Jacob's God is still our aid :
 Behold the works His hand has wrought,
 What desolations He has made !
- 3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
 He makes the noise of battle cease ;
 When from on high His thunder roars,
 He awes the trembling world to peace.
- 4 He breaks the bow, He cuts the spear ;
 Chariots He burns with heavenly flame :
 Keep silence, all the earth, and hear
 The sound and glory of His name.
- 5 "Be still, and learn that I am God ;
 I'll be exalted o'er the lands :
 I will be known and feared abroad ;
 But still My throne in Zion stands."
- 6 O Lord of Hosts ! Almighty King !
 While we so near Thy presence dwell,
 Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
 Defiance to the gates of hell.

- But sink beneath
2 Our mouth as in th
And still for mercy
Unworthy to beho
Unfaithful steward
Our sin and wicke
And deeply for acc
3 We have not, Lord
But basely from Th
And done Thy lovi
And sinned agains
Brought back Thy
And nailed Thee to
4 Yet do not drive u
A stiff-necked and
But, O ! in tender
The iron sinew in c
The softening powe
And melt the mark

995

8s &

RIGHTEOUS God

- In Thy wrath remember mercy ;
 Mercy first and last be shown :
 Plead Thy cause with sword and fire,
 Shake us till the curse remove,
 Till Thou com'st, the world's Desire,
 Conquering all with sovereign love.
- 3 Every fresh alarming token
 More confirms Thy faithful word :
 Nature (for its Lord hath spoken)
 Must be suddenly restored :
 From this national confusion,
 From this ruined earth and skies,
 See the times of restitution,
 See the new creation rise !
- 4 Vanish, then, this world of shadows ;
 Pass the former things away :
 Lord, appear ! appear to glad us
 With the dawn of endless day !
 O conclude this mortal story,
 Throw this universe aside !
 Come, eternal King of glory,
 Now descend, and take Thy Bride !

996

S.M.

C. WESLEY. 1744.

- S**INNERS, the call obey,
 The latest call of grace ;
 The day is come, the vengeful day
 Of a devoted race ;
 Devils and men combine
 To plague the faithless seed,
 And vials, full of wrath Divine,
 Are bursting on your head.
- 2 Enter into the Rock,
 Ye trembling slaves of sin,
 The Rock of your salvation, struck,
 And cleft to take you in :
 To shelter the distrest,
 He did the cross endure ;

Enter into the clefts, and rest
In Jesu's wounds secure.

- 3 Jesus, to Thee we fly,
From the devouring sword ;
Our city of defence is nigh ;
Our help is in the Lord.
Or, if the scourge o'erflow,
And laugh at innocence,
Thine everlasting arms, we know,
Shall be our souls' defence.

- 4 We in Thy word believe,
And on Thy promise stay ;
Our life, which still to Thee we give,
Shall be to us a prey :
Our life with Thee we hide,
Above the furious blast,
And shelter'd in Thy wounds abide,
Till all the storms are past.

- 5 Believing against hope,
We hang upon Thy grace,
Through every lowering cloud look up,
And wait for happy days ;
The days when all shall know
Their sins in Christ forgiven,
And walk awhile with God below,
And then fly up to heaven.

997

(648)

L.M.

MONTGOMERY. 169

IT is the Lord !—Behold His hand
Outstretched with an afflictive rod !
And hark ! a voice goes through the land,
“Be still and know that I am God.”

- 2 Shall we, like guilty Adam, hide
In darkest shades our darker fears ?
For who His coming may abide ?
Or who shall stand when He appears ?
- 3 No,—let us throng around His seat ;
No,—let us meet Him face to face ;

- Prostrate our spirits at His feet,
 Confess our sins, and sue for grace.
- 4 Who knows but God will hear our cries,
 Turn swift destruction from our path,
 Restrain His judgments, or chastise
 In tender mercy, not in wrath ?
- 5 He will, He will—for Jesus pleads ;
 Let heaven and earth His love record ;
 For us, for us, He intercedes ;
 Our help is nigh :—it is the Lord !

998

(651)

L.M.

DODDRIDGE. 1755.

- G**REAT God of heaven and nature, rise,
 And hear our loud united cries ;
 See Britain bow before Thy face,
 Through all her coasts, and seek Thy grace.
- 2 No arm of flesh we make our trust ;
 Nor sword, nor horse, nor ships we boast ;
 Thine is the land, and Thine the main :
 Without Thee, force and skill are vain.
- 3 Our guilt might draw Thy vengeance down
 On every shore, on every town :
 But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
 And lay Thy lifted thunder by.
- 4 Forgive the follies of our times,
 And purge our land from all its crimes :
 Reform'd and deck'd with grace divine,
 Let princes, priests, and people shine.

999

8s & 7s.

(1827.)

- D**READ Jehovah ! God of nations !
 From Thy temple in the skies,
 Hear Thy people's supplications
 Now for their deliverance rise.
 Lo ! with deep contrition turning,
 Humbly at Thy feet we bend ;
 Fasting, praying, weeping, mourning,
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.

- 2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding ;
Jesu's blood can cleanse them all ;
Let that mercy veil transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface ;
Save Thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil Thy holy place.

1000 (646) 4-8s & 2-6s. C. WESLEY. 1756.

HOW happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their Guardian-Rock
In all commotions rest !
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
They lodge in Jesu's breast.

- 2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gathered into Thee,
Before the floods descend :
And while the bursting cloud comes down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.
- 3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise :
Earth's basis shook confirms our hope ;
Its cities' fall but lifts us up,
To meet Thee in the skies.
- 4 Thy tokens we with joy confess :
The war proclaims the Prince of Peace ;
The earthquake speaks Thy power ;
The famine all Thy fulness brings ;
The plague presents Thy healing wings,
And Nature's final hour.
- 5 Whatever ills the world befall,
A pledge of endless good we call—
A sign of Jesus near :

His chariot will not long delay ;
 We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
 Triumphant Lord, appear !

- 6 Appear with clouds on Sion's hill,
 The word and mystery to fulfil,
 Thy confessors to' approve,
 Thy members on Thy throne to place,
 And stamp Thy name on every face,
 In glorious, heavenly love !

FOR USE AT SEA.

1001

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

LORD of the wide, extended main,
 Whose power the wind, the sea, controls,
 Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
 Whose Spirit leads believing souls :

- 2 For Thee we leave our native shore,
 (We, whom Thy love delights to keep,)
 In other climes Thy works explore,
 And see Thy wonders in the deep.
- 3 'Tis here Thine unknown paths we trace,
 Which dark to human eyes appear ;
 While through the mighty waves we pass,
 Faith only sees that God is here.
- 4 Throughout the deep Thy footsteps shine,
 We own Thy way is in the sea.
 O'erawed by majesty Divine,
 And lost in Thy immensity.
- 5 Thy wisdom here we learn to adore,
 Thine everlasting truth we prove ;
 Amazing heights of boundless power,
 Unfathomable depths of love.

1002

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

PART II.

INFINITE God, Thy greatness spann'd
 These heavens, and meted out the skies ;

- Lo ! in the hollow of Thy hand
 The measured waters sink and rise !
- 2 Thee to perfection who can tell !
 Earth, and her sons beneath Thee lie,
 Lighter than dust within Thy scale,
 And less than nothing in Thine eye.
- 3 Yet, in Thy Son, divinely great,
 We claim Thy providential care ;
 Boldly we stand before Thy seat,
 Our Advocate hath placed us there.
- 4 With Him we are gone up on high,
 Since He is ours, and we are His ;
 With Him we reign above the sky,
 We walk upon our subject seas.
- 5 We boast of our recovered powers,
 Lords are we of the lands and floods ;
 And earth, and heaven, and all is ours,
 And we are Christ's, and Christ is God's !

1003

L.M.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

In a Storm.

- GLORY to Thee, whose powerful word,
 Bids the tempestuous wind arise,
 Glory to Thee, the sovereign Lord
 Of air, and earth, and seas, and skies !
- 2 Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
 And seas Thine awful will perform :
 From them we learn to own Thy sway,
 And shout to meet the gathering storm.
- 3 What though the floods lift up their voice,
 Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry ;
 They cannot damp Thy children's joys,
 Or shake the soul, when God is nigh.
- 4 Headlong we cleave the yawning deep,
 And back to highest heaven are borne,
 Unmoved, though rapid whirlwinds sweep,
 And all the watery world upturn.

- 5 Roar on, ye waves ! our souls defy
 Your roaring to disturb our rest ;
 In vain to' impair the calm ye try,
 The calm in a believer's breast.
- 6 Rage, while our faith the Saviour tries,
 Thou sea, the servant of His will :
 Rise, while our God permits Thee, rise ,
 But fall when He shall say, *Be still !*
-

PRIVATE WORSHIP.

1004

(354)

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

- F**ATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
 I humbly seek Thy face ;
 Encouraged by the Saviour's word
 To ask Thy pardoning grace.
- 2 Entering into my closet, I
 The busy world exclude ;
 In secret prayer for mercy cry,
 And groan to be renewed.
- 3 Far from the paths of men, to Thee
 I solemnly retire ;
 See, Thou who dost in secret see,
 And grant my heart's desire.
- 4 Thy grace I languish to receive,
 The Spirit of love and power ;
 Blameless before Thy face to live,
 To live and sin no more.
- 5 Fain would I all Thy goodness feel,
 And know my sins forgiven ;
 And do on earth Thy perfect will,
 As angels do in heaven.
- 6 O Father, glorify Thy Son,
 And grant what I require :
 For Jesu's sake the Gift send down,
 And answer me by Fire.

- 7 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend ;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

1005

(357)

C.M.

COWPER. 1779.

- F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light Divine ;
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour ! Thou art mine !
- 6 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

1006

L.M.

LYTTE. 1894.

- R**EDEEM'D from guilt, redeem'd from fears,
My soul enlarged, and dried my tears,
What can I do, O Love Divine,
What, to repay such gifts as Thine ?
- 2 What can I do, so poor, so weak,
But from Thy hands new blessings seek ?

- A heart to feel Thy mercies more,
 A soul to know Thee, and adore ?
- 3 O teach me at Thy feet to fall,
 And yield Thee up myself, my all !
 Before Thy saints my debt to own,
 And live and die to Thee alone !
- 4 Thy Spirit, Lord, at large impart ;
 Expand, and raise, and fill my heart :
 So may I hope my life shall be
 Some faint return, O Lord, to Thee.

1007

C.M. 6 lines.

WARING. 1850.

- F**ATHER, I know that all my life
 Is portioned out for me,
 The changes that will surely come
 I do not fear to see ;
 I ask Thee for a present mind,
 Intent on pleasing Thee.
- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
 Through constant watching wise,
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
 And wipe the weeping eyes ;
 A heart at leisure from itself,
 To soothe and sympathize.
- 3 I would not have the restless will
 That hurries to and fro,
 That seeks for some great thing to do,
 Or secret thing to know ;
 I would be treated as a child,
 And guided where I go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am,
 In whatsoe'er estate,
 I have a fellowship with hearts
 To keep and cultivate ;
 A work of lowly love to do
 For Him on whom I wait.
- 5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
 To none that ask denied,

There is a cross in every lot,
A constant need for prayer ;
But lowly hearts that lean on
Are happy everywhere.

- 7 In service which Thy love app
There are no bonds for me ;
My secret heart is taught the
That makes Thy children fre
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

1008

L.M.

I CANNOT always trace the w
Where Thou, Almighty One
But I can always, always say
That God is Love.

- 2 When fear her chilling mantle fl
O'er earth, my soul to heaven
As to her native home, upspring
For God is Love.
- 3 When mystery clouds my darken
I'll check my dread, my doubt

- Thine only righteousness to show,
And glorify Thy name.
- 2 Ordain'd I am, and sent by Thee,
As by the Father Thou :
And lo ! Thou always art with me,—
I plead the promise now.
- 3 O give me now to speak the Word
In this appointed hour !
Attend it with Thy Spirit, Lord,
And let it come with power.
- 4 Open the hearts of all that hear,
To make their Saviour room,
Now let them find redemption near,
Let faith by hearing come.
- 5 Give them to hear the word as Thine,
And (while they thus receive)
Prove it the saving power Divine
To sinners that believe.

1010

8s. & 4s.

BOWLY. 1847.

- T**HROUGH the love of God our Saviour
All will be well ;
Free and changeless is His favour ;
All, all is well !
Precious is the Blood that healed us,
Perfect is the Grace that sealed us,
Strong the Hand stretched forth to shield us ;
All must be well !
- 2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well ;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well !
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding ;
All must be well !
- 3 We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well ;

1011

86,886.

THERE is an hour of peace
To mourning wanderers;
There is a joy for souls distressed
A balm for every wounded breast
'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,—
When tossed on life's tempest
Where storms arise, and ocean
And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There, faith lifts up her cheer
To brighter prospects given
And views the tempest passing
The evening shadows quickly
And all serene—in heaven.

1012

8s & 7s.

American Variations.

BROTHER, thou art gone!
Where thy saintly soul is
Tears are wiped away for ever
And all sorrow is unknown

Thou art resting now, like Laz'rus
 Safe upon his father's breast,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

- 3 Sin no more can taint thy spirit
 Nor can doubt thy faith assail ;
 Thou thy welcome hast received,
 Now thy strength shall never fail ;
 And thou'rt sure to meet the holy,
 Whom on earth thou loved'st best,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

1013

10s.

LYTE. 1847.

ABIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide :
 The darkness deepens : Lord, with me abide !
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim ; its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see :
 O Thou, who changest not, abide with me !
- 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word ;
 But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,—
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me !
- 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
 But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings ;
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
 Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide with me !
- 5 I need Thy presence every passing hour,—
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
 Who like Thyself my Guide and stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !
- 6 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless,
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :

IN age and feeble
Who shall a ho
Jesus! my only ho
Strength of my fai
Oh! could I catch
And drop into eter

1015

11.10.

Hymns from the

WHAT shall I be
Thee

In awful majesty at
And 'mid th' eternal

In strange bewilder

What shall I be? these

I cannot catch the bli

2 What shall I be, Lor

As from the grave

When brightly picture

What eye hath seen

- 4 Yes ! faith can never know the full salvation,
Which Jesus for His people will prepare ;
Then will I wait in peaceful expectation,
Till the Good Shepherd comes to take me there.
My Lord, my God, a blissful end I see,
Though now I know not what I yet shall be !
-

DOXOLOGIES.

1016

C.M.

C. WESLEY. 1741.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree,
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

1017

C.M.

P. J. WRIGHT. 1860.

NOW, glory to the Father give,
Give glory to the Son,
Give glory to the Holy Ghost ;
The blessed Three in One.

1018

L.M.

WATTS. 1709.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

1019

4-7s.

C. WESLEY. 1740.

FATHER, live, by all things feared ;
Live the Son, alike revered ;
Equally be Thou adored,
Holy Ghost, eternal Lord.

- 2 Three in person, One in power,
Thee we worship evermore :
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Endless theme of earth and heaven.

ANTHEMS.

1020

LUKE XV.

I WILL arise, and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before Thee, And am no more worthy to be called Thy son. I will arise and go to my Father.

1021

PSALM LV., &c.

CAST thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain Thee: He never will suffer the righteous to fall; He is at thy right hand.

Thy mercy, Lord, is great, and far above the heavens. Let none be made ashamed that wait upon Thee!

1022

PSALM CXXII.

PRAY for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls; and prosperity within thy palaces.

1023

1 CHRON. XXIX.

BLESSED be Thou, Lord God of Israel our Father, for ever and ever. Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and the earth is Thine. Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as Head over all.

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SANCTUS.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts; Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory. Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High.

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If when I had put 557	In the time of my dis- 654	Jesus, full of truth 895
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In Him we have peace 852	Is there a thing be- 727	Jesus, our Lord, how 166
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Jesus, the Name to 402	Let air, and earth, 1003	Life is earnest: when 406
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Jesus, the weary wan- 710	Let all the saints ter- 474	Lift up Thy counten- 43
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Jesus, Thine own at 808	Let all with thankful 912	Light of the Gentile 519
Jesus, Thou art my 589	Let all your lamps be 991	Light of the world! 644
Jesus, Thou for me 504	Let but my fainting 713	Like mighty rushing 293
Jesus, Thou Friend 848	Let crowds approach 901	Like mighty wind, or 60
Jesus, Thou precious 955	Let deep repentance, 977	Like those who watch 501
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Jesus, to Thee my 652	Let every creature join 91	Live till the Lord in 952
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Jesus, to Thee we look 769	Let every kindred, 284	Lo! from their seats 453
Jesus, to Thy dear 454	Let Him be crowned 166	Lo! glad I come; and 537
Jesus, to us impart 71	Let it still my heart 584	Lo! his clothing is 381
Jesus, to whom I fly, 698	Let lively hope my 977	Lo! he feeds on Living 381
Jesus, transporting 400	Let me, according to 725	Lo! here Thy won- 135
Jesus, vouchsafe a 414	"Let Me alone, that 661	Lo! his clothing is 381
Jesus, we ne'er can 269	Let me cast my reeds 664	Lo! His triumphal 275
Jesus! we Thy mem- 880	Let me gain my call- 737	Lo! I behold the seat- 433
Jesus, we Thy promise 882	Let me in Thy love 303	Lo! I cumber still the 564
Jesus, when this light 783	Let me no more, in 774	Lo! I take Thee at 579
Jesus! with us Thou 894	Let me of Thy life 964	Lo! in the arms of 688
Join every soul that 375	Let me sink into the 581	Lo! on a narrow neck 444
Join us, in one Spirit 880	Let me Thy witness 817	Lo! the Incarnate 357
Join we then, with 428	Let me every creature 819	Lo! the Lord's all-see- 95
Joined in one spirit 922	Let not conscience 857	Lo! the prisoner is 428
Joyful all ye nations 236	Let others hug their 729	Lo! the tall sons of 655
Joyful in hope, my 767	Let sickness blast, and 416	Lo! to the hills I lift 530
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Just as I am—of that 523	Let the promised in- 895	Long as our fiery trials 658
Just as I am—poor, 523	Let the Spirit before 797	Long as the guilt of 683
Just as I am—Thou 523	Let the Spirit of grace 835	Long as we live, and 208
Just as I am—(Thy 523	Let the Spirit of our 241	Long hath Thy good 558
Just as I am—though 523	Let the world bewail 428	Long my imprisoned 597
Justice and truth 288	Let the world despise 604	Long o'er my formless 591
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Kept by that hand, I 107	Let this my every hour 613	Look, as when Thy 493
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Kindled His relent- 564	Let Thy dying love 61	Look, as when Thy 493
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Lame at the pool I still 840	Let us in patience 666	Lord, grant us all 327
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Lead me in all Thy 44	Let us sound His 132	Lord, I am sick,—my 554
Lead us to God, our 810	Let us still to Thee 871	Lord, I believe the 528
Lead us to holiness, 810	Let us take up the 918	Lord, I believe Thou 255
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Least of all Thy crea- 151	Let us then rejoice in 780	Lord, I believe Thy 586
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Lord, I my vows to 957	Me, behold ! Thy 592	My heart shall triumph 73
Lord, I will not let 772	Me for Thine own 961	My heart, Thou knowst 728
Lord, if I now Thy 376	Me if Thy grace 809	My heart, which now 776
Lord, if I on Thee be- 737	Me in my blood Thy 602	My hope is all centred 754
Lord, if Thou didst 970	Me, me who still in 519	My humbled soul, 580
Lord, if Thou didst 920	Me, the vilest of the 505	My Jesus, as Thou 714
Lord, if Thou from 751	Me to retrieve from 633	My knowledge of that 816
Lord, if Thou hast 569	Me with that restless 669	My life, my blood, I 915
Lord, if Thou wilt, I 776	Meek, simple follow- 375	My Life, my Portion 529
Lord ! it is not life to 218	Meeken my soul, Thou 669	My lips shall dwell 118
Lord, my time is in 534	Meet it is, and just, 807	My Lord and God I 748
Lord, my time is in 741	Men die in darkness 696	My Lord, in my behalf 655
Lord ! obediently we 840	Men of worldly, low 871	My message as from 344
Lord of earth and hea- 127	Merciful God, how 988	My mind, by Thy all- 48
Lord of heaven ! be- 127	Merciful God, Thy- 118	My nature every mo- 675
Lord, on our souls Thy 34	Mercy and grace are 814	My nature I obeyed 338
Lord over all, and God 969	Mercy and peace your 952	My one desire be this 529
Lord over all, sent to 736	Mercy for all who 820	My pardon I claim ; 343
Lord, shower upon us 932	Mercy He doth for 536	My peace, my life, my 757
Lord, there are bending 4	Mercy I ask, to seal 515	My prayer hath power 633
" Lord ! Thy glory fills 125	Mercy o'er Thy works 114	My remnant of days I 968
Lord, we are few, but 32	Mercy then there is 558	My Saviour, how shall 338
Lord, we believe, and 762	Mercy who show shall 669	My Saviour Thou, not 520
Lord, we believe the 189	Mercy, with love, and 174	My Saviour, Thou 756
Lord, we bless Thee 251	Messiah, Prince of 666	My sin and nakedness 338
Lord, what is man, or 166	Midst hourly cares, 956	My sin's incurable dis- 776
Lord, what shall earth 5	Midst power that 478	My solemn engage- 926
Lord, when this mor- 160	Might I enjoy the 35	My soul, and all its 966
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Love and grief my 904	Mighty Monarch ! 209	My soul draws nigh 126
Love can bow down 744	Mild He lays His 236	My soul He doth re- 147
Love Divine shall still 229	Millions more Thou 114	My soul lies humbled 495
Love, like death, hath 880	Millions of happy 214	My soul looks back to 256
Love only can the con- 744	Millions of saints Thy 202	My soul obeys the Al- 335
Love, only Love, Thy 233	Millions of sinners, 359	My soul pursues and 128
Love's redeeming 271	Mindful of Thy cho- 291	My soul rejoices to 329
Love us, though far 952	Misers, His life for 401	My soul, repeat His 170
Love's mysterious 272	More and more let 851	My soul shall pray for 27
Lover of souls ! Thou 53	More dear than life 126	My soul, while still to 498
Lover of souls, to rea- 511	More favoured than 647	My soul, with Thy 674
Lowly, loving, meek, 738	More hard than mar- 756	My soul would leave 612
	More of Thy life, and 730	My spirit, Lord, alarm 676
Made apt, by Thy suf- 972	More than conquerors 476	My steadfast soul, 744
Madness and misery 880	Moses Thy backward 647	My stony heart Thy 390
Make haste, O man, to 694	Most awful truth !— 409	My table Thou hast 147
Make haste, O man, 694	Most pitiful Spirit of 557	My talents, gifts, and 914
Make me to walk in 328	Move, and actuate, 880	My thoughts lie open 109
Make our earthly souls 803	My days are shorter 418	My trespass was grown 195
Make this the accept- 777	My dying Saviour, 562	My vehement soul 795
Make us all in Thee 882	My earth Thou water- 785	My will be swallowed 734
Make us into one Spi- 869	My every weak, tho' 809	My willing soul would 75
Make us of one heart 872	My faith would lay her 256	My Wisdom and my 817
Man may trouble and 604	My Father God !" 302	My worthless heart to 529
Many are we now and 880	My Father's house on 844	Myriads of bright che- 619
Master, (will we ever 276	My flesh, which cries 745	Myself I cannot save, 670
May erring minds that 931	My flesh would rest in 25	Naked of Thine im- 497
May every heart con- 287	My God and my Lord 345	Nature and time quite 102
May faith, deep-rooted 958	My God ! how excel- 85	Nature is subject to 688
May they that Jesus, 913	My God, in Jesus pa- 512	Nature's chief and 141
May this blest torrent 313	My God is my Guide : 596	Nay, but His bowels 398
May this blest volume 331	My God is reconciled 598	Nay, but I yield, I 529
May thousands in the 931	My God, who causedst 155	Nay, He kept not back 144
May Thy rich grace 560	My gracious Master, 1	Nearer, and nearer 880
May we in faith re- 929	My gracious Saviour 47	Neither passion nor 551

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
Neither sin, nor earth 630	Nothing I ask or want 515	O enter then His courts 23
Never from our office 840	Nothing in my hand I 257	O enter then His gates 16
Never let me leave 563	Nothing is worth a 414	O Father, glorify 1004
Never let the world 671	Nothing less will I re- 779	O Father of mercies! 565
Never ponder o'er 358	Nothing on earth do 648	O for a faith like his. 649
Never shall I want it 654	Nothing on earth I 459	O for a trumpet-voice 400
Never will I remove 617	Nothing ye in ex- 846	O for those humble. 491
Never will we hence 698	Now, as yesterday, the 708	O for Thy truth and 937
Nigh with my lips I 338	Now by Thy dying 511	O give me now to 1009
Nipt by the wind's un- 416	Now crushed is Sa- 187	O give me, Saviour. 546
No anxious doubt, no 415	Now destroy the Man 291	O give thanks to Him 140
No arm of flesh we 998	Now God invites— 404	O give thanks to Na- 140
No chilling winds, or 565	Now, if Thy gracious 515	O give thanks with 140
No condemnation now 597	Now in Thy strength 745	O God how faithful 898
No, dear companion. 430	Now, Jesus, now, the 506	O God, let all my life 619
No foot of land do I 459	Now, Jesus, now the 66	O God, mine inmost 444
No good in creatures 730	Now, Jesus, now Thy 920	O God, of good the 163
No good word, or work 574	Now let me gain per- 775	O God of our life, we 168
No horrid alarms of 235	Now let our darkness 65	O God! our help in 411
No,—let us throng 997	Now let Thy Spirit 788	O God, our King. 35
No longer hosts en- 946	Now, Lord, if Thou 542	O God! Thy record I 743
No longer then my 744	Now, Lord, my weary 552	O grant that nothing 756
No longer we join. 573	Now, Lord, on us Thy 902	O, hallowed be the 958
No longing we find 722	Now, Lord, to Thee 649	O happy bond, that 608
No man can truly say 55	Now, Lord, to whom 340	O happy, happy day. 921
No matter how dull 609	Now, now let me know 551	O happy, happy place. 923
No matter which my 414	Now, O God, Thine 810	O happy servant be. 991
No more fatigue, no 79	Now, O my Joshua, 784	O happy souls that pray 30
No more I stagger at 788	Now, only now, against 453	O hasten the hour. 345
No more the sovereign 484	Now redemption is 559	O Heaven! what a tri- 431
No mortal can with 625	Now rest my long- 603	O hide this self from 727
No need of the sun 469	Now righteous thro' 590	O holy, holy, holy 83
No other right have I 553	Now, Saviour, now 902	O hope of every con- 220
No profit canst thou 703	Now shall my fainting 121	O! how I fear Thee, 103
No room for mirth or 414	Now the full glories of 162	O how shall I the 396
No rude alarms of 79	Now the gracious 570	O how wavering is my 738
No strife shall vex 946	Now then, my God, 811	O, if once Thy smile 127
No: though the an- 396	Now to the God, whose 49	O Jesus, appear! no 854
No traveller through 313	Now, Thy love-infus- 954	O Jesus, could I this 507
Nor can He thus their 369	Numbered among Thy 415	O Jesus, full of grace 525
Nor find in all that 695	Numbered with the 527	O Jesus, full of truth 538
Nor less to Thee, O 175		O Jesus, ever with us 210
Nor quite display'd to 100	O arm me with the 634	O Jesus! in pity 571
Nor shall Thy spread- 524	O be a nobler portion 418	O Jesus, lead on Thy 18
Nor voice can sing. 220	O be earnest, do not 406	O Jesus, light of all 287
Not a brief glance I 1013	O believe the record 379	O Jesus! of Thee I 571
Not all the archangels 479	O blessed word of gos- 661	O Jesus, ride on, till 408
Not all the powers of 644	O call to mind Thy 548	O kindle in each 300
Not all their anguish 483	O Christ, be Thou our 281	O King of Glory! Thy 169
Not angel-tongues can 261	O Christ, with each 958	O let me commend 347
Not angel-tongues can 173	O come, my soul, and 253	O let me kiss Thy 399
Not by human might 764	O come, Thou true 314	O let our faith and 920
Not for my fault, or 669	O come to a mourner 926	O let our heart and 923
Not in the name of 855	O confirm the gracious 581	O let them all Thy 376
Not in the tombs we 920	O! conquer this re- 538	O let them spread Thy 916
Not like the warring 861	O could I always pray 666	O let Thy love and 399
Not mine, not mine 716	O could I lose myself 580	O let Thy sacred pre- 643
Not the fair palaces 26	O! could we make our 460	O let Thy Spirit shed 539
Not the labours of my 257	O cut short the work, 782	O let Thy table hon- 901
Not with the hope of 621	O Death! where is 710	O let us all join hand 570
Not without blood— 278	O disclose Thy lovely 547	O let us put on Thee 471
Nothing am I in Thy 556	O do not let me trust 634	O let us still proceed 923
Nothing else can I re- 813	O do not suffer him to 866	O let us stir each 922
Nothing hath the just 446	O do not suffer me to 675	O let us take a softer 920
ing have I, Lord, 574	Oh! do Thou always 670	O let us then go on 921

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
O let us to His Courts 21	O tell of His might, O 82	O wouldst Thou bring 984
O long-expected day, 79	O take this heart of 778	O wouldst Thou, Lord 671
O Lord, I cast my, 720	O that all might seek 665	O ye banished seed, 840
O Lord, if I at last 575	O that all the art 689	O ye fearful of heart, 762
O Lord, if mercy is 568	O that all were taught 222	Obedient faith, that 743
O Lord of Hosts! 993	O that all with us 856	O'er all nations God 86
O Lord of Hosts, how 31	O that each from his 985	O'er every foe victo- 286
O Lord of Life and 252	O that each in the day 985	O'er the negro's night 947
O Love, how cheering 756	O that I, as a little 756	O'er the toilsome 1012
O Love, our stubborn 191	O that I could for ever 540	O'er the vast howling 655
O Love! Thou bottom- 585	O that I could the 515	O'erwhelmed with 752
O Love! Thy sove- 653	O that I could with 549	Of all Thou hast in 567
O Love, Thy sovereign 727	O that I had a strong- 720	Of His deliverance I 154
O Lover of sinners, 928	O that I might at once 784	Of judgment now the 934
O magnify the Lord 154	O that I might now 779	Of life the Fountain 589
O make but trial of 154	O that I might so be- 370	Of life Thou art the 589
O make me all like 817	O that I never, never 701	Of my boasted wis- 664
O Man of Sorrows 250	O that I now, from 778	Of Thy great un- 105
O may I calmly wait 676	O that in me the sacred 744	Of as I lay me down 382
O may I love like 634	O that it now from 744	Of did I with the' 386
O may I still from 688	O that my Jesu's hea- 402	Of from the margin 651
O may I triumph so, 900	O that my tender soul 678	Of hath the sea con- 651
O may it ne'er of me 695	O that our faith may 259	Of I in my heart have 588
O may my soul on 959	O that the world might 55	O, behold the Lord 358
O may our humble 433	O that the world 402	Oh for a sight, a pleas- 466
O may the gracious 332	O that to Thee my 678	Oh! for this love, let 264
O may the least omis- 673	O that we all might 56	Oh! hadst thou known 410
O may this strange, 171	O that we now might 474	O, holy Lord! up- 266
O may Thy mighty 281	O that we now the 886	Oh! how shall I, 167
O may Thy Spirit seal 873	O that with yonder 284	Oh, in Thy light be 247
O may we all improve 629	O that without a lin- 415	Oh! let Thy love our 187
O may we all trium- 984	O that world is pass- 127	Oh, lovely attitude! 366
O may we ever walk in 922	O that rapturous 872	Oh! may each future 953
O may we keep and 237	O the fathomless love 968	Oh! may I bear some 162
O may we love the 932	O the goodness of God 968	Oh! may my broken 439
O may we thus be 438	O the infinite cares, 968	Oh, may my heart, by 977
O measureless Might! 82	O the transporting, 465	Oh! may our more 157
O might I die that 477	O then impute, impart 496	Oh, may our sympa- 825
O might my lot be 876	O, then, this worse 103	Oh, may this truth 1008
O might our every 818	O Thou almighty Lord 221	Oh! may Thy Spirit 78
O might the blood of 828	O Thou good Samar- 500	Oh mercy! Oh mercy 448
O might the universal 827	O Thou jealous God! 964	Oh! might they at last 378
O might we quickly 458	O Thou meek and 579	Oh! on that day, that 440
O might we see, in 837	O thou temple of my 849	Oh! send Thy Spirit 328
O might we, through 837	O Thou that wouldst 413	Oh, speak of Jesus! 213
O might we, with be- 527	O Thou, who seest 506	Oh, speak of Jesus! 213
O multiply the sower's 863	O to grace how great 608	Oh, that from Britain 988
O my God! He dies 251	O Tri-une God Thou 122	O that I now the rest 783
O never in these veils 811	O unexampled love 400	Oh that it were as it 622
O never suffer me to 671	O what a blessed hope 470	Oh that my voice 175
O one, O only man- 478	O what a joyful meet- 951	Oh that the Comforter 759
O plant in me Thy 545	O what amazing joys 466	O that the fire from 791
O powerful Love, to 191	O what are all my 473	Oh! that the perfect 771
O put me in the cleft 646	O! when shall I, in 959	Oh! that the souls 894
O remember me for 489	O when shall my 596	Oh that the world 207
O satisfy their soul in 834	O, when, thou city of 463	Oh that with all Thy 753
O Saviour, if, re- 206	O who can explain 637	Oh, warm our hearts 28
O Saviour of all, Thy 352	O, who like Thee— 247	Oh, what an age of 375
O shine on this be- 555	O, who like Thee so 247	Oh! what cruel provo- 267
O Sovereign Love, to 486	O why did I my Sa- 580	Oh! what shall we do 852
O Spirit of might, of 181	O wondrous know- 109	Omnipotent Redem- 197
O Spirit of the Lord! 995	O wondrous love! to 499	On all mankind, for- 916
O spread Thy cover- 145	O would He more of 470	On barren rock and 948
O teach me at Thy 1006	O wouldst Thou again 235	On earth the usurpers 681
O teach me my first 969	O wouldst Thou break 838	On God they cast their 375

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
On Him the Spirit 240	Our glorious Leader 842	Plant, and root, and 738
On Jesus, my power, 687	Our God in Christ! 353	Plant Thy heavenly 291
On me, on all, some 41	Our guilt might draw 998	Plead we thus for faith 863
On me that faith di- 726	Our guilty souls are 834	Pleasure, and wealth, 703
On the thin air, with- 135	Our heavenly Guide 820	Pledge of the promise 591
On Thee I ever call, 543	Our holy, heavenly 819	Plenteous grace with 535
On Thee I muse with 128	Our life is a dream; 985	Plenteous He is in 536
On Thee, my Priest, 589	Our life is hid with 951	Plenteous of grace 298
On Thee, O God, my 788	Our life, while Thou 152	Poor, alas! Thou 497
On Thee we cast our 12	Our lips and lives shall 989	Poor and vile in my 110
On Thee we humbly 919	Our lives through 102	Poor debtors, by our 353
On this glad day a 74	Our longing souls 813	Poor helpless worms 334
On this triumphant 71	Our misery doth for 118	Poor outcasts of men 609
On Thy thigh and 936	Our mourning is all at 469	Poor, sinful, thirsty 359
On wings of love the 825	Our mouth as in the 994	Poor worms of earth 971
Once they were mourn- 842	Our mutual prayer 919	Pour out the promised 937
One army of the living 474	Our naked hearts to 886	Pour out your souls to 622
One day amidst the 75	Our old companions 474	Power is all to Jesus 9
One family we dwell 474	Our raging passions 831	Power o'er the world, 798
One, inexplicably 179	Our residue of days or 989	Powerful Advocate 164
One only gift can 801	Our restless spirits 210	" Praise God, from 941
One only way the err- 650	Our ruined souls re- 809	Praise God from 959
One the Father is 879	Our sons henceforth 381	Praise Him for His 39
One thing demands 405	Our souls and bodies 808	Praise Him, the faith- 23
One undivided Trinity 178	Our souls are in His 951	Praise ye Jehovah! 20
One with God, the 877	Our spirits faint; our 34	Praise ye the Father 20
Only have faith in God 680	Our spirits, too, shall 474	Praise ye the Lord, for 20
Only Thee content to 763	Our tables spread, our 159	Praise with my heart 622
Only Thou to us art 219	Our thoughts are lost 162	Pray, my friends, and 849
Only we can scarce 141	Our trespasses forgive 14	Pray we on, when all 657
Open a door which 863	Our vows, our prayers 145	Pray, without ceasing 631
Open, Lord, my in- 741	Our wasting lives grow 412	Prayer makes the 667
Open mine eyes the 519	Ours is the life, the 117	Precious are Thy say- 326
Open my faith's inte- 775	Out of great distress 476	Precious Gift by God 311
Open, now, the crystal 149	Out of myself for help 233	Prepare, and then 546
Open the hearts of all 1009	Out of the deep regard 834	Present alike in every 174
Open the intercourse 567	Outcast from Thee, 831	Present we know Thou 855
Open their graves, 830	Outcasts of men, to 396	Present we still in 951
Open their mouth, 917		Preserve us from the 977
Or should I try to 108	Pain and sickness, at 558	Preserve the creatures 69
Or, 'established and 261	Pardon, and grace, 700	Preserved by power 918
Or worn by slowly- 416	Pardon from an 171	Preserved, through 967
Ordain'd I am, and 1009	Pardoned for all that 752	Primeval Beauty! in 163
Order my footsteps 828	Parent of Good, Thy 99	Prince of Peace, if 954
Other knowledge I dis- 265	Part of His church 896	Prisoner of Hope, I 512
Other refuge have I 535	Part of Thy name di- 162	Prisoner of hope, to 536
Our Advocate there 820	Partakers of the Sa- 922	Prisoners of hope, be 763
Our anchor sure and 262	Partakers of Thy na- 891	Proclaim 'Salvation 121
Our Brother, Saviour, 860	Paschal Lamb, by God 200	Pronounce the glad 853
Our brother the haven 426	Passion, and appetite, 655	Prophet, and Priest, 355
Our Captain leads us 681	Patient the' appointed 467	Prophet, to me reveal 589
Our claim admit, and 59	Peace be within this 27	Protected by Thy 44
Our conquering Lord 944	Peace to the troubled 698	Pure as the rivers 839
Our day of grace is 410	People and realms, of 940	Pure love to God Thy 798
Our days are as the 170	Perfect, then, the 500	Purge me from every 773
Our desperate state 56	Perfect then Thy 782	
Our eyes have seen 417	Permit them to ap- 892	Quick as the apple of 673
Our eyes have seen 417	Persist to save my 817	
Our fainting souls 225	Persons Thou dost 558	Rage, while our faith 1008
Our Father and Lord 168	Pillar of fire, through 327	Raise thy downcast 361
Our fellow-sufferer yet 279	Pity, and heal my sin 521	Raised by Almighty 224
Our foreheads pro- 862	Pity from Thine eye 564	Raised by the breath 467
Our friend is gone 430	Pity the day of feeble 834	Rather I would in 673
Our friend is restored 432	Pity to my dying cries 600	Rather I would, in 673
Our glad hosannas, 240	Place no longer let us 657	Ready for all Thy per- 681

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
Ready for you the an- 351	Saviour, for this I 748	Shall magnify the 285
Ready the Father is to 351	Saviour from sin, we 771	Shall still the proud 285
Ready the Spirit of 351	Saviour! from Thy 574	Shall we let Him die 391
Ready Thou art the 53	Saviour, give us faith 973	Shall we, like guilty 997
Refining Fire go thro' 744	Saviour, I long to tes- 746	Shall we, who know 695
Refresh us with a 41	Saviour, I thank Thee 794	Shed on the altar of 278
Regard me with a gra- 506	Saviour, if of Zion's 850	Shine forth with all 69
Regard our prayers 364	Saviour of men! The 915	Shine on, shine on, 77
Regard Thine own 870	Saviour of my soul 500	Shine on the temples 77
Reign in me, Lord, 730	Saviour, Prince, en- 493	Shine on Thy pure 77
Reign, mighty Prince! 203	Saviour, to me in pity 491	Shine on Thy work, 528
Rejoice in glorious 282	Saviour, to Thee my 796	Shine on Thy work of 77
Rejoicing in hope, 637	Saviour! where'er Thy 712	Shine, till Thy glorious 77
Rejoicing in hope, we 854	Saviour! who this day 72	Short of Thy love I 385
Rejoicing now in earn- 784	Saw ye not the cloud 945	Should all the forms 330
Relieve the souls 834	Say, are your hearts 924	Should cares like a 706
Religion should our 977	Say, "Live for ever, 270	Should earth against 706
Remember, Lord, my 752	Say, shall we yield 238	Should I from Thee, 40
Remember Thee, and 897	Scatter the last re- 730	Should pining sick- 713
Remove this hardness 783	Scattered o'er all the 375	Should swift death 960
Renew my will from 713	Search, try, O Lord 108	Shout, all the people 441
Renew Thine image, 786	Seasons, and months, 157	Shout in the midst 984
Renouncing every 595	Seated at God's right 184	Shout the God en- 9
Reserves of unex- 119	Seed-time and harvest 158	Shout, ye little flock, 840
Resolved, at last, "To 371	See all your sins on 1	Show me, as my soul 741
Rest for my soul I 770	See, from His head, 258	Show me the blood 542
Resting in this glori- 446	See from the Rock a 346	Show me the naked 490
Rests secure the righ- 446	See! He lifts His 276	Shows me the pre- 640
Restore my sight! let 525	See Him set forth be- 344	Show me what I have 668
Restored by reconcil- 512	See! how His back 389	Show my forgetful feet 47
Restraining prayer, 667	See, in the mountain 680	Show them the blood 834
Return, O holy Dove! 573	See, in yon glorious 133	Show us some token 929
Return, O wanderer, 368	See, Lord, the travail 788	Shut up in unbelief 508
Revive, O God of 865	See, low before Thy 555	Silent, (alas! Thou 840
Revive our drooping 297	See me lying at the 558	Simple, teachable, and 665
Revive Thy dying 901	See me, O Lord, 760	Sin in me, the inbred 742
Riches, as seemeth 96	See me, Saviour, from 493	Sin no more can taint 1012
Riches unsearchable 380	See my utter helpless- 584	Sin only let me not 575
Richly flowed the 358	See, O see, what love 183	Since all that I meet 717
Righteous all Thy sta- 326	See, O see, what love 183	Since by Thy light 485
Rise, touched with 366	See the eternal Son 242	Since from His bounty 625
Rise, ye men of Israel 643	See the gospel church 37	Since on this winged 405
Rising to sing my Sa- 332	See the Judge, our 449	Since, then, neither 172
Rivers to the ocean 843	See, the Lord, Thy 620	Since Thou hast bid 686
Roar on, ye waves! 1003	See the stars from 457	Since Thou wouldst 771
Rock of my salvation, 635	See! the streams of 850	Since, with pure and 129
	See there! His temples 389	Sing of His dying love 263
Saints and angels 857	See these barren souls 731	Sing on your heaven- 263
Saints, begin the end- 475	See where before the 517	Sing, till we feel our 263
Salvation in His name 633	See where the God 397	Sing to the Lord; ex- 98
Salvation in that 530	See where the lame, 398	Sing we then in Jesu's 881
Salvation! let the echo 165	See, where o'er desert 52	Sinners, behold the 402
Salvation! O Thou 165	See, ye sinners, see! 733	Sinners, expect those 453
'Salvation to God, who 18	Selfish pursuits, and 503	Sinners, from earth's 214
Satan, his thousand 832	Send down Thy like- 811	Sinners, obey the 355
Satan, with all his 745	Send forth one ray of 520	Sinners of old Thou 778
Save us by grace, 526	Send, then, Thy ser- 943	Sinners, turn, while 350
Save us from the great 871	Send us the Spirit of 806	Sinners, turn, why 348
Save us in the prosper- 871	Sent by my Lord, on 344	Sin's deceitfulness 566
Save us in Thy great 234	Sent down from above 352	Sion, Shout Thy Lord 592
Saved from the fear 798	Set upon Thyself my 635	Slain to redeem us by 203
Saved from whom the 254	Shall I,—amidst a 482	Slay the dire root and 725
Saviour, accept the 434	Shall I not then be 175	Smooth let it be or 716
Saviour, and Prince 492	Shall I, through in- 969	So be it then, if Thou 723
Saviour, breathe for- 974	Shall I, to soothe the 915	So be it! let this eye- 454

HYMN	HYMN	HYMN
So blooms the human 416	Standing now as new- 574	Surely He will lift me 504
So I may Thy Spirit 763	Steadfast let us cleave 878	Surely He will not 473
So Jesus looked on 825	Still for us His death 276	Surely I shall, the 740
So let Thy grace sur- 109	Still heavy is thy heart 704	Surely in us the hope 729
So may our eyes, with 956	Still hide me in Thy 701	Surely now the bitter- 500
So reign, O God, in 205	Still I cannot part with 556	Surely Thou canst, I 739
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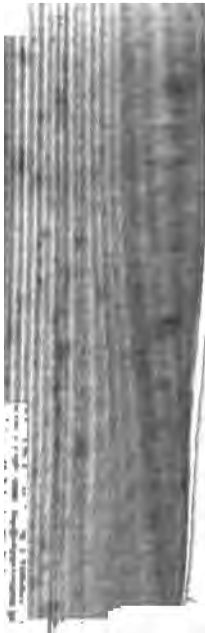
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